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Early History of Elyria and Her People

By JUDGE A. R. WEBBER

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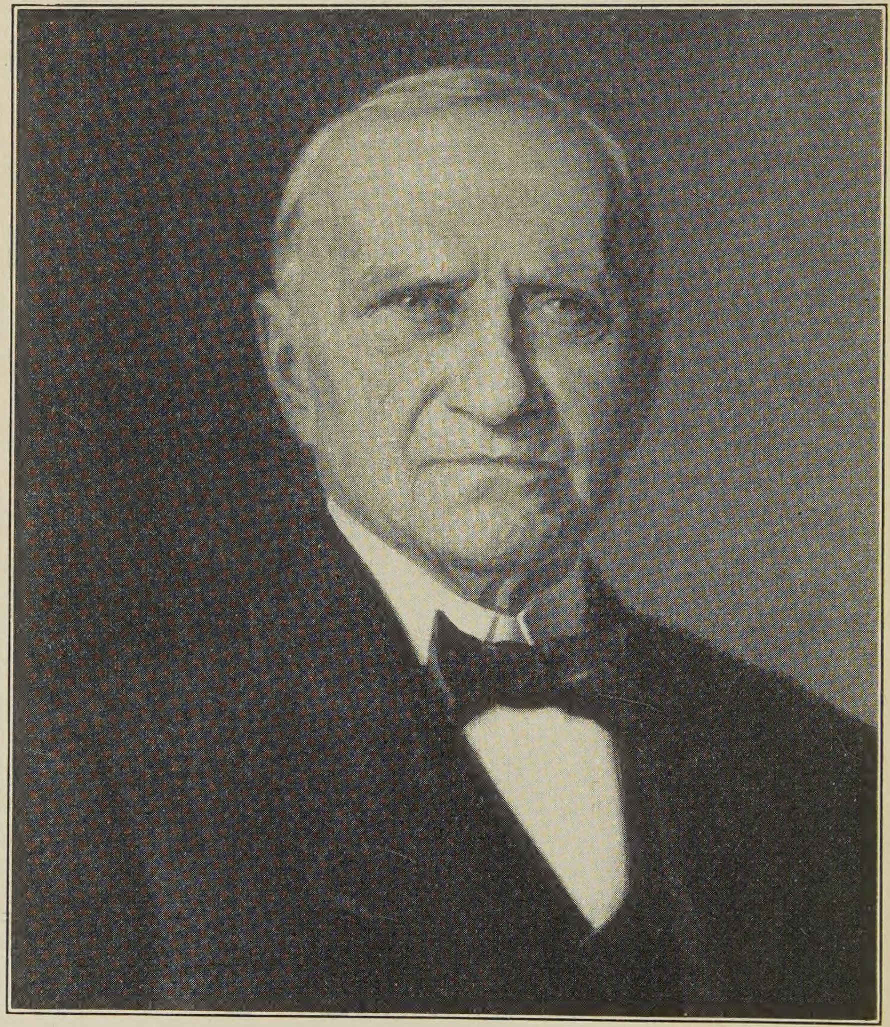

JUDGE A. R. WEBBER

The Author, born in Hinckley, Medina County, January 21, 1852. Resident of Elyria since September 7, 1876.

EARLY HISTORY OF ELYRIA AND HER PEOPLE

By

JUDGE A. R. WEBBER

Member of the
Lorain County Bar for Fifty-four Years

❦

Six Years Prosecuting Attorney,
Three Winters Member of Congress,
Now Common Pleas Judge

❦

Author of
"The Biography of John Baldwin"
of Berea, Ohio
The Founder of Six Colleges

ELYRIA, OHIO
1930

Dedication

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE CITIZENS OF ELYRIA AND COUNTY WHO ARE INTERESTED TO KNOW SOMETHING OF THE PIONEER CHARACTERS WHO HAVE GONE THE WAY OF ALL THE EARTH, TO WHOM WE OWE, AS WILL FUTURE GENERATIONS A DEBT OF GRATITUDE IN FOUNDING OUR FAIR CITY, NOTED NATION WIDE. FOR ITS BEAUTY, ENTERPRISE, AND BATTLES FOR HUMANITY. I TRUST THAT AFTER THE WRITER HAS PASSED AWAY, OTHERS WILL BE INSPIRED TO TAKE THEIR PEN IN HAND, TO RECOUNT THE GOOD DEEDS OF THOSE NOW ACTIVE AMONG US, AFTER THEY TOO, HAVE GONE TO THAT UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY. ONLY THE PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES OF DECEASED PERSONS, WHO WROUGHT FOR THE COMMON GOOD, APPEAR IN THE BOOK. TO HAVE WRITTEN THE HISTORY OF THE LIVING, WOULD REQUIRE VOLUMES.

A. R. WEBBER.

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HEMAN ELY, JR.

Founded Elyria in 1817. He then owned eight thousand acres of the township. Was born in 1775. Died in 1852. Buried in the "Old Elyria Cemetery." He gave the park in front of the courthouse to the city

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EARLY HISTORY OF ELYRIA AND HER PEOPLE

By Judge A. R. Webber

CHAPTER I

WHAT more interesting story than the lives and deeds of those who have brought our city to its present beauty and prosperity? Whether they have wrought as tillers of the soil toward its progress, built and run its factories, conducted its marts of trade and banks, or given their time and talents as teachers, editors, newspaper men, preachers, professional men, women, or employees in the numerous industries and institutions, philanthropic or otherwise?

Having been a resident of the city for fifty-four years, by reason of my long tenure, I am perhaps regarded as one of the living links between the generation that laid her foundations and the present one hundred and six thousand inhabitants who make up the citizenship of the county.

In talking with people of this day and generation, I discovered that a large majority are wholly ignorant of what is meant by the appellation, "The Connecticut Western Reserve," of which this county is a part. Just how it came about is one of the most interesting chapters in American history. The territory embraced within the "Reserve" is as follows: Ashtabula, Trumbull, Portage, Geauga, Lake, Cuyahoga, Medina, Lorain, Huron, and Erie Counties, to which should be added the following territory, to-wit: All of Summit County except the townships of Franklin and Greene; the two northern tiers of townships of Mahoning; the townships of Sullivan, Troy, and Ruggles, of Ashland, and the islands lying north of Sandusky, including Kelley's and Put-in-Bay. In acreage the Reserve contains three million and eight hundred thousand acres.

Although this so-called "Connecticut Western Reserve" was at the time it came into being in 1786, a solid unbroken wilderness, yet since that date, a period of only one hundred and forty years, it has made such advancement as would astonish the wisest of men, who fought the Revolution to a successful conclusion. One historian tells us that it was the consensus of opinion of many Colonial statesmen that in all human probability there would never be settlements west of the Alleghany Mountains worthy of note. To the astute proverbial "Connecticut Yankee" are we indebted for this noted "Reserve" on which the city of Elyria stands.

It was in this wise that it came about: Charles the First, King of England, whom Cromwell, in the days of his power, had beheaded, felt so kindly toward his subject, John Winthrop, Sr., Governor of the Massachusetts Colony, that he made him a present of a beautiful diamond ring. His son, John Winthrop, Jr., later became governor of the Connecticut Colony. He was a brilliant young official, adroit and possessed of great persuasive powers, with an ability to say the right thing at the opportune time, to bring results. He, in common with his people, became exceedingly ambitious for more land and more liberty. So, to bring to pass their objective, he was delegated by the Colonists to cross the Atlantic with a new-drawn charter, giving them an extended territory, the boundaries of which called for a strip as wide as the colony, the present State of Connecticut, and to extend in parallel lines that width to the Pacific Ocean. This, of course, granted possessions that stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Its provisions as to greater liberty provided that the Colonists should have the right to elect their own governor and members of the assembly; in fact, to govern themselves. The governor was but thirty-two at this time. This was in the year 1660, one hundred and sixteen years before the Revolutionary War. His father had passed away.

The king at this date was Charles the Second, son of the beheaded king. He was about the age of the young governor. That the ambitious executive looked far ahead, and understood human nature well, is evidenced by the fact that he took with him the ring that fell to him as heir of his deceased father. So with the new unsigned charter granting the colony a strip of land from ocean to ocean, and bestowing upon the king's subjects complete liberty in one pocket and the heirloom in the other, he sailed for England to persuade the king, if possible, to sign on the dotted line. Young Winthrop must have had a faith not understood these days, as to us it looks like a "Fool's errand."

After weeks of buffeting storms, in one of the small sailing craft of that time, he found himself knocking at the king's gate. When the required rules for an audience had been complied with, he was ushered into the presence of his majesty, the king of England, the ruler of all the colonies, the then most powerful potentate on earth, on whose dominions the sun never set, with a document for the great man's signature, giving away a vast territory and yielding full liberty to his Connecticut Colonial subjects. So courtly was the young governor, and fascinating in his personality, that the youthful king was charmed by his manner of speech. Remembering that the king was very devoted to his own unfortunate father, whose head Cromwell had sent into the basket, he ventured to extend to the king his sympathies in his great loss, whereupon he saw he had touched the heart of the man he had come to see. Then he recalled that so bitterly did the son hate Cromwell for his deed when he came to the throne he had his body exhumed, hung, and buried beneath the scaffold.

While the king was struggling with his emotions, Winthrop drew from his pocket the ring, and said, "O king, your father thought a great deal of my father, and my father of yours. Here is a ring he gave my father, because of that friendship. I have brought it to you as a present." The king took it and began to weep, and while his eyes were filled with tears, at the psychological moment, Winthrop drew forth the charter and said, "We, as a people, your loyal subjects, desire a little more land and a little more liberty. To that end we have drawn this new charter, which we trust you will be glad to sign." The king took the document and, through his copious tears, read it and then asked but one question, "How far is the Pacific Ocean from the west boundary of the colony?" To which the young governor replied, "You can stand on the western hills of the colony and see the Pacific Ocean." Thereupon he signed the document, and the happy governor returned to his people, the great man of the hour. Probably neither king nor governor had little conception of the distance across the American continent.

CHAPTER II

THE previous chapter recounts how the Connecticut Colonists obtained their charter. Under it the colony organized, and without interference from the king, passed its laws and conducted affairs of state as it saw fit, till another king arose, James the Second, who, like the new king of Egypt, "Knew not Joseph." He was the successor of Charles the Second, from whom the charter was obtained. This new monarch undertook to overthrow pretty much all that his predecessors had done. He appointed a man by the name of Andross as governor over all of the New England Colonies, and directed him to at once, not only assume authority over the Connecticut Colony, but to demand the surrender by that colony to him, of the charter his predecessor, Charles the Second, had so graciously granted.

In obedience to his king's commands, Governor Andross set about it to secure the document that had for many years been carefully guarded in the archives of the statehouse at Hartford, the capital. Fearing refusal and strenuous opposition, the new governor placed himself at the head of seventy men, as a military force, armed for battle, and surrounded the building while the Colonial Assembly was in session. He then, with an imperious air, demanded the surrender of the charter. It was promptly produced and placed on the table to consider the question. No sooner was this done than the members began debating the right of his majesty to demand it. There were a few who, through fear of the new king, argued against resistance. The discussion grew more animated as the day wore away. Night came on and still the debate continued, until it was too dark for the document to be seen. Candles were called for and brought, but when lighted, lo and behold no charter was to be seen. No one seemed to know who had taken it. The irate governor raved over being outwitted, and threatened dire consequences to the culprit, should he be found. Search was made high and low, and in the most secret places, but all in vain.

This event took place in 1687, twenty-seven years after King Charles the Second granted it, and eighty-nine years preceding the "Revolutionary War." Its whereabouts remained a profound secret until the king was no more, and one was reigning in his stead, who was just, when Captain Wadsworth, a member of the assembly at the time and a patriot, brought it forward, and told the people that while the janitor was after the candles he seized the charter, rushed into the assembly yard, and hid it in a crevice of a great oak tree. The sturdy oak at once sprang into prominence as the "Charter Oak" till it went down in a great storm in the year 1856, one hundred and sixty-nine years after the charter disappeared.

When the old liberty monarch lay prone, the whole country mourned, so sacred had the tree become to the generations as they came and went. Every particle was converted into souvenirs. Not so much as a piece of the bark or root but was turned to that purpose. After it became noted, many Connecticut corporations were named after it, for instance, such as the "Charter Oak Insurance Co." and a great poem in its honor was set to music.

After the Revolutionary War and the new States had adopted our national Constitution, the question arose, in fixing the boundaries of Connecticut, whether she had a just right to claim all the lands named in her charter. The new government said, "You must surrender your vast territory acquired from Charles the Second, as it would not be just to other States." On the other hand, the shrewd Yankees pointed to the boundaries in their document. The outcome was, they compromised by Connecticut surrendering all her claims, save to the lands now constituting this "Connecticut Western Reserve," described in the previous chapter as containing three million, eight hundred thousand acres.

For a time after this compromise took place, the reserved territory was called "New Connecticut." The question soon arose with the Connecticut Yankees as to what they had better do with their western land. It was at this time nearly an untouched wilderness, in which roamed wild animals and native Indians. It was not, they reasoned, practical to consider it for political purposes, a part of their State, as it was for those times a long distance away, three hundred miles, with the States of New York and Pennsylvania lying in between, and required six weeks to reach it by the best means of travel. The outcome of their cogitations was, they offered it for sale, with the view of using the purchase price received to educate the children of their State. When it became known that it was in the market, Eastern men of means began to look into the matter, with the view of purchasing. No one man had the means to own so vast a territory.

Before, however, the State of Connecticut sold any part of the "Reserve," she thought it just that she should make provisions for her many inhabitants, whose buildings were burned by the British during the Revolution, and personal property plundered. Benedict Arnold, the traitor, was the main destroyer. He made incursions as leader at the head of a British army into the heart of Connecticut, and burned the homes and business places of the towns of Norwalk, Fairfield, Danbury, New and East Haven, New London, Richfield, and Groton. There were nearly two thousand inhabitants made homeless by these depredations. Thereupon the legislature of the State set apart, on the tenth day of May, 1792, and donated to these sufferers, off the western end of the "Reserve," five hundred thousand acres now constituting Huron and Erie Counties, and the township of Ruggles, Ashland County, but not the islands of Lake Erie. The lands thus given were called the "Sufferers Lands" for a time, but ultimately were known, and now are, as the "Fire Lands."

Into these two counties of Erie and Huron, poured those to whom the lands were given, who, in honor of their native places thus destroyed, named many of the towns after them, as follows: Norwalk, Greenwich, Fairfield, New London, and others. The remainder of the "Reserve," three million and three hundred thousand acres, were three years later sold by the State of Connecticut in the year 1795, to Eastern men—Oliver Phelps and thirty-five others—for the sum of one million two hundred thousand dollars. So that every owner of real estate in every part of the "Connecticut Western Reserve," whether in the cities, villages, or country, can say that the land I own was first sold for less than thirty-seven cents per acre.

The purchasers then formed what is known in the county records of Lorain County and all the counties of the Reserve, "The Connecticut Land Company." This company then had surveyors from the East, survey the whole territory, with a view of sale to settlers. Their orders were to lay it out into townships so far as practicable, five miles on each side, which would give to each township sixteen thousand acres. This order was followed. The city of Elyria is not the geographical center of Elyria Township, as the south boundary line is the street where the Green Line leaves Middle Avenue at the junction on its way to Grafton. The center is some distance north of the city in the farming community.

After the Connecticut Land Company was formed, many Eastern people purchased an interest in the same. Among them was Justin Ely, of West Springfield, Mass., the father of Heman Ely, Sr., the founder of Elyria.

The entire lands thus purchased by the Connecticut Land Company were, of course, owned in common, each one having such an undivided interest as the amount of money he had put in, bore to the whole purchase price. All the joint owners realizing that the lands of some townships in the "Reserve" were much more valuable than others, appointed men to set a price on the same for each county. The value fixed on each township of Lorain territory that finally was organized into a county, was $26,087, less than two dollars per acre.

Their next move was an agreement as to how each should have set off to him his specific number of acres. To that end they hit upon the plan of casting lots. The townships were numbered on separate pieces of paper and placed in a box. The names were then drawn out in alphabetical order. If, perchance, a person did not have an investment large enough to purchase a township, he was to combine with others who did not have, and their combined amounts were to draw one township. The whole detail of the manner of getting at a division it is useless to go into. Those who formed the combination that drew the township of Elyria were Justin Ely, Roger Newberry, Jonathan Brace, Elijah White, and Enoch Perkins. This vested the title to all of the township of Elyria in common in these five men.

At that date, which was in the year 1807, one hundred and twenty years ago, Lorain County was still nearly a solid wilderness. Ohio had then been admitted into the Union but three years, to-wit, on the 19th of February, 1803. From the date of its admission, the Supreme Judges traveled over the State, holding court here and there. That court then had original jurisdiction over many matters, later assigned by the new

Constitution, to the common pleas courts. Among them was partitioning real estate among joint owners. One of the counties in which the court sat was Portage.

CHAPTER III

IT WAS stated in the last chapter that Justin Ely and four others who joined with him in 1807 drew the township of Elyria as part owners of the "Connecticut Western Reserve." As such they held the same in common for nine years without development. In the year 1816 they filed a petition as such joint owners, in the Supreme Court sitting in Portage County, to have the court set off to each his acreage, according to the amount he had contributed to purchase the township from the "Connecticut Land Company." The result of the suit was that about one-third of the sixteen thousand acres making up the south end of the township was set off to Justin Ely, the central part to Elijah White, two thousand one hundred acres just north of White's to Johnathan Brace, and the remainder to his associate, Roger Newberry. After the court's division, Justin Ely purchased White's interest, and then deeded all he thus owned to his son, Heman Ely, Jr., who then purchased Johnathan Brace's said two thousand and one hundred acres. That made a total tract then owned by Heman Ely, founder of Elyria, of twelve thousand five hundred acres, which took all of the sixteen thousand acres comprising Elyria Township save three thousand five hundred off the north end.

The same year, 1816, in which Heman Ely became the owner of the twelve thousand five hundred acres as stated, on part of which the city of Elyria is located, he concluded that a trip to look over his possessions would be the part of wisdom. He was then forty-one years of age and a bachelor. He came alone from his home in West Springfield, Mass. He made the journey to Buffalo in a sulky. From there he finished his trip on horseback. He followed the shore of Lake Erie through the woods to Cleveland, that then had but a few inhabitants. It had been incorporated as a village only two years. The charter bears date 1814. The first election held in Cleveland was the following year, at which only twelve votes were cast.

From the village of Cleveland he came over the stumpy, rutty road westward, to a log tavern kept by Moses Eldred, then located on the northeast corner, now formed by the Cleveland and Case Roads, about two miles east of Elyria, where the farm house and home of Mr. Bailey are located. He made this log hotel his stopping place while he was in Ohio. He remained over night, and the next morning rode to his possessions. At this date, 1816, Wyandot and Seneca Indians roamed over his lands and made the haunts of the now noted Cascade Park, with its two waterfalls, caves, ledges, dense forests, and Black River streams, their haunts and hunting grounds. From the lake to the falls they came and went, and had for unknown centuries, in canoes, in quest of game and fish. In the great cave at the "West Falls" they ever found a safe retreat from cold and storms. The whole forests teemed with game, from bears, wolves, and deer, to chattering squirrels. No settlements in Elyria Township had been made.

Mr. Ely came in the spring of 1816 and remained till fall, surveying the whole situation, figuring out the best disposition to make of his twelve thousand five hundred acres. He saw ample water power going to waste, with a forest of as fine saw timber as ever grew out of the earth, made up of great whitewoods, oaks, black walnuts, ash, etc., only awaiting the hand of man to turn the same into lumber that would, in these days of denuded forests, be the joy and delight of contractors and builders. Before the time came in the fall for his return, he had contracted with Hubbell & Shipperd, of Newburg, Ohio, then a small growing village just south of the village of Cleveland, to build a log house and a dam where the stone arch bridge now spans Black River on East Broad Street, on the way to the hospital, and to erect log, grist, and saw mills below the dam. They first erected the log dwelling on the spot now a part of the traveled portion of East Broad Street at the point where East Bridge Street commences, a few rods southeast from the old Ely homestead and the Ford sales rooms. This log structure was to be the boarding house for the workmen while making improvements. It was the first structure of any character erected in Elyria Township by a white man, so far as recorded history informs us. The first blows with an ax were in felling the trees, clearing a spot on which to erect it, and to furnish the logs that were to go into it.

Before the winter of 1817 began there stood in the first clearing ever made in Mr. Ely's great tract of land of twelve thousand five hundred acres, its first log building. It had a large living room, kitchen, dining room, and pantry, two large bedrooms below, a large fireplace for both heating and cooking. There was a ladder to reach the chamber of one room where comfort abounded in the summer, but into which in the winter the blizzard snows found their way, often covering the beds and floor. The bedsteads were made of poles and the springs of bark. In place of feather beds, straw was used to fill the ticks, and the pillows were of like character. A large log was scooped out that would hold many barrels of water, and placed back of the structure to catch rain for washing. Soft soap, tin basins, dippers, and gourds, were the outfit for making the toilet.

According to contract, the Newburg men erected the mills also. No frame building of course could go up without lumber, or grain be converted into flour, without the "upper and nether millstone." In that day the flow of the river was far more uniform than now. The water along its many miles, starting at its source, was held back by forests, swales, and underbrush, so that power was then ample for the two small mills the year round, while now the same country has been so ditched and tilled and the lands cleaned of their native forests, that the water rushes in great quantities down the stream in a short space of time, leaving but little power for weeks.

The gristmill stood about on the spot where the present abandoned one stands on "East Bridge Street," and the dam near where the present one is located over which the street car passes. What curiosities to this day and generation those mill structures would be, were they now in commission. People drive long distances to watch the primitive over-shot water wheel make its revolutions driven by the pent-up water as it pours its liquid power. Henry Ford, with all of his uncounted millions and marvelous machines that operate little short of human fingers, has hunted up a left-over water-wheel mill in the East that was out of commission, and set it going, as a sight for the eye worth while, not only for himself, but the world as well, and tens of thousands make pilgrimages to behold its revolutions. It is hard to realize that it has been one hundred and ten years since those Ely structures were built, but insignificant as they were compared to the things of to-day, it was laying the foundations of our city. What a hardy determined race that generation, children of those who fought the Revolution.

In January following the completion of the three structures and dam, three men were employed by Mr. Ely on his return to Massachusetts to go to his lands and commence clearing the forests preparatory to laying out a town. They were Roderick Ashley, Edwin Bush, and James Porter. They walked all the way from West Springfield, Mass., and carried their axes. Mr. Ely had engaged John Bacon, of Columbia, and his family to occupy the log house when completed, to board the help. The three tired men reached the log cabin in January, 1817, and began clearing, starting at the log dwelling and chopping westward, opening up the now Broad Street territory and the lands adjoining. They had been engaged in the work about a month when Mr. Ely returned, bringing his stepbrother, Ebenezer Lane, who later became one of the distinguished lawyers of the State and for many years occupied the Ohio Supreme bench and wrote able opinions found in the early Ohio reports. Another member of the party who was destined to attain prominence in the affairs of men and especially in the development and growth of the future city, was Artemas Beebe. A young man by the name of Luther Lane, a brother of Ebenezer Lane, drove the team. A woman by the name of Miss Anna Snow came to act as cook, and a colored boy to be an all-round handy fellow. This party made the journey in a covered lumber wagon, such as later were seen passing through northern Ohio for parts still farther west. It took many weeks to make the trip and at great discomfort, as it was midwinter. They followed the lake from Buffalo to the mouth of Black River, expecting to cross and reach the log house by following the west side of the stream, but found the same swollen. The company divided, part going with the team to the Eldred log tavern mentioned, two miles east of Elyria, and the others, on foot, made their way southerly on the east bank to a point opposite the log house, where they signalled Roderick Ashley, one of the company that came to clear the land the month before, who ferried them across in a canoe. Mightily glad they were to reach the place of their destination. Shortly the remaining number of the party joined them in the boarding house.

This made a company in the one habitation on the ground of eleven, the only human beings on the twelve thousand acres, save the roaming Indians. The Easterners found plenty of good venison meat awaiting their voracious appetites, and pork from the wild hogs shack-fattened, roaming the woods at will roasted over the coals of the great gaping fireplace, dished up with brown bread and johnnycake made from flour milled in the first enterprise ever erected in the future city. The Indians sold them fish caught below the falls. Nobody got sick, so why the need of doctors? They all had the blood of youth coursing their veins with nerves of steel. They had come to conquer the wilderness and make places for themselves on the "Reserve."

Artemas Beebe was then but twenty-three. Mr. Ely was the only one past the forty mark.

CHAPTER IV

HAVING stated that Heman Ely was the founder of Elyria in 1817, it will naturally be interesting to know his history and something of his ancestors and antecedents. His farthest removed known ancestor was George Ely, born in England in the year 1545. He graduated from Oxford College, England, in the year 1566 at the age of twenty-one. On the 26th of April, 1571, he became clergyman of the Church of England of the town of Tenterden. He held this pastorate more than forty-four years.

He was the father of ten children, the oldest of whom was Nathaniel Ely who was a graduate of Oxford College. He was made a curate in the Church of England, had seven children, the fourth a son, Nathaniel Ely, named after his father. He was born in 1605. The son came to America in 1634 and became a Colonist. He fled England to escape persecutions under Charles the First for his religious convictions as he was a Puritan.

He settled in Newton, Mass., near Cambridge. He had a friend by the name of Robert Day, who emigrated with him to America. They purchased land and resided on adjoining lots, and ever afterwards, as well as their families, were fast friends. On the 6th day of May, 1635, they were both made Freemen at Cambridge, and were members of some church, the denomination we do not know. The qualifications to be Freemen were the man to be twenty-one years of age, of peaceable and sober conversation, orthodox in the fundamentals of religion, and possessed of an estate of twenty pounds. Possessing the spirit of the pioneer, with his friend Day, they, with Rev. Thomas Hooker, the first minister of the church in Cambridge, Mass., and about one hundred other men, women, and children, wended their way through the wilderness, with no other guide than a compass, to a fertile spot on the banks of the Connecticut River, and there made the first settlement of the city of Hartford in the colony of Connecticut. Here Ely and Day, as in Newton, Mass., purchased property adjoining each other for their homes.

Nathaniel Ely in his advent into the colony of Massachusetts in 1634, was only preceded by the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock fourteen years, and was acquainted with some of them. There is a monument in Hartford erected to the memory of the founders of the city, on which the name of "Nathaniel Ely" appears. He was one of the leading men in Hartford in purchasing land in the colony. While he resided in Hartford he served as constable, then a very important position, as conservator of the peace, with powers of a magistrate. He was also selectman in 1643 and 1649.

One of his large land purchases was in company with others where the city of Norwalk, Conn., now stands, of which city he was also one of the founders. It will be seen that the disposition to found towns was in the Ely blood. He settled there in the year 1654. He was again made constable and selectman, and later in 1654 was representative to the General Court. In the year 1665 he moved with his family to Springfield, Mass., and ran a "tavern," as it was then called, for the balance of his life. It was known as the "Ely Tavern." The building still stands, or did a few years ago, pointed out as the oldest structure in the city. He died December 25, 1675, one hundred years before the "Revolutionary War," at the age of seventy years.

He was the father of two children, Samuel and Ruth. Samuel was born about the year 1634, in either Newton, Mass., or Hartford, Conn. On the 28th of October, 1659, he married Mary Day, the daughter of his friend Robert Day. She was born in Hartford in 1641, and was eighteen at the time of her marriage. Samuel Ely was quite successful in the acquisition of property. He died in Springfield, Mass., March 19, 1692, eighty-two years previous to the "Revolutionary War." He was the father of sixteen children.

One of his sons was John Ely, who was born in Springfield, Mass., in 1778, while the Revolutionary War was being fought. He died in West Springfield, January 15, 1856, at the age of eighty years. He was a deacon in the church. He was the father of ten children. One of his sons was John Ensign Ely, who was born in West Springfield, Mass., in 1807, where he died May 22, 1858.

He had six children, one of whom was Justin Ely, the father of Heman Ely, the founder of Elyria. He was born in West Springfield, Mass., August 10, 1739, where he died June 26, 1817. He was one of the men who purchased the "Western Reserve" territory as heretofore stated. He graduated from Harvard College in 1759. He was a successful merchant in his native town, Springfield, Mass., doing a larger business than any other store in the city. He represented his town in the General Court of Massachusetts for thirteen years, and was otherwise prominent in public affairs. During the Revolutionary War he was very active in aiding his country in gathering supplies and in caring for the widows and orphans. He was not only interested in the lands of the "Reserve" but had holdings in Maine, Massachusetts, and the State of New York.

He had four children, one of whom was Heman Ely, named founder of Elyria, as stated, and died in Elyria, February 2, 1852, at the age of seventy-seven, and is buried in the Elyria Cemetery in the Ely family burying ground, surrounded by an iron fence. The spot is located near the southwest corner of the old cemetery. His grave is marked by an unpretentious monument. As stated, he was a bachelor till he was forty-three, after which he was married three times. He married for his first wife Celia Belden, of West Springfield, Mass., the year he founded Elyria in 1817. By her he had three children: Heman, named after himself, and Albert Ely. More about these sons later. And a daughter, Mary.

By his third wife, Harriet M. Slator, he had one child, Charles Arthur Ely, the father of William Ely, who resides in the old homestead at the end of Washington Avenue. The three graves of his wives are next to his, all marked by like monuments.

It will be of interest to recount some of the history of this founder of Elyria before he came into the woods of Lorain County. At one time he owned a good deal of land in central and western New York State along with others and under his direction, it was surveyed and sold to settlers. At the same time he entered into a partnership with his brother, Theodore,

Charles Arthur Ely

Son of the founder of Elyria, was kind and benevolent. He gave the Ely Library to the city. His only child is Wm. A. Ely the philanthropist, still with us in the mercantile business in New York City, and for ten years was engaged in commerce with European countries and the East Indies. Within this period he made several voyages, visiting England, Holland, France, and Spain, mainly in the prosecution of his business.

While in France on one of his trips, he remained long enough to acquire the language by separating himself from English people and residing in French families. At that time all European countries were under arms, looking for war with each other. It made it very difficult to leave or enter any one of them. Mr. Ely was determined to take a chance to get out of France for a time, and in company with a friend, Chas. R. Cadman, of Boston, he took passage from England to Holland in a Dutch fishing boat that ran the blockade. Soldiers patrolled the coasts of that country and as they tried to land were fired upon. They put to sea under the cover of darkness, and before morning landed in a country in which neither one could speak the language. They then tramped eight miles, with heavy baggage, avoiding the towns till they found a peasant willing to furnish them food and care for their baggage. They then walked to Rotterdam and found means to send a servant for their luggage. The peasant had hidden it in the sand, lest his house might be searched by officers. They were closely questioned at Antwerp and other places, and ultimately returned to Paris. While in Paris this time, they were ordered out of their beds one morning and taken to the police station and court, on suspicion of having spoken ill of Napoleon, but on close questioning were released. Spies were everywhere and caution and courage were necessary.

Mr. Ely chanced to be in the city of Paris most of the time from July, 1809 till April the following year. Within that period the heartless Napoleon Bonaparte divorced, by his absolute power as emperor of France, his good wife Josephine, though it broke her heart, and then married Marie Louise, the daughter of the ruler of Austria for the aggrandizement of self, thinking that by marrying a child of the head of the Austrian government he would have that sovereign to assist him in conquering the world like Alexander the Great. That by the new marriage he would leave an heir to perpetuate his power and reign over France. Mr. Ely was a witness to the proceedings of divorce and the return in state into Paris of Napoleon with his bride, and the spectacular demonstrations when he had her crowned empress.

While these outrages were going on there was a great ball given as a part of the festivities to which Mr. Ely, through some friend standing in with the administration saw to it, that he, being an American, should receive an invitation. He realized that he must dress for the occasion according to the fashion of the day. To that end he purchased the requisite suit in which he appeared. There were several kings and queens present from other kingdoms. These rulers Mr. Ely saw dance by themselves, a cotillion. The suit Mr. Ely wore on the occasion is in a fine state of preservation, owned by Mrs. George H. Ely, residing on Columbus Street, this city.

In the year 1917 the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Elyria was celebrated by fitting exercises held in the First Congregational Church. Hon. George H. Ely, whose widow mentioned now owns the suit of clothing, the grandson of the founder of Elyria, delivered the historical address. He appeared in the suit worn by his grandfather on the occasion described. Like the colonial style of America, except gayer of color, cutaway coat, ruffle in front, also at the hands, pants to the knees, low patent leather shoes with large silver buckles.

Mr. Ely, the Elyria founder, returned to America. He was then thirty-five years of age. The following year he made a trip to Ohio, going as far west as Cleveland, that was then but little more than a small village and was not incorporated till three years later, and had its first election the following year. This trip took him within twenty-five miles of his future home, Elyria. He made most of the way on horseback. He returned east by way of Niagara Falls, the St. Lawrence, and Montreal. In writing of his trip he told of seeing steamboats plying the Hudson River.

While his father, Justin Ely, one of the purchasers of the "Western Reserve" lands, then had title to the land where Elyria is located, he did not, because of the war with England, known in history as the "War of 1812," come to inspect the property his father owned until the year 1816, the year previous to the founding of our city.

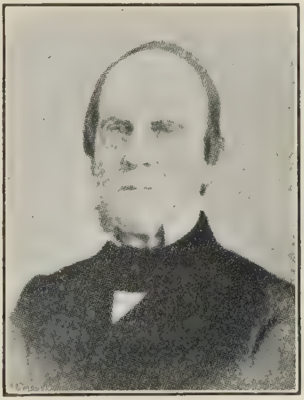
I have now given the names of all in the direct line of the paternal ancestors of the first man to cut away the forests where Elyria stands and lay out our city. From the birth of the first-known ancestor, one George Ely, of England, born as heretofore stated on the 26th day of April, 1571, a clergyman of the Church of England to the birth of his descendant Heman Ely, the founder of our city, was two hundred and four years. Six Elys form the links of ancestry. So far as known, they were all Christians, and in their day and generation were active in their respective communities and stood for the common good. Several were graduates of colleges. Some were successful business men, and served in public offices of importance for years, showing that they were efficient in the administration of affairs entrusted to them, and had the confidence of the people.

The character of the founder of any town, and those who first occupy the same, have ever had much to do with its progress in not only education, religion, and morals, but in money prosperity as well. In these respects Elyria was fortunate indeed, not only in the personnel of her founder, but in those who assisted him making the "wilderness blossom as the rose."

CHAPTER V

THE previous chapter gave the names and occupations of the ancestors of Mr. Ely, the founder of Elyria, reaching back to the first one known, a clergyman born April 26, 1571. I will now recount the experiences of those early pioneers who laid the foundations of our city, starting with the ones who occupied the log house, the first structure, as stated in the settlement. There were in the spring of 1817 ten of them, all housed in the hut, working for Mr. Ely. They chopped westward from the dwelling, clearing Broad Street. The first lumber sawed in the log water mill was used in erecting that spring, a store building, for "West & Co.," on the northeast corner of East Broad and Chestnut Streets. The ground is now occupied by an auto sales emporium. For some months after its completion, the carpenters made use of it till the merchandise arrived. This was the first mart of trade opened. The structure was about twenty by forty, one story with no cellar. It has long since disappeared. The next frame building constructed was a residence for Mr. Ely, in 1817, quite a pretentious mansion, on the spot now occupied by the "Knights of Columbus" on the north side of East Broad Street, adjoining the Ford sales building on the west. It had a frontage of forty-five feet and a depth of forty feet, with two stories and a cellar. The siding all came out of one whitewood tree that stood at the angle formed by East Broad and Bridge Streets, a few rods away. This dwelling was after the decease of Mr. Ely, made over by his son, Heman Ely, Jr. In the rear Mr. Ely had a barn erected. The short timbers for the dwelling were sawed in the mill. The long ones were hewn out from trees with a broad ax.

When the time came for the raising of the bents, Mr. Ely gave invitations to the settlers for miles around, to lend a helping hand. His appeal was not in vain, as the custom was in that day and generation, for all to respond when word was sent out for a "raising." It was a jolly gathering at which Ann; the cook, in the log hut, had made ample provision, by means of pots and kettles hung on a crane in the great fireplace, to regale the hungry crowd. Shack pork, venison, and fish were in abundance, and wild turkeys galore lived in the forest. Then the upper and nether millstones of the little log water mill, hard by, had provided ample meal and flour for hot cakes, and with all she was counted a cook par excellence. The great bents went up with alacrity, under the direction of the twenty-three-year-old Artemas Beebe, carpenter and joiner, as he would cry out to the men at the pike poles, "He-o-he." While the carpenters were later enclosing the structure, some Indians, who then had an encampment on the ground now occupied by Grace Court and its homes, passed by on their ponies. Seeing the building, one of them said to Mr. Beebe, "What are you doing



Artemas Beebe

Born in 1793. Came to Elyria when 24 as a carpenter for the founder. Built in 1820 the first hotel, still standing on East Broad. Also the large "Beebe House," where the bank building now stands, and the Beebe House at the once noted summer resort on "Put-in-Bay." He established and ran the first stage coach line from Cleveland to Fremont. He died at 86.

here, you white man?" He replied, "Building a house for Mr. Ely." The Indian then said with bitterness depicted on his face, "You have no business here, this land belongs to us Indians." Mr. Beebe asked what their names were. One responded, "My name is Red Jacket," another "My name is Good Hunt," and another "Betwixt the Logs." Be it said to their credit they never gave the settlers of Elyria any trouble, but on the contrary were true and obliging, and on the other hand the pioneers treated them with commendable kindness. Before many moons had waxed and waned, these noble redmen, seeing the forest melt away before the relentless ax of the woodman, folded their wigwams, and with their squaws and papoose, like the wandering Arab, stole away to a more congenial clime, where the white man's ax and his civilization should not interfere with their "happy hunting grounds."

Residing at Cuyahoga Falls is an attorney by the name of Orlando Wilcox, a member of the Summit County bar. He was born and raised in my native township of Hinckley, Medina County. He was appointed by President McKinley, U. S. District Attorney for the then Indian Territory, where the criminals were brought from all over that land who had violated the United States laws, to one place for trial, many for murder. He told me that when an Indian was convicted of murder in the first degree, the judge would ask, after sentencing him to be hung on a certain day, whether, if allowed to go till the day of execution, he would return again. If he said he would, he was released, and never failed to appear to pay the death penalty, but said he, this did not hold true with any convicted person of any other race. The reason the red man lived up to his word was because he had been raised in the belief, that if he did not keep his promise, his spirit could not enter the "Happy Hunting Grounds."

While the Ely buildings were in the process of construction, on the 29th of May that year, Festus Cooley, of Springfield, Mass., a man of sterling character arrived in the settlement and took charge of Mr. Ely's mills. He made the journey, a distance of six hundred miles, on foot. There were no drones in the pioneer group, everyone came expecting to do his or her part in developing the country. While Mr. Ely was here on his trip in 1816, he made his first sale of land in Elyria Township to a young man by the name of Clark Eldred, then twenty years of age. It was located two and one-half miles west of Elyria on the present "Telegraph Road" so called. This was later known as lot sixteen, containing one hundred and sixty acres.

Mr. Eldred was a powerful man in build, a conspicuous figure for fifty years, and a typical pioneer of the "Western Reserve," about six feet in height, before whose mighty blows as knight of the ax the giants of the forests went down in opening up the highways and clearing the land. He was a splendid citizen, reached an advanced age on his farm and saw before he left the earth the busy city of Elyria. His kith and kin were good citizens, people of enterprise and standing contending for the common weal. He was a great-uncle of William F. Eldred, one of the proprietors of the "Eldred & Highgate Co." in Elyria.

The first white family that actually resided in Elyria Township was named Beach. They were squatters, who, without leave, built a shanty in the woods west of Elyria near Mr. Eldred's, in November, 1816. The land of the township had not at this time been surveyed. On the 10th of September the following year, there was born to the Beaches the first white child in Elyria Township. The glad parents named the distinguished offspring "Henry." Soon, however, the child's sire was sick unto death, from fever, and passed away the 22d of November of that year. The widow and mother of the suckling babe and the other children in their desolation and poverty were not neglected. Artemas Beebe, mentioned, made for the first deceased in the township the coffin as his contribution, and Ezekiel Barnes, of Amherst, drove the team that carried the body, widow, and children to a log schoolhouse several miles east of Elyria across from the log tavern mentioned of Captain Eldred in Ridgeville. The few settlers saw that due respect by way of service was shown the widow and stricken family in laying away their dead in a spot in Ridgeville, where already several burials had taken place. She remained in the schoolhouse for a short time, when she became housekeeper for a man in Dover by the name of Sperry. So congenial was the new relation that within six months from the date when she became one of his family, he told her what was in his heart; the outcome was they soon married and, according to a poem from the pen of her son, written sixty years later, giving a biographical sketch of his deceased mother and stepfather, forever thereafter lived happily. It was published in the "Elyria *Democrat*" February 17, 1875, and reads:

"It so happened the year previous,
That he lost his beloved wife,
And wanted a companion,
Congenial for life.

"Our mother, she consented
His companion to be,
And they lived in true friendship,
Till his death set them free."

The second husband so loved his second wife that he had her first husband's body removed to his family cemetery. That the first birth and death should have been the one unalloyed joy, and the other one of deepest sorrow, and in one family, is another evidence that we have but little to do with the destiny of our stay here. Mr. Ely was ever kind and considerate toward his help and neighbors. While he was having his frame house built, a Mr. Bordin Beebe, of Ridgeville, was assisting. In raising the rafters, he accidentally fell from the upper floor into the cellar and was quite badly injured. There being no doctor nearer than Cleveland village, Mr. Ely dispatched a man to get him. His name was Dr. Mack. Beebe was taken on an improvised litter to his home. After his recovery, Mr. Ely asked the physician for his bill. When asked who was to pay it, Mr. Ely said, "myself." The doctor said, "It is thirty dollars." Mr. Ely paid it without complaint. The next industry planted in the embryo city was one for turning out wooden bowls. This was carried on by Enos Mann, who came with his family to Elyria in the summer of 1817 and built a log house east of the river where he conducted his business. He with his family and household goods came from Becket, Mass., with what was then called a "spike team," which consisted of a yoke of oxen with a horse in the lead, all drawing a wagon.

Not long after the Beach child was born a son appeared in the Mann family, just named. The mother of this second offspring in the settlement had an eye to business, for when Mr. Ely called to bestow his congratulations on the happy parents, for helping the growth of the town, she told the founder if he would deed the new arrival fifty acres she would honor him by calling her promising son "Ely Mann." Mr. Ely was not a person to make hasty promises. He assured her he would take the matter under consideration and let her know. In a few days he returned to the bedside of the hopeful mother and, in a kind way, told her that it would be setting a precedent for all mothers in the place which he would feel in justice bound to follow, if he accepted her proposition, the result of which would eventually take all his real-estate holdings, and for that reason he should have to decline her offer, as much as he would like to accept it. She was a sensible lady and, on listening to his excuse, conceded it was valid and assured him he was right. This good lady and true mother and wife, then but thirty-four, at forty years of age went to her reward, and was the first person buried in the Elyria Cemetery. Her resting place is marked by a plain sandstone slab which still bears the following inscription, "In memory of Mrs. Cleamency Mann, consort of Mr. Enos Mann, who died March 9th, 1823, in the 40th year of her age."

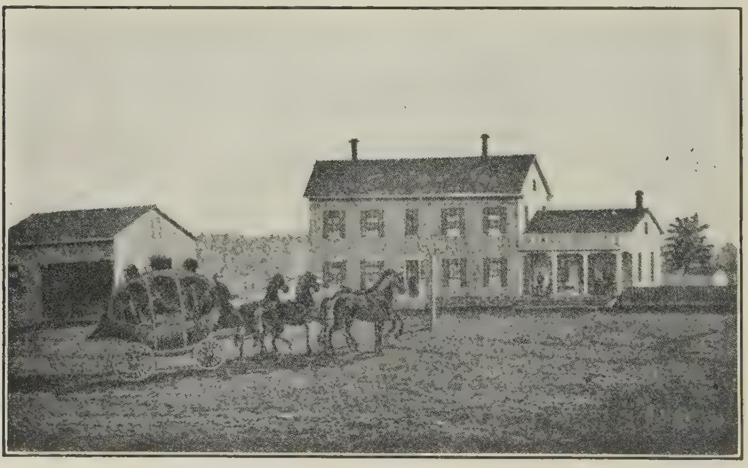
Early in the summer of 1817, Mr. Ely employed Joshua Henshaw, a surveyor, to survey the township and lay out and make a plat of Elyria. He employed Mr. Clark Eldred, mentioned, as one of his assistants. The work was continued from year to year, till the same was finished. The first sermon preached in Elyria was at a service held in the first log house built by Mr. Ely, heretofore described used for a boarding house, till the saw mill had turned out lumber for dwellings. It was on the fifth day of February, 1818. The minister was Rev. Alvin Hyde, a young man twenty-five years of age. He came from Massachusetts and was stationed at Dover, where he preached one half of the time and the other half in the surrounding country. His text was from Jonah 2. 9, "Salvation is of the Lord." Before this first service some used to attend church in Ridgeville Center held in a log schoolhouse. Joel Terrell and Samuel Eldred led the meetings and Willis Terrell conducted the singing. The first schoolhouse built in Elyria was of logs and was erected in the fall of 1819. It stood on the east side of the east branch of Black River on the knoll now bounded on the west by East River Street and on the south by East Bridge Street, being the point immediately northeast from the New York Central road. This structure was not only used for school purposes but religious service as well. In the absence of a minister, Mr. Ely read a sermon. Occasionally Shermon Minot did the reading. The ones called upon to offer prayer were Mr. Bronson, Mr. Barr, Luther Lane, or William Smith. The singing was done by Irene Allen and others. Calvin Smith pitched the tunes and led off. Rev. Taylor, of Dover, known as "Father Taylor," preached later occasionally. For some years after the arrival of the first settlers, rattlesnakes were very common, found about the streams and rocks and occasionally crept into the shavings of the workmen and about brush piles. Fortunately no fatalities came from them and they gradually disappeared till now such a reptile it would be hard to find in the township.

CHAPTER VI

IN THE fall of 1817, when Elyria was founded, Artemas Beebe, the twenty-four-year old carpenter and joiner, who had the building of Mr. Ely's house, together with George Douglass, purchased the first lot sold by Mr. Ely in the city of Elyria. It is the one across from the old Ely homestead, now the property of the Knights of Columbus mentioned on East Broad Street. It was the first tavern or hotel erected. It is now the oldest frame structure in Elyria. It had, like Mr. Ely's residence, a fireplace in every living room, as heating stoves were not in use in those days. December 8th the following year, Mr. Beebe purchased Douglass' interest and from that time became the sole proprietor and owner of the property so long as the same was used as a place to accommodate the public. They paid Mr. Ely thirty-two dollars for the lot and ten dollars per thousand for the lumber used in its construction. The nails used in the building cost them from twenty to seventy-five cents per pound. This building became for years the social center, of not only the villagers, but the settlers in the surrounding country.

"Balls," as they were then called, were frequently held there. It was here that the traveling judges and lawyers gathered to discuss politics and swap stories. The cooking for the waiting public was all done before a fireplace and in a brick oven. The latter was erected a few feet from the hotel, in arch form, about three feet from the ground wholly of brick, with an opening about three feet wide, four feet in depth, and two feet in height. In this kindling and wood were placed to the full capacity of the same, with a short chimney for draft and a temporary front of brick, where iron doors could not be had, and then fired. When the fuel was consumed the bricks were so heated that food, when placed in there for the requisite length of time, was as well baked as can be done in any modern cook stove. Of course, the coals were removed before the pies, meats, and bread, etc., were placed in the opening. At this point, in speaking of stoves, it will be of interest to know that Elyria has the distinction of being the birthplace of the "Stewart Stove" that revolutionized the stove industry and built the city of Troy, New York. It came about in this wise: In the spring of 1832 the founder of Oberlin College, John J. Shipherd, was then residing with his wife and children in a dwelling on the northeast corner of East Avenue and Grace Court, preaching for a small Presbyterian church, the first religious organization in the village. He was thirty years of age. He had a friend residing in the State of New York, from which he came two years previous to serve the church, by the name of Philo Stewart, a returned missionary from the Cherokee Indians, who had written him he would like to go west and do some missionary work on the "Reserve." Shipherd wrote him to come. While here he observed the inconvenience to which Mrs. Shipherd was put endeavoring to bake in a cook stove that had just come into vogue, as she had to turn the bread over and over as the only heat that reached the oven was from the top. Stewart being of an inventive turn of mind, set about it and constructed out of sheet iron the first cook stove that drew the heat from the fire-box completely around the oven before it escaped up the chimney. This principle was at the bottom of all successful cook stoves thereafter. Stewart made fortunes out of his invention, was philanthropically disposed, and out of his wealth assisted education and the cause of Christianity. In this Shipherd home that year, was born through the prayers of these two young ministers who were anti-slavery in their beliefs, hated the liquor traffic, and believed in co-education of the sexes, Oberlin Colony and her college; but this will be the subject of a later chapter.

The little building in which the Oberlin movement started and the stove was invented, now stands on the northwest corner of East Avenue and Eighth Street, occupied by strangers from strange lands who are wholly ignorant of its history. The Beebe Hotel is inhabited by numerous families and persons as tenants who are not aware of its story or that it was erected one hundred and ten years ago. It is now practically in the same condition as to rooms and the exterior in which it was originally, save its weather-beaten condition. It being the oldest building in the city and the first hotel, and once the social center of the earliest inhabitants, would it not be a splendid thing to save it for a historical society by repainting, opening its hidden fireplaces, replacing the cranes and filling it with the old pictures and the character of furniture and household equipment in vogue in its day? No doubt many things owned by the Beebes that once adorned its mantels, rooms, and walls could be contributed by their descendants. This building thus


ARTEMAS BEEBE TAVERN—Erected in 1820.
First one in the town. His stage line, from Cleveland to Fremont

equipped with a caretaker would as the years multiply become more and more interesting, giving this generation and our descendants a true picture of home and hotel life in that day. It would be an easy matter to replace the old brick oven in the back yard and grow flowers in the garden, such as gave delight to the people of that period. If this is not done soon this historic structure will, under the relentless hand of those who think only how to "buy and sell and get gain," be razed to the earth to give place to one for merchandise. Where is the man or woman or company of them who will save the situation?

I should like to be one of the number. Think it over. Napoleon the genius said, "sentiment rules the world." An individual without it ever misses the mark. Why did Henry Ford, the wealthiest man on earth, purchase the old abandoned "tavern" in the East and restore it to its primitive condition, and ever and anon visit it for sleep and a meal served as in the good old days? Why did he rescue the decayed water mill down among the New England hills and set the wheel turning and millstones grinding, both of which structures are now visited by throngs, because of the sentiment in his soul? It is common knowledge that he now owns the farm home in which he was born and raised, and the little schoolhouse in which he learned to read, and has restored so far as possible the homestead to its condition in which it was when he was a barefooted boy, to which he, with his good wife and children go when seeking a respite from the world, as the dearest spot to him in the universe. We better take warning before it is too late and emulate the Eastern people who have marked all over the country the historic spots and dwellings. If the building in which Oberlin College was born stood on its original foundations, it should be rescued, but it has been changed inside and out and lost its location, making it impracticable. I have had pictures taken of it for Oberlin College.

When late fall of 1817 approached there was an exodus from the settlement for the winter months. Mr. Ely, after his house was enclosed, mounted his horse and rode back to his home in Massachusetts to remain till spring. Ebenezer and Deacon Luther Lane made their way back to Springfield, as far as Albany on foot, where they took a stage coach for the balance of the journey. Beebe and Douglass spent the winter finishing the interior of the Ely dwelling. Roderic Ashley superintended matters for Mr. Ely till his return.

Mr. Ely came back early the next spring and assumed control of his projects. Seeing the great necessity of better means to cross the two branches of Black River than by ferry, Mr. Ely engaged Capt. Calvin Hoadly to erect two wooden bridges, one where the new stone and cement bridge spans the river on "East Bridge Street," and one where the stone arch bridge crosses the river on "West Bridge Street." In afteryears these two wooden structures gave way to iron bridges, and still later those to the present monumental structures.

On Mr. Ely's return in the spring of 1818, he took the necessary steps to survey the township. The same is five miles on each side, hence containing sixteen thousand acres, twelve thousand five hundred of which at one time he owned as stated in a previous chapter. The township is bounded on the north by Sheffield, east by Ridgeville, south by Carlisle, west by Amhert Townships. The southern boundary of the city of Elyria was then the north boundary of Carlisle Township till the corporation line some years ago was extended into that township. The geographical center of Elyria Township is about a mile and a half north of the courthouse. When Mr. Ely first owned the twelve thousand five hundred acres it was a part of Huron County. He soon saw that the wise thing to do, looking to the future of his town, would be to try and have the legislature organize a new county, making Elyria the county seat. There was then no continuous road between Elyria and Columbus. The only way to reach the capitol was on foot or horseback. All the territory now in Lorain County was then contained in the counties of Huron, Cuyahoga, and Medina. Then the east branch of the Black River was the boundary line between Cuyahoga and Huron Counties. On the fourteenth of September, 1818, Mr. Ely, the bachelor, now forty-three, concluded it was not good for man to be alone.

While no letters have been preserved, if any were written between Elyria's founder and the lady he brought into the wilderness as a bride, yet no doubt tender missives passed between them looking to the happy event when two hearts should beat as one. The mansion in the forest being erected in his behalf indicated that he anticipated some fair one was to occupy it with him. Seeing it enclosed with prospects that all would be ready on his return, he again turned his footsteps toward the East on the 14th day of September, 1818. At this time there was a steamboat on Lake Erie called "Walk in the Water," that reached Cleveland on the first of that month on her way to Detroit. It was her first trip west as far as Cleveland, where she remained a few days. Her appearance drew most of the inhabitants of the then village to greet her and the crew and passengers. Her approach was saluted by the firing of thirteen rounds of artillery, to which she replied with a like number.

Mr. Ely took passage for Buffalo, by way of Detroit, as she was not to stop at Cleveland on her return. As the little craft steamed out of the harbor, more guns were fired and parting salutations given by hand-wavings and words wishing all a safe journey. The boat reached Detroit on the twenty-first, and the same day started for Buffalo, making that port on the twenty-fourth. He was on the vessel seven days before she tied up in that city. This was the first steamboat that ever crossed Lake Erie. When we contemplate the speed now made in floating palaces on the Great Lakes, with every convenience for comfort that the cunning of man's hand can devise, in which our every whims are anticipated, every mile a joy-ride, and then consider the lack of comforts on such a craft, tossing about like a cork when a little disturbance of the waters brought seasickness, I marvel how blest we are in riding the deep, whether on the saltless seas or boundless oceans. As we recount the hardships of the pioneers, let us never cease to pay them homage for the multiplied blessings that are ours, because they endured and laid the foundations on which we are building. Mr. Ely reached Springfield, Mass., his old home, on the first day of October and on the tenth day of the same month was married to Miss Celia Belden, daughter of Col. Ezekiel P. Belden, of West Chesterfield, Conn. Within eight days they started for Ohio. They were two weeks reaching their destination by the best means of travel. Finding that their dwelling was not yet ready for occupancy, they resided for a short time in the log house he had constructed for the people working for him.

When it became noised about that Mr. Ely had arrived from the East with a blushing bride, curiosity soon reached a high pitch to see the new addition to the colony, and especially of the one who had led the way into the wilderness the previous year, and he a bachelor at that. Among those who had a burning desire to see for themselves were two Ridgeville ladies, one Mrs. Geo. Sexton, and a lady friend whose name has not come down to this generation. The fact that it was a chill November day did not dampen their ardor or deter their going. On foot they made their way for miles through the woods, reaching the log hut where dwelt the object of their curiosity. A rap on the cabin door brought the groom, who greeted them in his gracious way and introduced them to one they had come to see. She at once put them at ease, and so pleasantly and swiftly did the hours pass that they accepted an invitation to remain for tea. Ere they were aware, the shades of darkness began to appear, when they made haste to return, but before they had reached their own habitations they lost their way and were compelled to find lodging in the thicket of a fallen tree top till a rising sun should light them out of their difficulty. In due time their cabins were reached and they were happy in having found so charming an addition to the community.

CHAPTER VII

ARTEMAS BEEBE, the carpenter and joiner, was a powerful man in build, possessing a striking personality. As heretofore stated, he came to Ohio under a contract with Mr. Ely to do carpenter and joiner work, when he was but twenty-three. In the month of February, 1819, he found his health failing from overwork in laying ashwood flooring. Realizing he needed rest, he purchased a horse and saddle and started for his old home in West Springfield, Mass. He went by way of Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, and New York. In June he had fully recovered his strength, when he purchased a wagon, to which he hitched his "little gray horse," as he called him, and returned to Elyria. Capt. Festus Cooley, who had come from the East without his family to conduct Mr. Ely's mills, went back in the summer for a visit and also to get his family. He returned in August. For some months he was the first occupant of the Beebe "tavern" before it was ready for the public. Mr. Beebe boarded with the Cooley's till February of the next year, 1820, when he again returned to his old home in West Springfield. This trip was on a like mission as that of Mr. Ely's, to secure a wife. His journey is interesting, because of the hardships encountered as the sequel will show. The first day he walked to Cleveland, the next to Painesville, and the third to Ashtabula. He was now twenty-five. Shortly after leaving Ashtabula he was overtaken by a traveler riding one horse and leading another. The stranger was on his way to Onandaga Hollow, on the Cherry Valley Turnpike in New York. He proposed to the gentleman that if he would let him ride the extra horse he would pay for the keep of the animal on the journey. The proposition was accepted and the future builder and proprietor of hotels and conductor and owner of stage lines was soon astride the extra, wending his way toward the object of his affections. He had not proceeded many miles before he found it was easier to walk than to ride a horse without saddle and stirrups. When he had reached a condition of discomfort that made him wish he had not met the stranger, they came to a log cabin where there were two men and a saddled horse. Mr. Beebe asked the owner if he would sell the saddle, and if so, for what price. He assured him he would for the price of one dollar, if he could retain the stirrups and their straps. The bargain was closed. Mr. Beebe then procured a piece of rope and improvised stirrups and straps, both by tying the rope to the pommel of the saddle with loops for stirrups, after which he rode in comfort to the residence of his companion, who invited him to remain over night, a proposition he was glad to accept. The next morning he started on foot for Albany but was soon overtaken by a two-horse sleigh, in which were four Germans on their way to Albany, who asked him to ride, a proposition he was delighted to accept. At that place he walked across the Hudson River on the ice, and there took a stage for West Springfield. Not to be idle while on his visit, he secured employment as a carpenter and joiner in constructing a town house in the place. While thus engaged he boarded with a Mrs. Cooley, the mother of Ann Cooley, who later married Deacon Luther Lane, one of the pioneers of Elyria heretofore mentioned.

Among the West Springfield fair maidens was Pamelia M. Morgan, who, to young Beebe, possessed more charms than all others of the fair sex he had ever met. Often while in Ohio her form and face had appeared before him as the one supreme being with whom he could be happy. He was not long back in the old town before he called to see whether distance had lent enchantment, and lo, she was more comely and charming than he had dreamed. The outcome was, he soon told her, that life in the new country would not be worth the living without her. She was a sensible girl and after listening to his protestations of love and promises she took the proposition under consideration, for a few days and concluded, like Barcas, she was willing to accept and journey as man and wife to the wilds of far-away Ohio. On the 4th day of October, 1820, they went before Rev. Joseph Lathrop of the place, then blind and in his eighty-ninth year, and were pronounced man and wife. Then came the wedding trip, not to Niagara Falls, Long Branch, Saratoga, or Atlantic City, nor was it to Washington to see Congress, and shake hands with the President, riding in a palace, every rod a joy-ride, but the journey was made in an emigrant wagon over almost impassable roads, enduring hardships.

Their ambitions were strong to accomplish, so the young couple began preparations. A span of horses was purchased and a covered wagon of emigrant fashion. The wagon box was packed with the necessities of life for beginners. On the twentieth of the month of October, bidding good-bye to their families and friends, the happy couple headed the team toward Ohio. When they came to "Beckett Mountain," for safety, she walked. Before they reached the summit, the team gave out and backed the wagon into a log and tree that saved them from going over a cliff. She remained with the team while he went for help. He procured men with an ox team and chains. The oxen were hitched ahead, and soon the load was at the top of the mountain. From this point to "Walnut Creek," west of Erie, Pa., they did not encounter any serious trouble. Here, however, calamity again overtook them as the horses got stalled on a great bluff. They procured a man with an ox team, who ran a saw mill at the foot of the hill, to pull them out. Just as a point of safety had been reached, the oxen suddenly turned toward the mill, and in so doing upset the wagon, that went rolling down the embankment, crushing the bows of the cover, but fortunately did not injure the contents, as the goods had been so well packed they escaped damage, nor was the wagon otherwise broken.

The kind-hearted miller and his wife invited them to remain in their log cabin over night. They were glad to accept the hospitality of their newly made friends, and slept on a straw tick, soundly, till called for breakfast, after which they bade the good people farewell, and headed their team for Ohio. On reaching the hotel, November 17, they were heartily welcomed by Captain Cooley and family, who, as stated, had occupied the building in Mr. Beebe's absence. Within a few days they moved out and the Beebe's took possession and commenced keeping hotel. While the rooms were all lathed, they had not yet been plastered. There was, of course, ample good wood for the taking, so that the fireplaces were kept going, making people comfortable, notwithstanding the lack of plastered walls. Mr. Ely and the villagers and settlers for several miles around were naturally anxious for mail facilities. This necessitated a post office, which Uncle Sam would not grant, without a name. Mr. Ely began to reflect over the subject. His cogitations carried him in memory to France, where he had spent, as stated in a previous chapter, many months. While there Napoleon compelled the government of Austria to cede to France her "Illyrian Provinces." This name appealed to Mr. Ely as a charming one, by which to christen his newborn township and village. He therefore adopted the name "Illyria," but wrote it with an "E," and left out one "l." The grandson of the founder, the late Hon. George H. Ely, not long before he passed away, told me this is the way the name came about, and his statement is confirmed by his widow in a letter I just received in which she not only tells how the township and village received their name, but the county as well. It reads:

"Mrs. George H. Ely,
"119 Columbus Street,
"Elyria, Ohio.

July 10, 1928.

"My dear Mr. Webber:

"While on a European business trip, Heman Ely visited Paris in 1809, the year in which Austria ceded the 'Illyrian Provinces' to Napoleon.

"Eight years later, in 1817, the town of Elyria, in the Connecticut Western Reserve, was settled and given its name from

Illyria in France. The county receiving its name from the province of Lorain, also in France.

"These are the facts which you can use as may seem best to you.

"I am cordially yours,
"Annie M. Ely."

After the usual delays in such matters in satisfying the authorities at Washington that justice demanded a post office at Elyria, it was established on the 23d day of May, 1818, one hundred and ten years ago, and Mr. Ely was appointed postmaster by President Monroe, a position he held under succeeding administrations for fifteen years, but was finally succeeded by John S. Matson on the 1st day of April, 1833, who was appointed by President Jackson.

An effort was made during President Jackson's first term to put Mr. Ely out of the office on the ground that he was not as favorable to Jackson as he should be, but to no avail, till near the end of Jackson's second four years, when his political enemies succeeded. Silas Wolverton was the first mail carrier for the route, from Cleveland to Lower Sandusky (now called Fremont), passing through Elyria, a position he held till 1826. During that period until the roads were made passable, the mail was carried on horseback. On the last date mentioned, Mr. Beebe and Ezra S. Adams bought out the mail route from Wolverton and improved the service by putting on more teams and assistants. While the partnership lasted, Mr. Beebe carried the mail from Cleveland to Elyria, and Adams from Elyria to Lower Sandusky. The partnership ceased at the end of a year by Mr. Beebe purchasing Adams' interest in the contract. He then improved the service by making three trips a week, the driver going up one day and back the next. The following year Mr. Beebe visited the Postmaster-General in Washington, Hon. John McLean, who later was appointed to the United States Supreme Court, with letters of introduction from Mr. Ely, Elisha Whittlesy, and others. The object was to talk over the future relative to what the Postmaster-General thought would be required to make the postal service more efficient. The knowledge obtained was satisfactory, and resulted in Mr. Beebe preparing for the future by establishing the first stage-coach line that ever ran out of Cleveland. Mr. Beebe was then but thirty-four years old. It was a six-passenger. This he changed to a nine-passenger by putting in a middle seat. The contract Mr. Beebe had with the government was to carry the mail by stage, to start at Cleveland, then to make the following points: Rockport, Dover, North Ridgeville, Elyria, Amherst, Henrietta, Florence, Milan, Norwalk, Monroeville, Four Corners, Lyme, York, Green Creek, ending at Lower Sandusky (now Fremont). It was an enclosed vehicle after the pattern of the stage coaches of that period, drawn by four horses, the driver perched outside on a high seat. The stage drivers of those days were as proud, if not more so, of their position driving four-in-hand over the stage routes, than a locomotive engineer in this day is of his Twentieth Century Limited making a mile a minute. Those who lived in that period and saw the first Beebe stage coach make its initial trip, said it caused more excitement on the part of the people and aroused more curiosity along the way than did the first Lake Shore railway train that came nearly twenty-five years later. Crowds gathered to see the coach-in-four. The driver was an object of envy by the boys and men who believed their ambition would be complete if they had such a position. The first coach left Cleveland for its destination in the fall of 1827. Staging in those days, a hundred years ago, was not what the multitude suppose. Mr. Beebe's stage coach had to start at Spangler's tavern in Cleveland at four o'clock in the morning. After passing the then-known Taylor farm, west of Cleveland, the road ran through the woods to Rocky River. Here serious trouble began, owing to the dangerous clay banks bounding the stream. The mails had to be at their respective offices on time. There was no bridge over Rocky River. Occasionally a serious accident occurred. At the point where the stage forded the river, there was a mill race that it was necessary to cross. In January, 1828, there had been a flood. The river and race were high. Silvanus Smith was driving the coach. He attempted to cross the race. The water proved too deep and swift for the horses, and they were swept off their feet, and into the flood waters of the river and drowned, save one called "Prince" that broke loose from the harness and swam ashore. The dead horses floated onto an island below and their harnesses were saved. The coach and robes went into the lake and were lost. No person was drowned. The mails had been removed before attempting to cross the stream, and they were finally gotten onto the other side and sent along by a hired team. Mr. Ely's efforts to secure the organization of a new county with Elyria as the county seat began in the winter of 1821-1822, when he visited Columbus, to see the legislators. He started on horseback, the only means of travel in that direction, as stated, save on foot. He had only a compass for a guide.

The day was cloudy and the paths uncertain. Before he had gone many miles, he lost his way, probably in LaGrange woods, and was compelled to spend a night there. At daybreak he retraced his steps as the only means of ascertaining where he had made his mistake. After a hearty meal and care of his horse, he again headed toward the capital. This time he had no difficulty in reaching his destination. His trip failed to bring the desired results, but it was not wholly futile, as it turned the attention of the legislators to this part of the State, and resulted the next winter, when Mr. Ely again made the trip, in getting results, for on the 22d day of December, 1822, an act was passed by that body, defining the boundaries of the new county to be called as Mr. Ely desired, Lorain, after the province in France.

The new county was made up of territory taken from Cuyahoga, Medina, and Huron Counties. There was, of course, general rejoicing in the settlement over the great event.

CHAPTER VIII

THE previous chapter gave an account of the organization of Lorain County by the legislature, December 26, 1822, taken as stated, from the then counties of Cuyahoga, Medina, and Huron. It embraced seventeen and one-half townships as follows: Brownhelm, Henrietta, Amherst, Russia, Elyria, Carlisle, and those parts of Black River and Sheffield that lie west of the river, all of which territory was taken from Huron County. From Cuyahoga County, the following: Avon, Ridgeville, the west half of Olmsted, Eaton, Columbia, and the parts of Black River and Sheffield lying east of the river; from Medina County: Camden, Pittsfield, LaGrange, and Wellington. While the foregoing constituted the new county, it was not authorized by legislative enactment to function till January 21, 1824; the territory named was till then to remain respectively under the jurisdiction of the three counties from which it was taken. The new county remained thus constituted till January 29, four years later, when the townships of Grafton, Penfield, Spencer, Homer, Huntington, Sullivan, and Troy were detached from Medina County and made a part of Lorain County, and at the same time the west half of Dover Township, that was made a part of Lorain County, was given to Cuyahoga County. This then made twenty-five townships for this county. This continued for thirteen years, when the townships of Spencer and Homer were given back to Medina County. Six years later, in 1846, the townships of Sullivan and Troy were given to Ashland County. This left Lorain County with twenty-one townships. Avon was, in acreage, the largest township in Ohio till it was divided a few years ago.

The governments of Great Britain and the United States, having years before fixed by treaty the boundary line between the two countries in the center of the Great Lakes, it makes the northern boundary of Lorain County, the center of Lake Erie, so that this county has substantially the same number of acres under water as above. Between the date when the legislature organized the county in December, 1822, to the time in 1824, when the organization was completed, the question naturally arose in the minds of the people as to the location of the new county seat. Contesting townships for the prize and honor at once arose; they were Elyria, Black River, and Sheffield. There was no newspaper to take a hand in the contest, no telephones, no paved roads. The anxious pioneers, however, were busy making friends for their particular township before the authorities appointed by the legislature had shown up. That body had appointed a committee to visit the county, canvas the claims of the contestants, and stick the stakes for the courthouse. While the gentlemen thus empowered first came to Elyria, they gave no intimation of what was in their minds till after they had visited the other two townships. Mr. Ely engaged Mr. Beebe, the pioneer, running the hotel and stage line, to take the committee the rounds with a team. Black River was first visited. Her people received the gentlemen and pointed out to them the fact that Cleveland in Cuyahoga County had been rightfully selected for the county seat, being on the lake and river, hence why not Black River Township with a better natural harbor. Mr. Beebe then drove them to the center of Sheffield to look over the land and site now on the old Day and Burrell farms at the head of river navigation. The natural beauty of the groves and surroundings and location on the river were pointed out by the anxious inhabitants, after which they made their way back to Elyria, when Mr. Ely made the following proposition to the committee: "I will put up a temporary courthouse, one story high, on the corner of Main Street and Middle Avenue, large enough to accommodate the business until a new courthouse can be built, when I will donate the site and two thousand dollars in money toward building it and erect back of it a jail, which shall be the residence of the sheriff as well." After the proposition was made, the visiting gentlemen took under advisement all the claims of the three townships, Mr. Ely and the citizens pointed out in Elyria the natural water power, and the fact that the location was more centrally located to accommodate the people of all parts of the county. The committee concluded Elyria had the best of the argument, and before they turned their faces homeward, in company with Mr. Ely, stuck the stakes for the courthouse that later was erected on the ground now occupied by the present beautiful structure, and went on their way. One of the sorely disappointed Black River men was John S. Reed, the owner of much land about the harbor, the father of one of the later leading citizens of that place, Capt. Conrad Reed. He dined them while there and made the best argument possible, but the inducements held out by Mr. Ely and the natural facilities here turned the scale. Mr. Ely at once proceeded to carry out his agreement by erecting a courthouse on the spot now occupied by the Wilder cigar store, and those business places immediately adjoining. Then came the jail, a two-story frame dwelling of good size he erected just back of the present courthouse site, in which he partitioned off a part with hewn logs for safety for a prison, with iron-barred windows. When the next jail was erected on the spot of the present one this building was removed to its present location on the south side of East Third Street, as a dwelling, for which purpose it is still occupied, known as the Pomeroy homestead, in which Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Pomeroy, deceased some years, raised a large and cultured family. The first courthouse was moved east a little and for several years was used for school purposes and by the Presbyterians also as a place of worship. Later it was moved back of the furniture store of Snearer & Waldecker, and converted into a work shop, and later, when the Sharp block was erected, it was moved still farther east, and went up in flames when a fire consumed several old structures in that locality. Thus ended the first temple of justice built one hundred and four years ago by Elyria's founder.

The courthouse was no sooner up and in shape for occupancy than deep interest was aroused among the scattered settlers, as to who should constitute the officials of the county. While the positions hardly afforded salaries sufficient to support the incumbent, the honor to be among the first to hold a county position made it an object for those with political ambitions to get busy. When the day came for the opening of court, there was a good turnout of interested citizens, for the then population to witness the choosing and installation of officials.

The first session of court was on the 24th day of May, 1824, one hundred and four years ago. The laws of the State then provided that there should be four judges on the bench, one of whom should be a lawyer and the other three laymen to the profession, who were to assist the one learned in the law in weighing the evidence and passing on the facts. The presiding judge at this opening of the new court was George Todd, of Trumbull County, whose circuit included Lorain County. He was an Eastern man, had graduated from Yale College, served several terms as State Senator, and had been a member of Ohio Supreme Court. His laymen associates were Moses Eldred, Henry Brown, and Frederick Hamlin, all, of course, residents of this county. This position of associate gave to all who held the same the title of judge. The sheriff on this occasion was Josiah Harris, of Amherst.

On the opening of court the judge appointed Woolsey Wells, then the only lawyer in the county, prosecuting attorney. The Journal entry of this first term of court reads as follows:

"Be it remembered that on the 24th day of May, A. D., 1824, at Elyria, in the County of Lorain, in pursuance of a statute law of the State of Ohio, passed on the tenth day of February in the year aforesaid, entitled an act regulating the time of holding judicial court, the first court of Common Pleas, in and for said County of Lorain, was opened in due form by the sheriff thereof, Josiah Harris, holding said court; George Todd, president of the Court of Common Pleas for the third circuit in this State, in which circuit is Lorain County, and his associates: Moses Eldred, Henry Brown, and Frederick Hamlin, before which court the following proceedings were had, to-wit: Woolsey Wells, an attorney of record in the court, was appointed attorney to prosecute the pleas of the State for this county during the pleasure of the court."

Attorney Wells was also appointed at the same opening of court, clerk thereof. This court also had jurisdiction of such matters relating to estates as now belong to the Probate Court, as there was no Probate Court at the time. The first official business disposed of was the appointment of Lucinda Holcomb, widow of Almond Holcomb, as executrix, and Edward Durand as executor, jointly of the estate of her husband. The first action commenced was Simon Nichols against Thomas G. Bronson, seeking a judgment in the sum of $1,427.27 in which the plaintiff later recovered the amount.

The second day of the first session Ebenezer Whiton was appointed clerk in place of Prosecutor Woolsey Wells, as it was deemed not in accordance with law to allow one person to hold two county offices at the same time. Wells was glad to surrender the position, as he was a man of high character, in whom all had the utmost confidence as the sequel will show. He was a product of the "Old Bay State." He was educated in the schools of the State of New York, admitted to the bar in 1823, and settled in Elyria a few months previous to the first term of court. He was prosecuting attorney for two years, for which he received the sum of one hundred and twenty dollars. He was then appointed collector of tolls in Akron, on the Cleveland-Akron Canal. At the expiration of two years he resigned, as his duties required him to serve in that capacity on the Sabbath, which he calculated was not in accordance with the Scriptures.

Sometime later he was made postmaster in Akron by President John Quincy Adams, and then by his successor, Andrew Jackson. He also held the office of justice of the peace in that place for nearly five years, when he resigned, in order to give his entire time to the duties of traveling agent for the "Ohio State Temperance Society," of which organization Governor Lucas was president. At the expiration of a year, he resigned and re-entered the practice of law in Elyria, as partner of Herman Birch. Two years later he moved to Cleveland, where he practiced for about three years, when he returned to Elyria and became so deeply interested as an anti-slavery agitator that he practiced his profession but little. He was heartily in accord with the stand Oberlin colony and College had taken on the great question, and was ever ready to bear the odium attached to those who dared to speak out in defense of the downtrodden race. There was at this time a highly educated physician and prominent citizen residing in the county by the name of Dr. N. S. Townsend, whom the free soilers had elected to the legislature. He secured an appointment for Wells as agent for the sale of "Western Reserve School Lands," which necessitated his removal to Defiance, in Williams County, where he resided nine years. He then went to Fort Dodge, Iowa, having been appointed United States land agent for that point, where he spent the remainder of his life. He has come down to us through the records of the courts, old newspapers, and recorded recollections of citizens who knew him for his integrity of purpose and diligence for the common weal, as one possessed of the courage of his convictions, a noble character, who, by his life, left a deep impression on his fellows for the best. He was a lover of truth, and once having discovered its location, went straight toward it.

The grand jury of that first term of Common Pleas Court was made up of men of character, some of whose descendants are with us in the county to this day. They were Heman Ely (foreman), Benjamin Brown, Eliphalt Redington, Gardner Howe, Erastus Hamlin, Simon Nichols, Silas Wilmot, Thomas C. Bronson, James J. Sexton, Abraham Moon, Phineas Johnson, Mahel Osborn, Edward Durand, and Harry Redington.

After Judge Todd had the grand jury sworn, he charged them concerning their duties as a body, whereupon they retired and after spending two days, reported to the court that there seemed to be nothing for which they should remain in session, and they were discharged for the term, with the thanks of the court. The court finished all the contests that came before it in three days, during which a few matters administering estates came up and were disposed of, as well as the issuing of several licenses for keeping tavern in the county, when the court adjourned for the term. What marvelous changes have taken place in the volume of court business since that day! Now from twelve to fourteen hundred cases are on the docket each term.

Lorain County now has more civil cases commenced within a year than any one of the eighty-eight of the State save eight; these are the large city counties. It would take the civil cases of Erie, Huron, Ashland, Medina, and Crawford Counties all put together that are commenced within a year to make our civil docket in the Common Pleas Court, notwithstanding in the city of Lorain is a municipal court that has jurisdiction up to a thousand dollars, which relieves very much our Common Pleas.

The county is growing rapidly. At the next term of court that commenced in September, 1824, the first license to solemnize marriages was issued to Rev. D. W. Lathrop. The first person indicted by the grand jury was Joseph Coleman, for assault and battery. It was disposed of without trial. The spring term of the next year, 1825, Reuben Doud and Abel Farr were indicted, tried by a jury, and convicted for stealing hogs. They escaped prison by paying a fine each of ten dollars.

A disappointed Amherst citizen who failed to get appointed an associate judge, when three laymen sat with a presiding judge, relieved himself somewhat in his feelings by remarking to a group of citizens after his fate was known, "Justice in Lorain Common Pleas Court ought to be speedily executed, for that court has a thousand judges." When asked for an explanation of his talk on riddles, he replied: "There is Judge Brown, he's nothing; there's Judge Hamlin, he's nothing; there's Judge Eldred, he's nothing; and there's Judge Todd, the lawyer, he's one; and one and three nothings make a thousand."

CHAPTER IX

THE previous chapter gave an account of the first Common Pleas Court held in Elyria in the first courthouse, and the opening thereof, by Judge Todd, presiding with Moses Eldred, Henry

Brown, and Frederick Hamlin as laymen associates. Eldred was the one who kept the log tavern at the corner of the intersection of Cleveland Street and Case Road, about two miles and a half east of Elyria, where Mr. Ely made his headquarters when he first visited his lands in 1816. This court thus organized continued for six years, when Ruben Wood as presiding judge took the place of Judge Todd the March term 1830, with the associate laymen named. In the fall of that year Mr. Ely, the founder, was made one of the associate judges, a position he held for twelve years. The following spring, 1831, Josiah Harris and E. W. Hubbard became with Mr. Ely, associates. This court continued for three years till the spring of 1834, when Judge Ezra Dean supplanted Judge Wood with Mr. Ely, Josiah Harris, and Franklin Wells as his laymen associates. The next year Ozias Long became one of the associate judges, and two years later Daniel J. Johns. This court continued thus constituted for three years, when John W. Wiley in 1840 became presiding judge. He died the next year, when Judge Reuben Hitchcock was appointed to fill the vacancy till January, 1842, when he was succeeded by Judge Benjamin Bissell, with said associate judges, Franklin Wells and Daniel Johns and Joseph L. Whiton, a new layman associate, who took the place of Mr. Ely. Three years later, in 1845, Elijah De Witt and Daniel T. Baldwin became associate judges, along with Joseph L. Whiton, named. This court thus constituted continued till the April term, 1848, when Benjamin C. Perkins was appointed. The following year, 1849, Judge Bliss became presiding judge, when William Day was appointed associate. The court thus made up, continued till the new State constitution went into effect in 1852, seventy-six years ago. This did away with associate laymen judges of the State, created under the first constitution in 1802, that had been in vogue for fifty years, after which date only lawyers were eligible to the bench elected in the common pleas districts, which order continued till the law was amended a few years since, giving to each county in the State one or more common pleas judges according to the population. Having given a history of the Common Pleas Courts to the present time from the organization of the State, I will now return to the early settlers. The first holiday of the American republic universally observed from the beginning was the Fourth of

July. Come what might, that day, in commemoration of our national independence, has been observed religiously in some manner in every community under the flag as the years have come and gone. The Elyria pioneers were not to be deprived of the right to its observation in some manner, notwithstanding their primitive surroundings and lack of facilities to give vent to their patriotic feelings befitting the day. To that end the matter was talked over, resulting in announcing to the scattered settlers, for miles around, that the day would be celebrated at Elyria, to which all were invited. Most of the pioneers were located in Ridgeville and Grafton and Carlisle. Gladly did they respond. Many came in the two-wheeled ox carts, so common in pioneer days. This was in 1819, one hundred and nine years ago. Was it a happy gathering without pavements, automobiles, picture shows, radios, flying machines, and ice-cream parlors? The earlier historians tell us they had a "glorious time." The first greeting given the approaching guests, as the oxen came in sight tugging away at the carts, was the firing of an anvil, as rapidly as the gunmen were able to reload, making the forests ring with its vibrations. This was followed by martial music, discoursed by the Gibbs Band, of Carlisle, led on the fife by David Gibbs, a natural musician, in whose hands a drum or any wind instrument could arouse the patriotism of the most lethargic. There was, of course, the Stars and Stripes given to the breeze. Following the burning of powder and the discoursing of martial music, came the first patriotic oration ever delivered in the prospective city. The orator was Eldridge Gerry, of Ridgeville, who recounted the deeds of valor of the Pilgrims and Revolutionists to whom we are indebted for the right of a free press, free speech, and to worship God according to the dictates of our consciences. He was loudly applauded in his climaxes. There being no cannon with which to celebrate, John Gould, a patriot indeed, suggested that he would act as a gun carriage by getting on all fours with a flintlock shotgun strapped on his back in place of a cannon, the same to be fired after each toast of the after-dinner talks. Bending his back, the improvised implement of warfare was loaded and touched off with a red-hot poker. No such celebration would be complete without a sumptuous repast. The entertainers had made ample provision for the inner man, for when high noon came, lo and behold the spread in the "Beebe Tavern" was a sight for the gods. At the head of the table was a roast pig with a cob in its mouth, as if captured before he got away. Roasted venison was steaming at the other end. There were vegetables of all description in abundance, piping hot from the brick oven, and pots of the fireplace.

The first celebration ended by a grand ball in the tavern, at which one Thaler, of Ridgeville, known in his day as a "fiddler," drew the bow with such consummate skill, that the joyous pioneers so far forgot their hardships, as they kept step to the soothing strains, that the midnight hour was passed unnoticed. There being then no highways between Grafton and Elyria, through the dense woods save such as were marked by blazed trees, the guests from the township were compelled to remain till morning with their ox teams. This pioneer gathering exemplifies the sayings, "happiness doth not consist in the abundance of things," "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." These days in this part of Ohio we see cranberries only in the market. The Elyria pioneers discovered a large marsh between Elyria and the infirmary, where it was easy to gather them and did by the bushel. Wolves, bears, and deer inhabited the woods of Elyria Township as late as 1840. The howlings of the first made nights hideous, then the havoc wrought by all of them to the property of the settlers became a serious menace, as fences were no hindrance to their depredations. The deers jumped the highest and ate and tramped down the gardens and grain fields. The bears and wolves destroyed the calves, sheep, pigs, and chickens. Their night incursions extended farther and farther as their ability to exist on the game and food of the wilderness because of cleared lands lessened. This condition existed throughout the Western Reserve to such an extent that it became necessary for the settlers in Medina, Cuyahoga, and Lorain Counties to devise some way of exterminating, so far as possible, their common enemies. In these days, instead of wild animals to fight, bugs and worms are the farmers' pests. Who conceived the idea of a great animal drive, to take in the territory of the counties named, with the hilly township of Hinckley, Medina County, eighteen miles south of Cleveland as the slaughter ground, has not been recorded. What has come down to us is the authentic account, recorded in Howe's

History of Ohio, confirmed by all later Ohio historians, that the greatest animal hunt ever known in United States took place on the 24th day of December, 1818, the day preceding Christmas in Hinckley Township. It required weeks to work it up and organize for safety and success. Hinckley was then an unbroken wilderness, without an inhabitant, containing sixteen thousand acres, being five miles on each side or twenty miles around, and known as the hilliest piece of territory in northern Ohio, filled with wolves, bears, and deer, that went long distances to reach the settlements of scattered pioneers for food. It was the only township without settlers. Those in Elyria and adjoining townships, who were suffering from the marauders, took a hand. Nearly all the townships of three counties joined in the expedition. The war of 1812 had been over but a few years, so the guns used in that conflict were largely in the hands of those who participated, as they had been required to own shotguns. The names of few who participated are known, but the fact that approximately five hundred made up the company is authenticated by history. Among the participants were those who had been officials in the service and understood how to command men. They, of course, were chosen to lead. Committees were formed and meetings held, from time to time, to better perfect the organization. Surveyors were sent to Hinckley to blaze a circle on the timber a half mile from the geographical center of the township. Every man with a dog was to have him at the hunt, and those possessing horns or conch shells were ordered to bring them ready for use. All were to start at the same time toward Hinckley. Those who resided farther than walking distance, by ox teams and with dogs and horns, drive the game toward the township. Before reaching Hinckley, one hundred deer had already been killed. These were taken along on the sleds. All were on their respective sides of the township lines as ordered at sunrise. Previous orders had been issued to not go farther till the word "ready" was given by the commander. Just as the great orb appeared above the trees the word "ready" went the rounds in forty seconds, which was not bad wireless for that day and generation. Thereupon the dogs were let loose and the forests resounded with the shouts of men, the barking of dogs, and the loud notes of the conch shells and horns. The frightened game from every quarter sought escape, only to die. This common slaughter continued unabated as the hunters came closer and closer, till they reached a point where it was no longer safe to fire, when the best marksmen were ordered to climb trees and shoot down at the game. With alacrity they obeyed, and the end came when there was not a live bear, wolf, or deer within the circle. The count showed they had killed twenty-one bear, seventeen wolves, and three hundred deer. The small game like coons, wild turkeys, and foxes were not counted. The next move was to properly celebrate Christmas the following day. The young men were sent to their respective homes, to care for the chores, with the right to return for the festivities. Whole carcases of bear meat and hunks of venison were roasted before bonfires and Christmas was celebrated in 1818, at the center of the now noted township all over Ohio, because of its groves, springs, and hills. It has lately been taken into the Cleveland Park system. In it are located the noted "Whipp's Ledges," situated in the bend of the east branch of Rocky River, where an artificial lake of a hundred acres has just been made; the dam cost a hundred thousand dollars. Summer homes are to be built on its banks. The animal extermination resulted in great relief to the inhabitants. The game was divided without disputation, and the scalps of the seventeen wolves were disposed of to the State for fifteen dollars apiece, the magnitude of the bounty offered by law. Albert A. Harris, in 1833, then a resident of Elyria, who became a prominent editor in Cleveland, met a bear and her cubs on what is now Lake Avenue. The mother bear fled on being shot at, and the cubs took to a tree. These he captured and exhibited in Elyria. The last-known wolf in Elyria Township was followed by hunters as far as New Haven, Huron County, in 1844, where it was shot and its skin stuffed and placed in the Natural history rooms then in the Ely block that burned. Mr. Ely's office, where he met the people to whom he sold lands and his employees, was located at the elbow in the yard of his dwelling, the spot now occupied by the Simpson Motor emporium. At times, in the early stages of the growth of Elyria, for years ox teams stood in front, while the owners were inside transacting their business with the judge. He was a just man and benevolent citizen, very ambitious to do the best things possible, to not only build up the business interests of the town, but spiritually and educationally as well. He was, during his life in Elyria, a conspicuous horse-back rider, in going from place to place, looking after his various enterprises. With him everything had to be done decently and in order.

CHAPTER X

THE first house of worship, as stated in a previous chapter, was a log structure, located just north of the present eastside undercut to the New York Central, on the high point, at the intersection of East Bridge and East River Streets, built in 1819, one hundred and nine years ago.

While the building was primarily constructed for a church, the same year it was utilized also for the first school in the settlement, taught by Irene Allen, then by Pamelia Manter, a daughter of the first physician, Dr. Manter, who practiced in Elyria.

Previous to the religious services held in this hut, the same were conducted in the log boarding house, erected by Mr. Ely two years before to care for the workmen in his employ as heretofore stated.

For five years each Sabbath before any church was organized, the settlers met in this first temple, built for divine worship, to either hear a sermon from a minister who chanced to come their way, or listen to someone read, as heretofore stated, generally by Mr. Ely. He brought from his old home in West Springfield, Mass., six or seven bound volumes of sermons, delivered by "good old Dr. Joseph Lathrop," of that place.

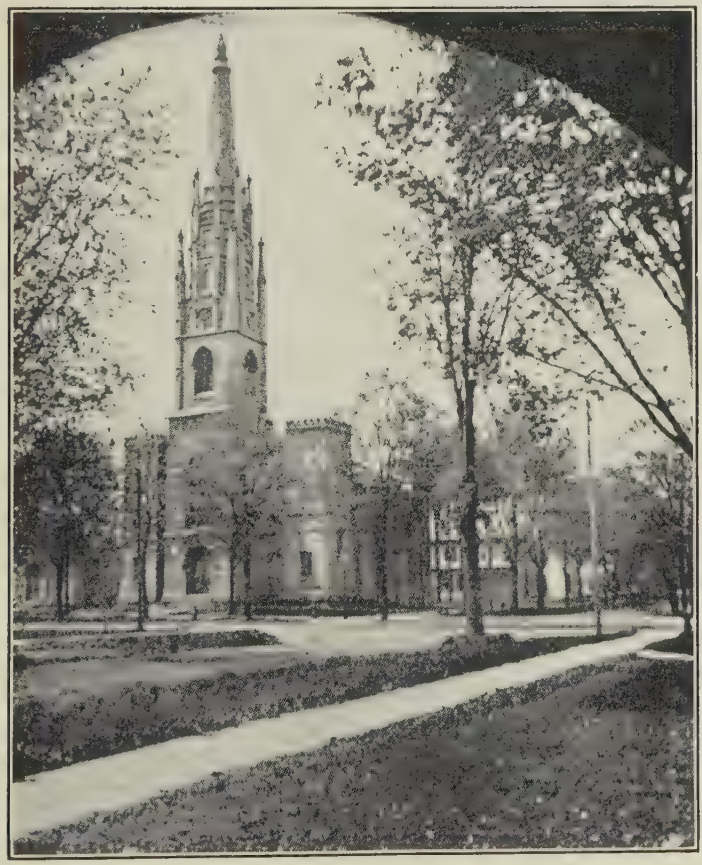
When the log hut was built, there was already a Presbyterian church in the adjoining township of Carlisle, at LaPorte. Both bodies realizing that, because of their small numbers and lack of means to employ a minister, they should, for the time being at least, come together. They had a conference or two, then entered into the following arrangement, to-wit:

ARTICLES OF UNION AND COVENANT

"The united church shall be known by the name of The Presbyterian Church of Elyria.

"It is understood and considered expedient that for the present separate religious meetings be statedly held at our several places of social worship, as has heretofore been customary, except on communion day, when, as far as practicable, we will all meet together.

"It is agreed, that until further arrangements are made, the communion season shall be attended regularly, two thirds of the time, at the place of meeting in Elyria, and the other third at the place of meeting in Carlisle, it being understood that the portion of the church living in Carlisle will contribute at least so much toward the support of a pastor invited to take charge of the united church, as will naturally entitle them to



First Congregational Church, Elyria
Erected 1848; torn down 1898. Was first erected by Presbyterians

such share of his labors as this arrangement will necessarily give them.

"It is mutually agreed that whenever the number of members and other circumstances in this church shall be such that a separation is considered expedient, those members of the church who naturally fall within the limits of the present church in Carlisle, shall be detached from the church in Elyria, and be recognized as the church in Carlisle, and entitled to all the privileges of a separate church on the ground of their present organization.

REV. LATHROP
First minister of any church in Elyria.
Was a Presbyterian and held services in the beginning in a log school house

"On these conditions, we, the members of the church in Elyria, and the church in Carlisle, mutually and cordially receive and embrace each other as fellow heirs of the grace of God and members of the same church, and do hereby solemnly covenant and promise with Christian meekness and brotherly love, to submit to the watch and discipline of the church, endeavoring in all things to promote its prosperity and to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called.

"Members of the church in Elyria — Luther Lane, William Smith, Celia Ely, Ann Palmer, Abby W. Lathrop, Julia West, Parmela Beebe, Parmela Manter, Pearly Douglass, Harriett Hamlin.

"Elyria, November 25, 1818.

"Members of the church in Carlisle—Eamuel Brooks, Hezekiah Brooks, Lydia Brooks, Hanna Johnson, Sophia Brooks, Hanna Brooks, Irene Johnson.

"Carlisle, November 25, 1818."

The first regular pastor to serve the pioneers who gathered in the log building before the church was organized was Rev. Daniel W. Lathrop. He began his labors in September, 1818, two months previous to the organization. He was a noble and rare soul, whose good name has ever been in this community in the old families, a household word even to the third and fourth generations. He was born in Norwich, Conn., June 17, 1789, one hundred and forty-nine years ago. He was then sent by a missionary society to the "Western Reserve." For a year he traveled over the counties of Lorain and Huron, calling sinners to repentance, now and then visiting the Elyria people. Back East was a young lady who had captured his heart before he entered the ministry, and still held it with an unswerving devotion on his part, that ended in his making a trip to Brooklyn, New York, the home of her parents, where they were made twain one flesh. Her name was Abby Woolsey Howland.

On their return they met with such a reception by the entire community that the bride, unused to log huts and primitive surroundings, was glad to be here. She was sweet in disposition, and possessed of all those graces of manner with an unselfish nature, that drew people to her. He was striking in appearance, tall, with a wealth of hair and a kindly disposition, possessed of a personality that made him a leader the people gladly followed. He led the way on his return in bringing about the agreement between the Elyria and Carlisle churches. He served the church with marked success, when calamity overtook him in the loss of his voice while preaching his morning discourse. Weakness followed as well, necessitating his abandonment of the ministry, resigning August 18, 1830.

He then built a home located on the camping ground of the Indians residing here, when Mr. Ely first came in 1817. It is the land on the south side of Grace Court bounded on the west by East Avenue, south by the Gates home, and east by the river. Here they resided for more than eighteen years. He finally recovered his voice and health, and acted as a home missionary in northern Ohio. Their home became one of the show places of Elyria, because of the flowers they cultivated so assiduously, sending far and near for choice varieties. They were possessed of the knowledge and skill necessary to their successful cultivation. Multiplied sorrows came into their home, as a row of little graves in the Elyria Cemetery evidence, where their children were buried. One was Mary, but sixteen, on whose death the noted poetess Mrs. Sigourney, a friend of Mrs. Lathrop's, composed a poem for their consolation. Over the window of the room in which Mary died, there clambered a beautiful white rose in all its glory. Many such roses are, after, lo these nearly ninety years, adorning the houses of some of our inhabitants, unconscious of their origin, that came from this same bush as its seeds were sought by their neighbors.

In 1849, this goodly couple, to the sore regret of the entire community, turned their faces Eastward, and moved to New Haven, Conn. Ultimately he passed away in Jackson, Mich., at the great age of ninety-four, and was gathered to his fathers. The influence of this pioneer couple for good works still lives in the lives of the descendents of that generation. Such people are verily the salt of the earth.

The same year the log church was built on the east side, a man by the name of Chester Wright showed up in the settlement, not having the fear of God before his eyes, bent on making money out of the weakness of mankind, and in close proximity to the church, erected a log whiskey distillery, that was soon patronized, not only by pale faces, but the red man as well who came on ponies with squaws and papoose, behind, resulting as it ever does, in demoralizing its patrons. It made good Indians bad and white men worse, if possible.

At this period in American life, the doctrine of universal total abstinence from drink, had but few advocates. True, there were many who practiced the teaching over the country, east and west, but in the churches and out, drinking to some extent was pretty universal, nor was the pulpit exempt, but be it said to the credit of our city, that Wright's whiskey plant turning out the ardent, was the first and last ever conducted within her borders as a legalized business. While this destroyer of homes and morals was right in name, he was wrong in deed, and within a few years ran against a public sentiment created in the community by the preachers and laymen, that made the further operation of his plant a financial failure, when he disappeared for parts unknown. Later the rude structure was torn down to give place to a comfortable habitation, and now, where weak men of both races then gathered to dissipate their time and means for what destroyed them, body and soul, fruitful trees grow and flowers bloom. This man with a wrong name, because of his traffic, has not come down to us as one of the pioneers worthy of emulation or credit for anything he did toward the common good, but as a nuisance for having wrought havoc while here. Again is verified the Scriptures, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." We are all making history, whether we will or not, good or bad. The movement that put the misguided man out of business was a temperance society, organized by numerous citizens, male and female, headed by Doctor Manter, Nathan Stevens, and Schuyler Putnam.

When the society got in working order it had a membership of one hundred and forty-four, eighty-one of whom were ladies. They all signed a pledge to abstain from the use of ardent spirits, wine, and tobacco. Ten more men signed as willing to not drink intoxicants, but refused to throw away their quids and pipes of peace. This organization was the beginning of the battle against intemperance in Lorain County, that has never ceased.

About the year 1867, a "Good Templers" society was formed of which Elyria's "Grand Old Man," William Bennington, now in his ninety-first year, was a charter member. I first met him in one of its meetings in 1876, the year I came to Elyria. He was on his feet telling of the evils of intemperance, urging the members to be faithful. He was then but thirty-six. No more faithful defender of the cause ever walked the streets than "Uncle William." In the sunset of life he is surrounded by a host of friends, possessed of his faculties and in health, as deeply interested in the things that make for the common weal as in youth. His stand for good morals, by both precept and example, has been of great influence in this city. All hail to this old pioneer whose life has been spent in the county. He was raised in a log hut in Grafton, where he helped clear the forests, and endured the privations of the early pioneers. Elyria has been known from the beginning of her history as a pioneer in education, as she was the first to organize a high school, one that became noted far and near. That it was the first in point of time, is evidenced by the following letter written to Wallace Cathcart, an Elyria boy, now at the head of the Cuyahoga County Historical Society, in answer to his inquiry. The author is an outstanding authority in matters educational.

"February 3, 1920.

"Mr. Wallace Cathcart,
"Western Reserve Historical Society,
"Cleveland, Ohio.

"My dear Mr. Cathcart:

"I remember I promised to send you some additional facts concerning the earliest records of the Elyria High School.

"The high school of Elyria was granted articles of incorporation by the State Legislature, February 22, 1830. It was the first institution in the State to be incorporated under the name of a high school. The Elyria High School was certainly the first school in Ohio to legally bear the name of high school. I rather suspect that it was the first one this side of the Allegheny Mountains to do so.

"The Woodward High School, of Cincinnati, was chartered almost exactly a year later. The claim is sometimes made that the Woodward is the oldest chartered high school in the State, but this claim rests on a misapprehension of the facts.

"The Woodward free grammar school was chartered in January, 1827, but it was especially pointed out that the purpose of the school was to teach poor children the rudiments of an English education. Quite distinct as may be seen from the function of a high school.

"The men that were the incorporators of the first high school were Heman Ely, Nathan H. Manter, Ebenezer Whiton, Reuben Mussey, David W. Lathrop, and 'their associates.' These men were made a body corporate and politic, by the title and name of 'The High School of Elyria.' The said corporation shall be capable in law of holding any estate, but no part of the funds shall ever be applied to any other object than supporting a high school; and said corporation shall be competent to receive any gifts, grant, or donation for the purpose of the object of this erection.

"I think it is decidedly an evidence of the alertness of these men that just nine years after the first high school in America was established (in Boston, of course) they should charter and establish an institute of similar name out here in the woods of the Western Reserve.

"Elyria and the Elyria High School may well be proud of the record.

"With best wishes, I am

"Sincerely yours,
"E. A. Miller,
"Department of Education,
"(Oberlin College.)"

CHAPTER XI

THE close of the previous chapter gave an account of the first high school organized in Ohio and that in Elyria.

I will now direct attention to its first superintendent, one of the great Americans of that day and generation. His name was John Monteith, the first president, and one of the founders of the great Michigan University. He was born one hundred and thirty-six years ago, when Detroit was a village of little more than one thousand inhabitants. Mr. Monteith, then twenty-six years of age, and just ordained, was engaged by the inhabitants of the place, who professed and respected the Protestant religion, to serve them as pastor. He entered upon his duties with commendable zeal, and was deeply interested in all that made for the betterment of the new State, and especially whatever concerned educational advancement.

There was then no State university and no funds with which to found one. Poverty and hard work were the portion of the scattered inhabitants, most of whom were suffering from ague. Wolves made the nights hideous and treacherous. Indians kept the pioneers in constant fear.

While serving the little faithful band in Detroit, he organized a Presbyterian Church in Monroe and preached the first sermon. Catching a vision of the promise of a great State, he had a meeting with Lewis Cass, then governor, who later became a nominee for the Presidency, and who on a speaking tour of the States made a speech under the noted elm tree, now standing the yard back of the Elyria Courthouse.

At this meeting Judge Woodward, of Detroit, after whom the noted "Woodward Avenue," in that city, was named, was present. Mr. Monteith arranged for the interview for the purpose of consulting them relative to founding a State university. This beginning resulted in further conferences, ending in the founding of the institution. Mr. Monteith was elected its first president. It was surely a poor and primitive affair, as he received only $12.50 salary per year, and a like amount for each of the six professorships he held. He had a cow and garden and received some income from preaching in connection with his duties as president and teacher. Out of this humble beginning, born in the brain and heart of this great man, our first high-school superintendent, has grown up a university, to which hundreds of thousands have gone seeking an education, out of the multitude of whose graduates strong men have gone forth and made great names for themselves, and the end is not yet. It still remains that "the foolish things of this world are used to confound the wise."

It has already been stated that the first school building was the log structure erected in 1819 on the east side in the junction formed by the railroad and East River Street. The next was in a frame building, about where the Savings Deposit Bank and Trust Company now stands, on East Broad Street, built in 1825. Then followed a new structure two years later, located on the spot now occupied by the city hall, erected by Mr. Ely, for district school purposes. He gave the land and donated one hundred and thirty-five dollars toward its erection and reserved the upper story. The balance necessary was raised by taxation. This was ever afterward known as the "Yellow Schoolhouse," because of its color. Only male teachers were employed, as the wise men of town were of opinion that it had become necessary to demand severe discipline among the young. To that end the order of things, it was believed, necessitated having ample whips cut from the nearby underbrush to enforce discipline. When it was deemed necessary, these terrors of youth were freely used to subdue the disobedient. Young professional men of the growing town, seeking a foothold in their respective callings, were among the teachers. One was Doctor Griswold, who later became the leading physician, and served with distinction as surgeon in the Civil War. He had retired from practice when I came to Elyria in 1876. He was a high-class citizen, ever standing for the best in society, a Christian gentleman, possessed of a striking personality. He reached an advanced age. His pulseless form rests in our cemetery.

Another teacher was Edward Hamlin, an attorney, who rose to the head of his profession at the Lorain County bar, and was sent to Congress. Another young man who taught in the "Yellow Schoolhouse" and came to distinction, was Albert Harris. He became an able writer on the Cleveland *Herald* for many years.

In 1831, four years after this school building was erected, the first high school was started, as stated, with Mr. Monteith at its head. The building stood between the present Y. M. C. A. and the Congregational Church west of the courthouse square. It was erected and owned by Mr. Ely and rented by him to the school authorities for a term of years. It was a large two-story structure, with recitation and assembly rooms on both floors. It was adorned by a cupola containing a bell. The seats were comfortable, and equipment of the best for the times.

It had not been opened long under the direction of Mr. Monteith, when his fame as a teacher and scholar reached far and wide, drawing students not only from the surrounding country but from other States. Some came from Massachusetts, New York, and Michigan. Many were from Cleveland and other cities. Mr. Monteith's wife was among the teachers. They were able to teach the languages and higher mathematics. The curriculum of studies published in the catalogue sent out contained such studies as Latin, Greek, French, higher mathematics, physical, intellectual, and moral sciences, and music. Among those enrolled in the student body were two Fairchild brothers from Brownhelm, both of whom later entered Oberlin College, from which they graduated, one of whom, James, became professor in the institution, and later its president for a long period of years. The other was president of Berea College, Kentucky.

Within four years the student body grew to number two hundred, when Mr. Monteith resigned, and a Doctor Brown was installed in his place. Brown added to the teaching force to accommodate the growing school which came to have almost a national reputation. Bookkeeping, botany, and chemistry were added. Many who were students rose to distinction in various walks of life. The examinations attracted much attention and continued for two days. After examinations, the girls read compositions, and the boys declaimed as orators. These exercises were held in the courtroom, which would be crowded to the doors. The band enlivened the occasions. The character of dresses worn by the girls graduating might be of interest. It was not expected they all would wear expensive white garments. French calico was in vogue, costing fifty cents a yard, that made up most of the attire. No automobiles in those days to annihilate distance, or paved streets or highways over which to travel, but neither hubs nor mud stayed their goings or comings, when commencement came. It was the great event of the year. Ox and horse teams, horseback, and on foot were the means of transportation. Nor was the room lighted by electric bulbs, turning night into day, but tallow dips alone. Furnaces were unknown, but ambition to succeed just as keen as to-day with our manifold devices for travel and communication, with every whim anticipated. The pioneers laid the foundations for our blessings. Do we have the proper gratitude in our hearts toward those whose bodies rest in the cities of the dead, whose willing hands and hearts wrought the mighty work?

After leaving the high-school work, Mr. Monteith cast about to see what the prospects were for a ladies' boarding school. His cogitations led him within two years to open such an institution. To that end he purchased the land on which the "Gates Homestead" on East Avenue, now stands, on which he erected a large and commodious building to accommodate the student body. It was well patronized, not only by Elyria ladies, but many came from Cleveland and the surrounding towns and townships. He was not only a teacher, but a minister as well, and preached in the pulpits here and there. He was also an ardent abolitionist, and made bold in his sermons to denounce slavery, as well as the liquor traffic. On one occasion, while he was filling the pulpit in the evening in Ridgeville, pointing out the evils of slavery, he was mobbed by men thirsting for his blood, when he was compelled to escape through a window, by the help of friends. A horse was furnished on which he fled from his pursuers. He was one of the conductors of the "Underground Railroad," secreting and protecting the runaway slaves, aiding them to escape into Canada.

Those were exciting times growing out of the so-called "slavery question." Neighbors became estranged, friendships of years were broken, hasty words were spoken and hard accusations made. Speakers were mobbed for denouncing the traffic, churches were divided over the question. This prevailed all over the North. On one occasion a runaway slave and his wife and two children were apprehended as they reached the mouth of Black River on their way to Canada, were brought to Elyria, when Attorney Hamlin mentioned, gratuitously (being an abolitionist), undertook their defense. He was permitted to take them to his office for consultation. He cleared them in this way. Knowing a young fellow as ardent in the cause as himself, he called him in and arranged that he should drive the team of the conveyance in which they were to escape, to some port where they could take a ship for English soil. The young fellow, knowing that the leading merchant of Elyria, Seymour W. Baldwin, owned spirited horses that took no man's dust, and knowing that the owner was of like mind as himself on the question, he made bold to ask Mr. Baldwin for the use of his team, stating the purpose, whereupon Mr. Baldwin smiled in a way that it was understood all would be well.

As the young man started toward the stable, Baldwin said, "Don't you touch the team," but with his eyes he assured him it would be all right. The horses were attached to the lumber wagon, with ample straw, and driven in front of Hamlin's office. Hamlin pointed the way, and they were soon covered with straw, going toward some underground station. When the owner found his fugitives gone and nobody knew where, or how, like the heathen we read about, he raged, but failed to enthuse the officers whose sympathies were with the downtrodden to bestir themselves to assist him. The "fugitive slave law" was then in force, making it a crime to assist or harbor a runaway slave, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Among the abolitionists conducting the underground railway and its stations, there was, after Congress passed the fugitive slave law in 1850, an understanding that they would talk by signs, so that if called into court to testify what they knew about any transaction connected with secreting or helping a runaway slave, they could answer, "I heard him say nothing."

As early as 1832, the year before Oberlin College was founded, the "slavery question" in Elyria and the county had become the leading theme for discussion, on public occasions causing bitterness in the church and out. Elyria held a celebration that year on the Fourth of July. The country people came in processions with banners and flags, headed by martial music. Their girls were dressed in white, with wreaths on their heads. The park in front of the courthouse was the meeting place. Here the exercises were held, opened by prayer; songs were sung, the Declaration of Indepence was read, and then came the orators of the day, when the questions whether slavery was right or wrong, and whether the colored people should be colonized in Africa or not, were discussed pro and con. Feeling ran high, evidenced by the demonstrations attending the climaxes of the speakers, as they clapped their hands in approval, or hissed the orator. Mr. John Monteith's wife was a highly educated lady, and as stated, taught in his school. They had a family; their oldest daughter was the wife of Elyria's noted mayor, the late N. B. Gates, concerning whom more will be said. She was the leading lady in her church when I came to Elyria, and in reform movements. There was born to Mr. and Mrs. Monteith, while they resided here, a son, who was destined to mark high in the educational and reform world. He was named after his father, and like him, was during his long and eventful life, a teacher, preacher, and reformer. He was a precocious child, born January 31, 1833. He was taught to read by his parents, before he could talk plainly, and was studying Latin grammar at four years of age. There were nine children in the family. He was in Western Reserve College, at Hudson, Ohio, that was later removed to Cleveland, for two years, when he entered Yale as a junior, and in two years graduated in the class of 1856. He was a classmate of Chauncey M. Depew and General Wagar Swayne. His first charge as a minister was at Terryville, Conn., then of the Congregational Church in Jackson, Mich. He then moved to St. Louis in 1866, where he took an active part in organizing the Pilgrim and Mayflower Churches. His health becoming impaired, he purchased a farm in the Ozark Mountains, following the life of an agriculturist.

On being restored to health, he was appointed by Governor Gratz Brown, of that State, superintendent of all the schools. Into this work he threw himself with great energy, in rebuilding the system. The war was just over, and because he was determined to see that the colored were educated as well as the whites, he met with great opposition. On one occasion he was traveling on a train near the line between Missouri and Arkansas, when a number of the Ku-Klux-Klan filed into his car on the Iron Mountain road. The leader shouted, "Boys, show your shooting irons," when every member of the gang responded. He turned to Mr. Monteith and said: "Wal, now stranger, show us youah shootin' iron." "Gentlemen, "said Mr. Monteith, "I haven't any; I am the school-master of the State, going about everywhere on a peaceful errand, and I am sure no Southern gentleman would attack another who is unarmed." They put up their guns and left the train at the next station. Notwithstanding the threats and multiplied difficulties during the days of "reconstruction," Mr. Monteith succeeded in establishing colored as well as white schools throughout Missouri. One of the Missouri newspapers that opposed his re-election, had this to say editorially: "John Monteith, the present superintendent of schools, is radical all over, and to his exertions we are indebted for the defeat of school law that was adopted by the House last winter. He, too, is an agriculturist, and has sown more dragons' teeth than any other man, that have sprung up in the shape of Lincoln institutes and unnecessary expenditures for Negro school purposes. He is about the only man of real ability on the ticket, and no doubt feels out of his element."

CHAPTER XII

I WILL now finish an account of the life of Rev. John Monteith. He was defeated for re-election as superintendent of the schools of the State of Missouri, because of his efforts in securing, at the close of the Civil War, in that State public schools for the colored children, and because of his fight against the "School-book Ring." One paper favoring his election had this to say: "Mr. Monteith has never allowed political or religious views to interfere with the conscientious discharge of his duties. His only enemies are the rings of book thieves, who wish to have a man in office purchasable and subservient to their interest." Later the governor appointed him secretary of the Board of Agriculture.

From Missouri he moved to Cincinnati where he published a magazine on "Familiar Animals and Living Creatures." From here he migrated to California where he lectured and wrote for periodicals. Then to New York, where he wrote and published a book entitled, "Useful Animals." He had three daughters and two sons, all high-class citizens. The daughters marked high in the educational world and spent their last days as teachers and writers, on educational subjects, in South Orange, N. J., where they, with their father, made their home. What a marvelous influence for the common good has flown from the lives of the first superintendent of Elyria High School and his noble wife. Eternity alone can reveal the worth of such people.

Returning now to the history of Artemas Beebe, Sr., who came with Mr. Ely in 1817, when twenty-three years of age, to work as a carpenter and joiner, and two years later erected and owned the first hotel, now standing on East Broad Street, we find that he had as a landlord a competitor in the arrival in 1828 of Reuben Nichols, from the granite hills of New Hampshire, who thought he saw an opening for further hotel facilities. Having the wherewithal to finance his project, he purchased the corner, now occupied by the Robinson and Hancock Company, and the block adjoining on the west on the corner of Broad and Mill Streets, then the residence of Joel Tiffany, the leading lawyer of the county, and started the "Eagle Hotel," which ran till 1832, then removed the same, and in its place erected a spacious brick hotel, with broad verandas, the most pretentious structure on the Beebe stage line between Cleveland and Lower Sandusky (now called Fremont). The people took commendable pride in this addition to the growing little city. The "Beebe Tavern" was then eclipsed as a social center. He named it the "Mansion House." Its appointments contained a large ball and dining room, in which banquets and social gatherings convened, without number. The proprietor not to be outdone by Cleveland landlords, equipped his building throughout with the most approved appliances of the time, and manned it with colored servants, dressed befitting their several positions. In connection with the hotel was ample room for horses, and when a circus gave an exhibition in the town the elephant and wild animals, as well as the proprietors and actors of the traveling exhibition, found ample accommodations at the "Mansion House."

The people of that period were deeply interested in military tactics. The slogan of the patriots of the Revolution, "Millions for defense but not one penny for tribute," still rang in their ears, and incited them to ever be ready for war. To that end, in every county under the Flag each year, there was had what they called "Training Day." Elyria was not behind the most patriotic in observing the same. They came from all over the county, men and women, the men, to either join the ranks, if of the required age, or to cheer the participants in their movements. From the officer first would come the command, "Attention." Then "Right about face," "Forward march." How the commands thrilled the onlookers. It ever has and ever will be thus, till the sword shall be beaten into a plowshare, and the spear into a pruning hook, and the nations learn war no more. Of course, the martial music of the day were the tunes that led the old patriots to victory in the Revolution. They had no brass band till 1838, when to finance the organization, concerts were given in the courtroom, where twenty-five cents was the admission fee.

Since that day, Elyria has not been without the wind instruments accompanied by the snare and big bass drums. The "Mansion House" lobby, on training days or political gatherings, was crowded to capacity with interested parties talking politics or discussing the themes of the times, in which they were most interested. Ladies took possession of the parlor to enjoy themselves socially, with now and then one progressive, and bold enough to argue to her sex that they were not yet possessed of all the political and property rights the Creator intended, but the time was not yet ripe for organization to take place. However the seed was being sown when Oberlin College was founded in the Russia woods by John J. Shipherd in 1833, with an open door for all, without regard to sex or race; the advocates of woman's rights and race equality multiplied rapidly in Elyria and throughout the county, and over the State as well.

One of the entertainments at these gatherings was wrestling. Physical strength and the skill to make the most of it in the day of the woodchoppers and mowing and reaping by scythe and cradle, gave the yeomen muscular bodies, not to be found these times, save in trained athletes. Naturally they were anxious, on such occasions, to match their strength against all comers.

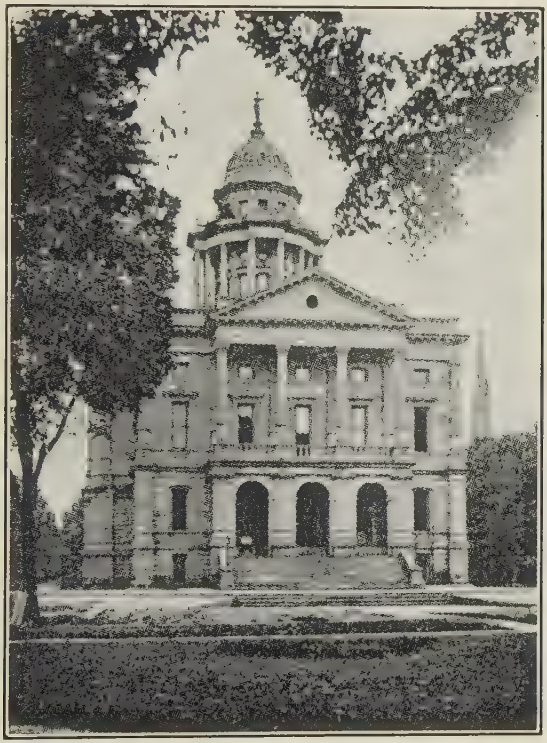
In pulling off a wrestling match, a ring was formed about the contestants, the one thrown, stepped out, when another thinking he was more than a match for the victor, stepped in and the contest continued till there was no one ready to meet the winner, when he was declared the hero of the hour.

Still another means of exhibiting skill was shown in seeing who could make the farthest jump. The contestants held a rock in each hand, weighing about eight pounds, which aided the contestant in making his leap when he threw them backward as he left the ground. Vaulting over a bar and jumping a bar were indulged in also, while some pitched quoits. Still others ran races. Every such gathering had a bully who went about with a chip on his shoulder and whiskey on his breath, looking for an insult, as a pretext to fight. Before the crowd dispersed for the day, he generally took in too much territory and met his "Waterloo" in some farm boy, possessed of the body of an athlete and fists and hands like unto "Milo" of ancient Greece.

As the braggart lay prostrate the crowd would break forth in cheers and from that time henceforth the unpretentious conqueror became the hero of the occasion. These games took place in the park in front of the courthouse, then surrounded by a board fence denuded of trees, save the few scattered native elms left by the woodsman.

Five of these elms are still standing. The noted one at the southwest corner of the grounds, back of the courthouse, the one next to the sidewalk in the northwest corner of the park on Broad Street, one east of the courthouse, one on Second Street, and one on Cheapside. Last year the one at the northeast corner of Second Street at Middle Avenue succumbed to old age in spite of the effort of the county commissioner's attempt to save it, but another has been planted in its place. All the maples in the entire park, including the small elms, have been set out since those times. The rails and hitching posts have served their day for the faithful horse and gone to accommodate the means of transportation foretold three thousand years ago by the old prophet Nahum. (See chapter 2, verse 4, where he tells of the last days.) It reads, "The chariots shall race in the streets, they shall jostle one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like lightnings."

In one of the bouts at wrestling, Roswell Bemis, of Amherst, was thrown so violently by a Sheffield man, that his neck was broken, causing his unfortunate death. Training days and sports of the character named, that took place on the grounds in front of the courthouse, had long ceased to be, when the present temple of justice was erected in 1878. Hotels like everything earthly, have their day; Mr. Beebe, the landlord, realizing that the star of empire was still westward, concluded if he was to continue in the business of accommodating the public he must not only build a hotel more attractive than the "Mansion House," but it would have to be located farther west. The result of his conclusions ended in his purchasing the corner on which the bank building and Elyria Hotel now stand, and the erection of the Beebe four-story hotel in 1847. It was by far the most



New Court House, Built in 1879

pretentious structure in the county and was talked of over the State, because of its great size and attractive appointments. About this time the "Mansion House" was burned to the ground, and the new hotel became at once the social center for banquets, balls, and a meeting place for those interested in political affairs. It was opened as a temperance hotel. The fourth floor was the lodge room of the "Odd Fellows" for many years. It was finally purchased by our well-known citizens and business men who have spent their lives building up the town: Henry Andress, Henry Wurst, and William Heldemyer. They changed the name to Andwur, a name made up from Andress and Wurst names. This continued till the Elyria Savings and Banking Company purchased the corner portion, on which to place the present ten-story monumental banking and office block, when the part left was christened "Elyria Hotel."

When Nichols built his "Mansion House" the Eagle one was moved to a lot on the west side of West Avenue, just north of the right of way of the Lake Shore Railroad, where it was occupied as a residence till a short time ago when it gave way to the extension of the Elyria Lumber and Coal Company plant of which Charles Crehore is the head.

Twice the hotel was badly injured by fire, but was at once restored. The original had a frontage on each street of one hundred and six feet. There were several storerooms on the Broad Street side. Mr. Beebe occupied his first hotel erected in 1819, as landlord for sixteen years when in 1835 he built the brick residence now standing at the southeast corner of East Broad Street and East Avenue, known as the "Old Beebe homestead." He then left the tavern in the hands of tenants.

At this time there was no summer resort in the west. Mr. Beebe believing the time had come when such a place might be conducted with profit, purchased a site on Put-in-Bay and erected and opened the "Beebe House" that became known the country over as a delightful summer resort among the islands, a place where fishing was par excellent, the surroundings happy, and the spot historical, as the naval battle between America's Commodore Perry and the English fleet was fought within sight of the location, when he sent his immortal message to the President: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." For many years this resort was as popular west as Saratoga was east.

Jay Cook, the great financier, built a castle on a nearby island overlooking the same bay, that still stands. It is common knowledge there has been erected within sight a great monument of striking height and beauty, that can be seen far out over the saltless sea, in commemoration of Perry's victory. He was then but twenty-eight. The battle was fought on the 23d of August, 1813, one hundred and fifteen years ago. He had 492 men and 54 guns, while the British had 502 men and 63 guns. Before the British surrendered Perry had lost four-fifths of his crew on his flagship. He was then rowed to another vessel and sailed boldly and unexpectedly between two of the enemies' ships and by letting loose all of his guns both ways within fifteen minutes utterly destroyed the British fleet. When the smoke lifted the decks of the two British men-of-war were strewn with the dead and dying, with blood everywhere, like a butcher's shambles. To save the remaining lives and fleet, the British admiral hoisted the white flag. This was four years before Mr. Ely founded Elyria.

Only Indians occupying this territory heard the roar of the cannons. This distinguished patriot came to an untimely death from yellow fever while in Trinidad, at the age of thirty-four. His body lies buried in South Kingston, R. I., the place of his birth. This noted victory settled the boundary between the two nations by a treaty agreement that the center of the "Great Lakes" should forever be the national boundary line, and that neither nation should ever maintain an army or fortifications to maintain it. This has been religiously adhered to by both parties since which time every dispute has been settled by arbitration. Many of those who gave their lives in that conflict are buried a few rods from the Beebe Hotel resort; Perry's statue in marble, stood for many years in the Public Square in Cleveland in the pose of commanding, but was later, much to the disappointment of the public, removed to one of the city parks. A new figure, of like mould, is soon to be placed in the Public Square, where it justly belongs.

Artemas Beebe, the pioneer and his good wife were the parents of two sons and three daughters, all of whom grew to manhood and womanhood and married. Through these five children they had eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren, making a total family, including the pioneers, of eighteen, all of whom save six have gone to that mysterious bourne from which none return. Only two of the six reside in Elyria: Artemas Beebe, Jr., and Miss Winifred Turner, highly respected citizens, worthy descendants of the pioneers who came into the woods of Elyria and wrought mightily in laying the foundation of our city and its civilization. I saw this goodly couple soon after I located here on the 7th day of September, 1876. She passed away two years later at the family residence, aged seventy-nine, and he two years later, at the age of eighty-six years, five months, and twenty-two days. Both had possession of their faculties when the summons came. Both died in the old home they built in which they had resided for forty-three years. Both were members of the Congregational Church, of which she was a charter member. All hail to their memory. Their dust reposes in the Elyria Cemetery.

CHAPTER XIII

THE American people have ever been believers in newspapers as a means of disseminating intelligence, and getting before the public their beliefs and doctrines, whether political or religious. In these latter days every movement and pretty nearly all business puts out the printed sheet for the public to read. The first ever published in this country was the "Boston *News Blotter*," in 1704, 228 years ago. The most noted editor in Colonial times was Benjamin Franklin, who, eighteen years later, while in his teens, became editor of the "*New England Courant*." From this time till he passed away, at the ripe old age of eighty-four, he was the editor of a newspaper or a large contributor to the press. Although he has gone down in history as a great statesman, philosopher, diplomat, inventor, writer, scientist, he desired to be known in history as simply a "printer," as is evinced by the epitaph on his tombstone, which he himself wrote and left orders that the same should be inscribed on his monument. It reads:

"The Body
of
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
Printer
(Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
and stripped of its lettering, and gilding)
Lies here, food for worms
But the work shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believed), appear once more,
in a new and more elegant edition
Revised and corrected
by
The Author."

Elyria was but twelve years old when Mr. Ely, the founder, concluded that the publishing of a newspaper here was the wise thing to do in building up the country. To that end he was to furnish largely the wherewith, while a man by the name of A. S. Park, who hailed from Ashtabula, was to be printer. A young attorney by the name of Frederic Whittlesey, was chosen as editor. The promoters had a meeting to determine what its policy should be and the name to give the infant. Several were canvassed, ending by agreeing to call it the "Lorain *Gazette*," its politics to be Whig. The Whig Party came into being on the tariff issue, the Democratic Party stood for free trade, while the Whigs contended for a protective tariff.

The first issue of the paper was a four-column affair, printed on a wooden "Ramage Press," by hand, of course. Its birth was July 21, 1829. It was issued as a weekly. It survived a little more than two years and three months, when publication was suspended, with no reason for so doing given in recorded history. While it died as the "Lorain *Gazette*" at the end of about six months, it was resurrected in the name of the "Ohio *Atlas*," with Mr. Ely still backing the enterprise and printer Park setting the type, but a new editor by the name of Joel Harris was chosen. Since then Elyria has never been without a newspaper.

At times there have been three, and at other times two, till finally Hon. J. F. Burke, who years ago ran one of our papers for a time, and then left for other fields of endeavor, came back, and finding three here: the *Chronicle*, the *Telegram*, and the Elyria *Democrat*, and believing that there should be but one for a city of the size of Elyria, purchased all three and combined them into the present "*Chronicle-Telegram*." Soon thereafter he sold a one-half interest to the present owner, Mr. Hudnutt, and later his whole interest and purchased a daily in Santa Ana, Calif., where he now resides.

The "Lorain *Gazette*" was the first paper published in the county. Now there are eight, three of which are dailies. Be it said to the credit of them all, they stand for law and order, and against the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, contending that the "Volstead Act" should be obeyed.

In a previous chapter has been told the story of locating the county seat at Elyria, and the furnishing of a temporary courthouse by Mr. Ely, located on the Broad Street and Cheapside corner in 1823, five years later, in 1828, one hundred years ago, the red brick temple of justice was erected on the spot where the present one stands. It was a two-story structure of ample size to accommodate the needs of the county for years, and did for fifty, when it became necessary, because of the volume of business, to replace it with one suitable for the times. The first one was of Colonial style, with four white fluted pillars, adorned by a cupola, in keeping with the building, in which was a bell, the sheriff rang, announcing the opening of court.

There were then no typewriters, nor was there any female help in the building. This was also true fifty years later, when the present building was erected, save in the clerk's office, where Mrs. Briggs, the wife of the clerk, Doctor Briggs, was efficient help. The rapid growth of the county has changed the old order of things. Where at one time, not many years ago, when all records in the recorder's office were made in longhand, by the recorder and one assistant, there now are kept busy from morning till night, many young ladies, pounding machines to keep up with the work. This is true of the Probate Court. One assistant in longhand, took care of the business while now it requires several young ladies with machines. In the clerk's office we find the same situation, as assistants are required to keep up with the increasing business.

This condition will be found on visiting any of the county offices. A few years ago one court room was ample for the administration of justice, while now three have become a necessity to accommodate the two Common Pleas and the Court of Appeals, often in session at the same time. Court-room facilities necessitated the doing off of rooms in the third story, for the library, so the room used for the same could be turned into a court room.

The county commissioners contemplate utilizing the entire third floor, to meet the growing needs of the county, quarters in surrounding buildings have to be rented to accommodate the business. In architectural beauty, the exterior of the present courthouse is not surpassed in Ohio. Strangers from every State in the Union, passing through, often stop to admire it. For fifty years it had gathered grime from the smoke of the city, till people regarded it as somewhat unsightly, but after the commissioners had the same sand-blast cleaned, it again appeared in all of its original beauty. As the county grew, the jail accommodations became inadequate, necessitating the building of the present structure. The old jail became unsanitary, and prisoners easily escaped when crowded. The basement of the courthouse was not intended to be used for other purposes save storage, and to accommodate the heating plant, but it became necessary to utlize three-fourths of the space for offices. For thirteen years after the founding of Elyria it was not necessary to have a county home for those who were no longer able to maintain themselves, but in 1830 the authorities made provisions for the unfortunate. When the building was ready at the place now occupied for that purpose on Murray Ridge, those having the matter in charge, Raymond Starr and Buel Peck, gave notice in the Elyria (Ohio "*Atlas*") newspaper, the only one published in the county, that they were ready to receive applicants. The conveniences for the inmates in that day compared to those now enjoyed in the same institution cannot but convince us that the world is growing kinder.

In 1832 the most progressive citizens in the towns and on the farms came together to consider the advisability of organizing a Lorain County agricultural society. The meeting resulted in such an organization and September 3rd of that year was designated for the exhibits to be on hand. Eliphelt Redington was chosen president. The forenoon of the first day the people were so delighted over what had been done that those disposed to oratory made speeches in the new courthouse, felicitating those gathered over the showing made in agriculture and stock raising, encouraging them to go forward till the forest should blossom as the rose. The fair was held in the public square in front of the courthouse. The afternoon was devoted to an examination of the exhibits, and especially the live stock. Heman Ely, the founder, had on exhibition among other things, a yoke of oxen, on which he won the red card, while Artemas Beebe, the hotel proprietor, farmer, and stage-coach owner, outclassed him on geldings, but William Andrews and William Ingersoll carried away all the first premiums on bulls and three-year-old steers.

It was a great day for the pioneers, as it had been fifteen years since the red man alone inhabited the farms on which the town and farms producing the exhibits were raised. Rutty roads, stumpy fields, and log huts and barns were still in evidence in all directions over the county, and bears, wolves, deer, and small game, inhabited the forests and the spot where Oberlin now stands, was an unbroken wilderness, as the college was not founded till the next year. Black River (now Lorain) was but a port for lake craft where merchandise was shipped to and received. From that time till this day and generation, ninety-six years, the Lorain Agricultural Fair has been held. Later, over seventy years ago, ample grounds were secured for the organization, that later were sold over fifty years ago to purchase the present site, where interest has grown, from year to year, in the annual occasion, until it has become noted for its splendid and large exhibit of not only highly bred cattle, sheep, horses, and swine, but fowls, rabbits, agricultural implements, household labor-saving devices, woman's handiwork, furniture, fruit, vegetables, automobiles, and musical instruments, and other things, the cunning of man's hand too numerous to mention. The pioneers came to the county fair in ox carts, in two-horse lumber wagons, on horseback, and on foot, with no pavements, over roads that would these days be a disgrace to the community, and that without complaint, after cutting their grain by main strength, among stumps, and gathering their hay crop, by muscle alone. We, their descendants, step into our glittering chariots after cultivating and gathering our crops, by machinery, and have a joy ride to the exhibition, with distance annihilated, and complain of the fellow just ahead if he does not get out of the way, as we step the gas up to forty and fifty miles per hour. Our cattle and horses, we desire to exhibit, are no longer driven over the highway on foot, but they, too, joy ride to their pens and stalls for inspection and back again. The old darky gave the best description of the automobile that has yet been in print.

The stranger left the steam train at a small town and strolled down the street to ascertain the distance to his point of destination that he would have to reach by some other means. Ran across an old white-headed colored man, leaning against the lamp post. He accosted him as follows: "Hello, uncle, you live around here?" "Yeas sah, hab been heah all my life." "Well," said the gentleman, "I just got off the train, it does not go my way, and I want to know how far it is to" (naming it). "Well, sah Mista, dat all depends on how you go, If you walk a-foot, it is about ten miles; if you take a hoss and buggy it is about five, but Mista, if you take one of dem auchomobiles, you am dare now."

The year following the first fair the legislature on petition by Mr. Ely and the citizens of Elyria village, the same was incorporated. In pioneer days religious camp meetings were common on the Reserve. These were always held in some grove or piece of woods. The first one in Elyria Township was on the farm of the pioneer Clark Eldred, west of town, on what we now call the Telegraph Road. This was in 1831. The next one was on the premises of Orsen J. Humphrey, near LaPorte, and the next one in 1834, and one in 1840, on the grounds now occupied by the Country Club, south of the city. These gatherings lasted for days.

The families lived largely in tents. Some of the most gifted ministers as orators America ever produced were called to deliver the sermons. The line was in those days sharply drawn, between those who believed the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and those who rejected the claims that it contained a revelation from God to man. Infidel lecturers went over the country speaking to the people against the claims of the Christians. Slavery was in the saddle, and the advocates of temperance talked to dull ears, but the camp-meeting ministers cried out against the evil. What a debt we owe to the faithful ones of that day and generation, who, not only built the country churches and erected the little red schoolhouses, but filled the sanctuaries every Sunday, never doubting and listening to sermons an hour in length. The whole congregation sang the gospel hymns. The prayers were fervent and hospitality ample, as the minister was ever welcome. The family altar was maintained and children made to obey. Their names are engraved on marble in the little cemeteries over the land they cleared in the cities of the dead. Should we not more frequently visit these silent habitations, for reflection, and refresh our minds over the work they wrought, and the blessings that are ours, because they toiled, and never lost faith, that we and ours might step into their labors.

In 1832 the inhabitants of Elyria took alarm over a threatened epidemic of cholera, and hastily organized the first Board of Health. Doctor Manter was president, John S. Matson, secretary. Other members were: Conrad Reid, Dr. Samuel Strong, Buel Jones, and Daniel T. Baldwin. Out of this organization later grew the Lorain County Medical Society. These societies have ever been diligent in meeting any threatened epidemic, by reason of which Elyria ever has been a healthy place in which to live and rear a family.

CHAPTER XIV

IN THESE latter days, when so much is said about crime waves, we are apt to think of the early pioneers as largely above theft and disposed to righteousness. Some sage philosopher has expressed the idea in these words, "The good that men do lives after them, but their evil deeds are often interred with their bones." From the beginning of the race, man has been as inclined to evil, "as the sparks are to fly upward." The first parents took what did not belong to them, in violation of a positive command, to keep hands off, after being warned of the penalty, awaiting their disobedience. Their first-born was a murderer, and Noah, though seeing the earth filled with violence and drunkenness, and because of its wickedness perished, and he and his family alone saved, planted a vineyard and made wine on which he became drunk. Artemas Beebe, the pioneer landlord and conductor of the stage line from Cleveland to Fremont, had his troubles because of the "Old Adam" in man, as the sequel will show. Among his many stage drivers was one bearing the good name of "Jeremiah" Seymour. The first intimation he had that all was not right, was on the receipt of a letter from the landlord in Cleveland where Seymour stopped, requesting that he discharge Seymour, claiming he was a thief. This was a hundred years ago. Shortly before the receipt of the letter, a Mr. Charles Beebe, living at the hotel of the Cleveland landlord, had eighty dollars in silver stolen from his trunk. Suspicion rested on Seymour, but no proof was to be had. At this point, Mr. Beebe, the pioneer, turned detective, and did a clever piece of work that would have done credit to "Sherlock Holmes." He ascertained that Seymour was paying his respects to a young lady, working at a Dover tavern, kept by one Sperry. He did not discharge him on receipt of the letter, but while he was on his route going west of Elyria, he called upon the object of the driver's affections, and learned from her that Seymour's trunk was in her charge. He asked her if she was willing he should examine its contents, telling her his suspicions. She readily consented, being an honest girl. An examination satisfied him that it contained many stolen articles. With her permission he brought the trunk to Elyria, and at once sent for Seymour. When he arrived, he opened the trunk and not only charged him with stealing many of the articles, but also with taking the money of Charles Beebe while in the hotel in Cleveland. Then followed a proposition that if he would restore the goods to the rightful owners and turn over the money and leave the State, posthaste, he would not prosecute him. The very boldness of Mr. Beebe and the unexpected appearance of the trunk in Elyria with stolen goods (though Mr. Beebe had no evidence they were stolen), overwhelmed the fellow. He at once consented, and they started for Cleveland with the trunk, where at Bloods Tavern he turned over the stolen articles and told to whom they belonged, then led the way back of the barn to a hollow stump, where he dug up the lost money, saying he had not spent a cent of it. Three miles west of Cleveland they parted, where Seymour cut for the tall timber and was never seen again by Mr. Beebe. It turned out that he made for Buffalo, where he soon thereafter stole a trunk of jewelry and was apprehended by being caught wearing one of the rings, and was sent to the Auburn Penitentiary. Another incident might be of interest. In a previous chapter an account was given of the loss of horses and stage coach in a flood when the driver undertook to ford Rocky River before there were bridges, when coach and team were swept into Lake Erie. A peddler had a trunk on the stage that went down the stream. Immediately after the disaster he claimed that it contained goods of great value. Within a day or two the waters subsided, when the trunk was found lodged in some flood wood. Mr. Beebe had it taken to the tavern where the peddler was stopping, and before informing him of its recovery had him give a list of its contents in the presence of several witnesses, after which the lost trunk was produced, to the astonishment of the gentleman. Mr. Beebe ordered him to open it, which the peddler very reluctantly did, when it was found to contain only a few pins and needles and several articles of little value, the whole not to exceed five dollars. The crowd laughed at the outwitted vendor of peddlers' wares, when he went his way. On another occasion, a man by the name of Norris O. Stow, engaged in manufacturing in Elyria in 1827, took passage in a Beebe coach for New York with a valise containing money and drafts. At Rocky River, where the stage crossed the stream, was a ferry conducted by a man, counted strictly honest, who carried passengers from bank to bank. When the stage arrived in Cleveland, the valise was missing. Shortly thereafter the boatman was seen on Training Day in Dover, spending money freely, when it was suspicioned that he might be the guilty party. Mr. Beebe had him arrested, but failed in his proof. But when told that if he would confess, if guilty, he would not be prosecuted, he admitted it and claimed he found it at the waters edge where it fell off the coach. He first secreted it in an old lime kiln, then in the woods. He took Mr. Stow with him and restored what he had not spent. "Beware, your sins will find you out." There were but few inhabitants at that time, over one hundred years ago. We are apt these days, to think crime is on the increase, but there are vast multitudes now compared to then. I am of opinion that when numbers are taken into the account, there is not as much crime to-day as in that period. I am certain there was never such kindness accorded mankind, beasts, and birds as in this generation. Slavery, with all of its attending horrors, then existed. Persons confined in penal institutions then received but little sympathy and no effort was made looking to their education, but on the contrary, the punishments were brutal. In England at one time they hung for more than a hundred different offenses. To steal a loaf of bread meant the hangman's noose, for man or woman. Then only one in a hundred could read or write in that country. Who should not rejoice he did not live then? Fifty years ago in Lorain County, there were many grown-ups who could neither read or write and signed by a mark. A person to-day, who cannot read, is a curiosity. Our community chest, hospitals, care of the crippled child, Red Cross Chapters, and temperance organizations looking to the doing away of the liquor traffic, and care of the orphan, all bespeak marvelous advancement in accord with the parable of the good Samaritan that came from the lips of the One who spoke as man never spake: "Who is my neighbor?" It has been stated in a previous chapter, that Woollsey Wells was the first attorney who opened an office in Elyria, and was appointed the first prosecuting attorney by the first court that convened in the temporary courthouse. The next one to appear was Ruben Mussey, the father of the late Henry E. Mussey, and the grandfather of Mrs. Irving Metcalf, of Oberlin, and Eugene and Reno Mussey, of Elyria. But more about them later. Attorney Mussey was born and raised in the State of New York, and was forty years of age when he arrived here. For a time he left his family East. He contemplated settling in Columbus, where he first went with his law library, then came to Elyria to look the town over. Because of his integrity and high character, he proved to be a great addition to the community and the county. His office was a small wooden structure built for the accommodation of a person or firm, located a little beyond the present store of "The Lersch Company." He had not been here many months before he wrote a lengthy letter to his wife, describing the people and the place, which is exceedingly interesting, giving a pen picture of the town and the people one hundred and five years ago, it reads:

"Elyria, November 30, 1825.

"My dear Mary:

"I have been waiting a long time since John left here to have an answer from him or you, concluding that he must have arrived at home a long time since, and I feel anxious to have an answer to my last letter as well as from the children and father's family. I have nothing particular to write, as things remain with me, as they did when John left here, only you may inform him that the cedar on 'Point du plaise' is secured, which is much the largest quantity on the lake. The cedar on Cunningham Island has not yet been secured, but I have no doubt it will be shortly. I think arrangements will be made to go to work at it in March. Yesterday I heard a sermon preached from the ninety-first psalm, one hour, and a more able discourse or more feeling one I never heard. The preacher, Mr. Lathrop, delivered the discourse without notes, and it is then he succeeds to admiration. If there is a man on earth that feels the true form of religion, I think he is the man, possessed of as much mildness and humility as the Rev. Mr. Johnson, but possessing a much more masculine mind and familiar in his conversation. I have before mentioned his wife, who animates the meeting with the best vocal music for a female that I ever heard. These all combined, induce me to believe that I am not altogether in the wilderness, but among a civilized and Christian people. May I venture to say that the Sabbath is more strictly observed here than in any place in the county of Washington. And here permit me to digress at this moment. While I am writing, in come a score of Sandusky Indians, who always come every fall to this place, or within ten miles to the south of this, and make their regular encampment for the fall season to kill deer. They are very friendly and many of them talk so that you can understand them generally. At this moment, the celebrated 'Seneca John' is present and is a very familiar fellow. Talks very well by signs. When I asked how many deer he had killed this week, he held up both hands and then three fingers, indicating that he had killed thirteen. He is about as to height equal to myself. Dressed in a checked ruffle shirt, with a roundabout over it, and over that a great blanket coat. But enough about these wild sons of the forest. I have not yet been particular in relation to the customs and manners. I will now be able to give you a tolerable idea of them generally, and also of the county according to the present situation of the country. A man to be comfortable here should know how to wait on himself and practice it much more than is common among the people in the State of New York. There is only one difficulty here, the habit of indolence arising from facility of procuring the necessaries of life with little labor. High notions of liberty also have created a strong aversion to domestic service. The name 'servant,' they consider synonymous to slavery, thus abhorring the name 'domestic servant.' Then many of them keep their young people at home in indolence, and often in rags, when they might for their own good be much better employed in some decent family. But however this may be, families should bring with them the inclination to dispense in a good degree of domestic service, and this is to be done by a simple (though not poor) mode of living. After all, some real conveniences, and some agreeable reflections, arise out of the sanctity of domestics. Parade and entertainments are discouraged by it, and if altogether relinquished, so much the better. Hospitality need not suffer. There is also some compensation for these privations, in reflecting that you are not here surrounded by crowds of indigent fellow creatures who would gladly pick the crumbs that fall from the table. With plenty of them, the rich might supply their domestics, but who is the man of industry who would wish such a state of things?

"The country which I have left at so remote a distance, and of which I hear so little, seems to my imagination like a past scene, and its transition as a matter of history than of present concern; but there are times when the recollections of individuals (besides yourself and those of our dear pledges of mutual faith) dear to me, and whom I cannot hope to see again, it might be too painful, but the variety of occupation which surround me soon demand my attention and afford a cure for this, which is the only serious ill which I experience from my change. At this time it is very sickly in this section, more so than was ever known before. The disease is low typhus fever, though there have been but few deaths, yet there are many sick. As for myself, I hope I put my trust in Him who is able to protect me from the blasts of the evening, and be thankful for all His kind providences. I had a letter from Columbus a few days since, inquiring when I was to send for my books. I hope you will by some means forward me some money, which I mentioned to you in my last, to enable me to send for them. I think if it was not for the cedar I should not stay at this place, but should settle in Columbus. But time and circumstances must determine these things.

Receive my sincere affection, and kiss the children affectionately for me, and give my love to all who may inquire.

"Your affectionate husband,
"R. Mussey."

Rev. Lathrop is the same minister whose history has been given in a previous chapter as the first to serve the Presbyterian people that met in the log hut, in 1819, that were later organized in 1824. Hence, he had been preaching seven years for the one people before Attorney Mussey heard him in 1825. The services were held in the log building from 1819 till 1824, then in the park courthouse till 1834, when they built a church on East Second Street, the structure in which the first Old Ladies' Home was started by Mrs. Lilly, now occupied by tenants. This building continued to be the place of worship of the Presbyterians till they erected the beautiful structure in 1850, which remained till it was, to the sorrow of the town, torn down to give place to the present structure.

CHAPTER XV

ONE of the early characters who came to Elyria in the year 1825, as stated in a previous chapter, was Attorney Reuben Mussey, a copy of whose exceedingly interesting letter, written to his wife, one hundred and three years ago, has already been given. The following spring he again took his pen in hand, to fulfill a promise made his sister, and wrote her as interesting an account of the place and the people as could be asked. The following is a copy of the same:

"Elyria, March 27, 1826.

"Dear Sister:

"I have not forgotten my promise, although I am a long time fulfilling it and should have complied with it before, had it not been for two reasons. The first and most important of which was that I had nothing to write that would have been interesting, and in the next place a variety of circumstances have intervened so much so, that I have hardly had time to do justice to any subject like letter writing, and will now undertake to make up in length what will be wanting in substance. In the first place, I will attempt to give you a brief sketch of the seat of justice of Lorain County. The village is built on one street which extends from the west to the east branch of Black River, and which branches form a junction just below the village. Although the street is one mile in length, yet the village is almost isolated by the near approach of the branches to the south. The first building which was erected in the place was a log cabin about six years since, but at this time there are about thirty-five houses, and some of them are elegant.

"There are but two stores and they are well supplied with goods. Two taverns and two groceries. A town house, which is a substitute for a courthouse, as well as a house of worship of God, in which the Gaoler lives. But to give you a character of the people by one general description, would be impossible. I will, therefore, give the outlines of the most prominent characters, and first, will begin with the proprietor of the town. His name is Ely, from which the name Elyria is derived (in this he was mistaken, as stated in a previous chapter). He is a short, fleshy man, apparently about fifty-five years of age, with a fresh ruddy countenance. He is a man who has traveled much and is tolerably well informed, and well acquainted with men and things. Quite distant in his appearance at first, but when acquainted, familiar and easy. He has been a merchant in the city of New York. This township fell to him by will on the death of his father. He has a wife who is about twenty-seven years of age, and who has the name of an excellent woman.

"The other, who demands attention, is the minister of the village. His name is Lathrop, a man about thirty years of age. His appearance at first, to a stranger, would indicate a great degree of modesty and diffidence, and he is truly modest, but when he is engaged in the cause of religion, his apparent diffidence quite forsakes him, and he stands forth the able champion of the cause he espouses. His oratorical powers are of superior order, both for strength and beauty. He belongs to the Presbyterian order, and therefore, by their rules, is obliged to write his sermons, but at times he breaks over these trammels and preaches extemporaneous, and it is then that he delights and astonishes his audience. Finally he is a preacher of the first order. The society is small in this place.

"The next point I shall attempt to discuss is the bar. I mean the attorneys who attend the court and follow the court from county to county. The court sat here the 13th inst. I have had a recent opportunity of so doing. There are only five whom I consider as men of talents, and these not above the ordinary kind. Their names are Weed, Willey, Newton, Cowls, and Cook. They are all fine, friendly fellows, but the difficulty with the profession generally is, they are deficient in reading. Mr. Wood appears to be the readiest on all occasions, but perhaps I am more partial to him, because we are concerned together on several important occasions.

"By this time, I conclude you have had enough, unless it is more entertaining. Give my love to father and mother, and to all the family. I sent a letter to Mary by the same mail. I wrote to John sometime ago. I shall expect you will write me in answer to this, or if you think it not worth answering, as I do not think myself, I will write another and try and do better. Remember me to all inquiring friends, if any there are, the assurance of sincere friendship of

"R. Mussey.

"It is now ten o'clock and I have written this and Mary's letter the most of the evening."

Later Mr. Mussey brought his family, in 1826, to Elyria and continued an active member of the bar until he removed to Kishwaukee, Ill., where he resided till his death in 1842, and was buried in its cemetery, when his family returned to Elyria. Later a more extended account of the Mussey family will appear.

There was born in Sheffield, Conn., in the year 1819, a boy who was destined to make his mark in his time in the mercantile world, and for great good. His name was Horace K. Kendall. It was the custom of parents in the East, a hundred years ago, to apprentice their sons to learn a business or trade, lasting a series of years. Being ambitious to become a merchant after he finished school, his father took him to Hartford, Conn., and bound him out to a merchant where he was to receive only his board for the first year. The man who bought and sold and got gain, to whom the father applied for a position, when asked the terms on which he would receive the son, said, "A knowledge of the business is sufficient compensation for services rendered." To try the young ambition out, he set him cutting wood with a crosscut saw back of the store. After a time his employer went out to see how his apprentice was coming on, when, to his surprise, he heard him repeating over and over again these words, "A knowledge of the business is sufficient compensation for services rendered," as he pushed and pulled on the raking saw, wholly unconscious that his employer was within hearing distance. What the merchant saw and heard, convinced him that young Kendall had the making of a successful merchant. He had set him at the task to test his metal. He then called him in and soon found he had not only an apt pupil but one not afraid to tackle whatever came along.

At the end of his apprenticeship he migrated to Dover, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, and opened a store in 1831 with a partner when he was twenty-two. The following year he wrote his father a letter regarding his prospects and his estimate of Elyria as a promising town, from which I quote:

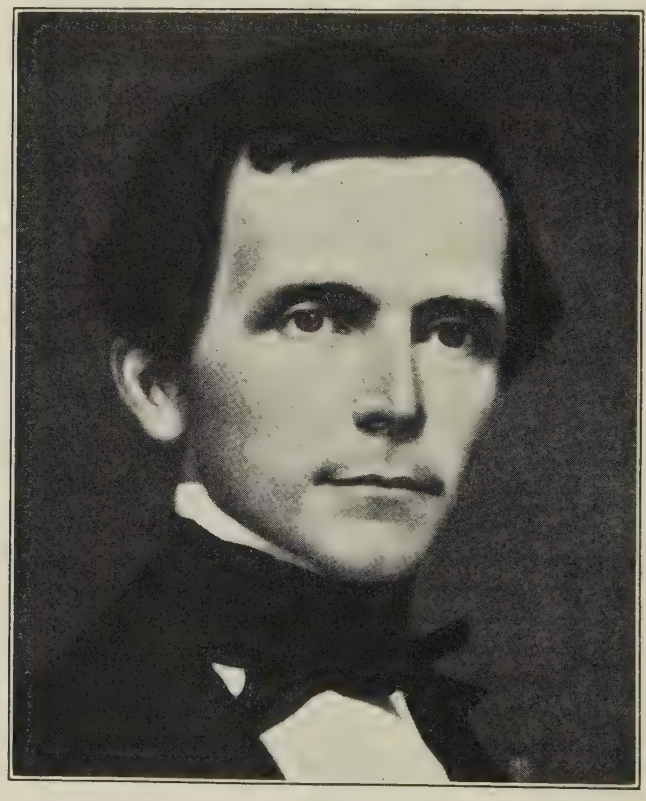
"Dover, February 14, 1832.

"Dear Father:

"Your fine letter of December 24 received with pleasure. Thinking probably you might like to hear something how things are going on in this region and our future calculations, I will endeavor to give you a small history, free from gilding and varnish. Business has been as good as we expected, although the amount we have done has been comparatively small. It is about three and one-half months since we got things in order, and our sales amount to between seven and eight hundred dollars. You may think this a small business, as it truly is, but small as it is we are not discouraged. It is truly no small job to establish oneself in a business of this kind, amongst entire strangers.

"There is a town about eleven miles west of here by the name of Elyria; the county seat of Lorain County, and it soon will be, and indeed now is, a place of considerable business. There are two mills, one large grist mill, clothier works, mechanics, etc., and they are about to erect a blast furnace the ensuing season. The water power is excellent, being situated at the confiuence of the branches of the Black River.

"There are seven stores, but not all extensive. They are in the custom of selling goods from 50 to 100 per cent from cost. Now our idea is to establish a store there, and sell for ready pay, and I think we can afford to sell for less profit than what they do at present; and in doing so am pretty confident that we can do a good cash business. If it suceeds I shall calculate to take care of one and R. the other. Now you may perhaps think it a wild scheme, but I wish you to look on both sides of the question. You must be sensible that it does not require both of us in this establishment and our individual expenses



Horace K. Kendall

The wizard pioneer merchant who instituted and carried on the first "cash and carry" store in Elyria. He also had a chain of stores in Northern Ohio. He was successful in business and active in religious work will be no more to be divided than to remain together, and it will be so near also that we can confer together as occasion may require.

"As to the funds, our calculations are these: We shall probably be able to raise from six to seven hundred dollars this spring ourselves, and as we had offers of credit in New York last fall, which we did not then wish to improve, I believe that we shall be able to procure the balance on credit of a reasonable time. If we cannot make the arrangement we shall take such other course as may seem most expedient. If we can obtain credit of from twenty to twenty-five hundred dollars, we shall get the refusal of a store in Elyria till the first of May, by which time we shall probably decide.

"I have probably been more particular than was necessary, but I thought you might like to know the reasons why and wherefore.

"I remain your affectionate son,
"H. K. Kendall."

In accordance with young Kendall's plan outlined to his father, he opened a store in Elyria, at the age of twenty-three in the year 1832, ninety-six years ago. It was opened in a brick building on the corner now occupied by Elyria Savings and Banking Co.

His "cash and carry" emporium was such a success from the start that three years later, in 1835, he erected a building he called the "Fortress," a name it has since carried; the name is inscribed in stone on its third story.

It is the store building now occupied by "The Elyria Hardware Co.," with a new brick front. It has a forty-foot frontage with a depth of one hundred and sixty-six feet. Customers poured in from not only all parts of Lorain County, but from adjoining ones as well.

Catching a broader vision of the possibilities in trade by "cash and carry," he opened two other stores, one at Lower Sandusky (later named Fremont) and Ashland, the county seat of Ashland County. He established the first "cash and carry" chain stores in this part of the State. He was as zealous in the cause of temperance and good morals, looking to the guidance of the young and methodical in all his undertakings, as he was in the sale of goods, evidenced by his contracts in employing clerks, a copy of one is given below. It is in his own handwriting. He was a good penman.

"February 27, 1850.

"The understanding and agreement between P. A. Bishop and Kendall & Co., or H. K. Kendall, is as follows:

" 'Said Bishop is to serve Kendall & Co., or H. K. Kendall, as a clerk in their or his store for the term of two years, and to occupy such places in the hardware, grocery, or dry-goods departments, as they may direct, and to conform to the rules and regulations of the concern, among which are the following: That he will deal honestly and fairly with all men, and that he will be punctual to the time agreed upon for commencing business in the morning which is to be during winter months at half-past seven, and at seven during all spring and fall months, and six-thirty during the summer months, and to attend to business during the day and until closed up at night, only when necessarily absent. On all other occasions leave of absence is to be otained from the principals. Lost time whenever half a day is to be deducted.

" 'That he will neither attend balls nor dancing school, use profane language, intoxicating drink, nor practice any species of gambling, and make it a habit to attend church on the Sabbath.

" 'In consideration of the faithful performance of the aforesaid service, said Kendall & Co. agree to pay said Bishop the sum of six hundred dollars for the aforesaid term of two years from the eleventh day of March. And it is understood that if said Bishop shall give perfect satisfaction in his service Kendall & Co. give encouragement to expect, twenty-five dollars will be added to the above amount as perquisite at close of the term.

" 'P. A. Bishop.' "

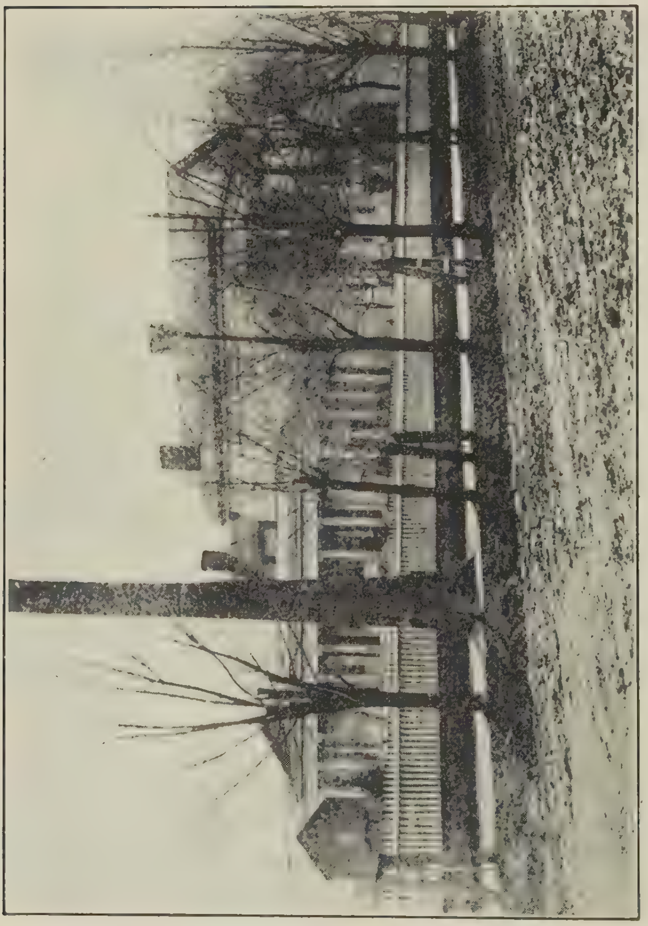
Kendall was a gifted young man in more ways than selling goods. On his feet, in public speech, when aroused he could take an audience by storm. He was deeply interested in the temperance question and ever ready to speak out against the traffic. On one occasion while in New York purchasing goods he chanced to attend a public meeting of business men who had the subject under discussion in which there was a division. Kendall arose, finding it was free for all, and made such a telling address against the business that the audience went wild in their enthusiasm.

In the year 1848 he started a newspaper of a thousand circulation monthly, sent gratuitously to the people when inhabitants were comparatively few. It was a four-page sheet, the front page of which was given over to advertising the Kendall & Co. business, while the remaining three pages were devoted to articles of interest in many fields of endeavor and in literature and current events as well.

CHAPTER XVI

IN A previous chapter, the partial story of young Kendall, the wizard merchant, who organized and successfully operated the "cash and carry" chain stores, has been told. As to how he attracted the public toward his wares is interesting.

In the first issue of his newspaper, heretofore described, he seized upon the two things then most in the public mind, the telegraph that had just been stretched from the Atlantic seaboard to Ohio, and the fact that Gen. Zachary Taylor was being much talked of for the next President, because of his victory over the Mexicans. His ad, in bold type, read: "The opening of the grand drama, entitled 'The Progressive Age We Live In,' by Kendall & Co., at Elyria, December 1, 1848. Nine cheers for the 'Old Fortress.' " Then followed a picture of a booming cannon and the shouters. The next picture represented excited people, crowded into a great vehicle with an elevated seat for the driver, who is urging his prancing horses under the lash toward Elyria, crying out to the team, "Wake up, there," while the anxious customers in unison are shouting to the people along the way, "We are bound for the great bargains at the 'Old Fortress.' " It was surely an animating picture. Then followed this language: "Truly, we live in an age of wonders, a marvelous age, an age of progress, an age filled with onward, upward, go-ahead elements, and he that partakes not of its spirit will soon be left in the rear by his more active contemporaries. Who would have thought ten years ago of the Western pioneer a thousand miles distant from his granite-cradled home, talking as it were, face to face, with friends endeared by early



THE KENDALL MANSION

Of the wizard merchant, the most beautiful place in Elyria in its day. It burned more than sixty years ago. Stood where the Episcopal and Methodist Churches are now located associations, which he had left behind, that the spirit of universal liberty would have made such gigantic strides among the nations of the earth, or that 'Kendall & Co.' (celebrated though they justly have been for their enterprise in the department of business) would have conceived the idea of publishing a periodical of one thousand numbers, monthly for gratuitous circulation for the promotion of friendly intercourse and mutual benefit? This is but a specimen of the progressive spirit in their establishment. They are expecting to open before long, their spacious ampitheater, which they have been building in connection with their store the past season, and then they will be able to accommodate with room the whole of Lorain County, and General Taylor's army besides." (Then follows a long list of the goods for sale and the prices), and closes with this language:

"Then such tremendous lots of other bargains, that fairly makes the old Chinaman crazy to think they will sell at such prices, and keeps the store thronged, too, from morning till night with customers laying in their winter supplies. They are employing an extra amount of help, and what is more gratifying, Mr. Kendall has so far recovered his health, as to be able to take the helm in person, assisted by Messrs. Mussey and Fuller, and he would be happy in seeing his old friends and acquaintances once more at headquarters."

Kendall came to Elyria a poor boy. He died at the untimely age of forty-one, but while here, was acknowledged to be the leading spirit of the town, with a reputation for bringing things to pass. He built one of the most pretentious mansions ever seen in Elyria. The grounds covered all the land now occupied by the Episcopal Church and parsonage, the Methodist Church, and the land where the new library stands, as well as the Reefy residence adjoining it on the west, all bounded on the south by the present alley. He had covering it a most wonderful collection of shrubs and flowers of all description, with paths winding through the spacious grounds. It was the show place of the town, and was visited by strangers chancing this way. At his death when disposed of by the heirs, it was purchased by Attorney Bliss, a leading lawyer. It next became the property of Russell H. Penfield. While he owned the same, it burned to the ground about fifty-five years ago. The only fragment left of its beauty is seen in the steps of the Fay home on Washington Avenue.

He was the prime mover in having the first Baptist Church erected. His portrait shows him to have been a person of striking personality, possessing classic features and the looks of a born leader. He wore a cleanly shaven face, and had a wealth of hair, streaked with gray. His name still remains a household word in the old families having come down to this generation, though he has been gone the way of all the earth for seventy-eight years. His dust reposes in the city of our dead, among the worthy pioneers, who with him, wrought mightily in the days that tried men's souls.

Logically, the next outstanding pioneer in Elyria, whose deeds should be recorded in connection with those of Merchant Kendall, was Henry E. Mussey, the son of the second attorney who came to Elyria, as heretofore stated, Reuben Mussey, who arrived in 1825. Henry E. Mussey was born at Sandy Hill in the State of New York in 1818, one hundred and ten years ago, and came here with the mother and children when he was eight years old. He died at the age of seventy-nine, after one of the most active and useful lives of any citizen who helped lay the foundations of our city. He attended the school kept here, by the noted educator, Rev. John Monteith, who, as heretofore stated, was the first superintendent of the Elyria High School.

He was a boy without means, and began the battle of life at the age of fourteen. When no other employment was to be had he chopped wood at twenty cents a cord. At an early age he became a clerk in the Kendall & Co. store, and displayed such energy and marked ability in the business, with a rigid economy, that at the age of twenty-four, he was taken in as a partner, and at the death of Kendall, became the head of the firm. The business was very successful. In 1857 he sold out to the firm of Baldwin, Laundon, and Nelson, after which he engaged in building ships for the lake trade, and at one time was a large owner in a fleet of lake freighters. Along with this enterprise he engaged extensively in handling real estate and banking, and was one of the organizers of the first bank in Lorain County, that ultimately became the Elyria National Bank, now merged with the Lorain County Banking Co. He owned at one time several hundred acres of land bounding the city of Elyria on the west. He was not only a lifelong director in the bank, but he also helped organize the First National Bank in Cleveland, and was for years one of the directors. For many years he was the most extensive wool buyer in the county. Along with his many activities, he opened and developed the large Mussey Stone Quarry in Elyria, in which he employed thousands of men in his time, making it possible for his workmen to secure homes. It was for years the greatest producer of grindstone of any quarry in Northern Ohio. His son Eugene was for some years his partner in the industry. He helped develop the coal mines along the line of the Cleveland and Marietta Railway, and was one of the directors of the Cambridge Coal Co. He built a cheese factory on one of his farms near Elyria, and conducted a very large dairy and manufactured cheese on an extensive scale, till a new order of things in that field developed. He built the "Mussey Block" and owned the one adjoining on the west, all of which space is now covered by the Woolworth 5 & 10 Cent Store.

His residence was on the west side of West Avenue, now the vacant lot west of the west school building.

Mr. Mussey never asked for office, but for thirty years was a member of the school board, and much of the time its treasurer. He was never late at the meetings, and often remarked that he paid his school taxes with more satisfaction than for any other purpose. He was one of the leading spirits in securing the C. L. & W. Railway here, and in getting it extended to Lorain. He was also one of the prime movers in getting the Lake Shore Railroad for Elyria. He was at one time superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school, and was ever a liberal supporter of the church, and a faithful attendant. The sister of Kendall, the noted merchant, came West to visit her brother. Before she returned East, young Mussey convinced her that she was the only one in all the earth that could make him happy as a life companion. Believing in his protestations of love, soon two hearts beat as one, ending in a marriage that grew in intensity of love as the years multiplied, till he gathered up his feet in death. She was a noble lady, given well to the ways of her household, faithful to her church, and kind to the needy and afflicted.

Mr. Mussey was ever a strictly temperance and temperate man. Why should he have been otherwise with such parents back of him? For they early started their children in the path of sobriety, as evidenced by the following resolutions for the family to sign, when Henry was twenty-four, and a partner of his brother-in-law, Mr. Kendall, that were to be pasted in his own Bible and that of his children, to-wit: "First, We will use no intoxicating drinks ourselves as a beverage, nor suffer the use of them in our families, nor present them to our friends or to those in our employment. Second, Those of us who are, or shall hereafter become heads of families solemnly agree to each, our households the principle of entire abstinence and will use, our best endeavors to obtain their signatures to this constitution. Third, A copy of this constitution shall be fastened in our Bibles, to which our children, if any, shall be often pointed as the act of their parents, and we solemnly enjoin it on them, as they revere our memories sacredly to regard these sentiments."

These resolves were not only kept by the sons and daughters of Attorney Reuben Mussey, but their descendants to the present time, have adhered to the same. What a power such a pledge may have on a parent's children's children for generations unborn. Train up a child in the way it should go, and when it gets old it will not depart therefrom.

Henry Mussey ever remained a sworn enemy of the liquor traffic. One of his brothers, who signed the covenant with the parents was William N. Mussey, a civil engineer, a brilliant young man whose untimely death at thirty-four was mourned by all classes who knew him, from the humblest to the greatest. He was an employee of the "Georgia and Florida Railroad Co." He died in Georgia, November 5, 1856, of pneumonia, and was buried there. The president of the railroad and board of directors attended the funeral at which he made some remarks, paying him the highest tribute for integrity, moral worth, and ability. I quote from letters received by Mr. Mussey, his brother, at the time, from one of the officials in which is the following:

"President and board of directors of the Georgia and Florida Co., followed by citizens attended in large numbers. The bells were tolled, stores and public places of business closed during all the morning. Never, my dear sir, have I seen more sincere sorrow and regret and more honor paid to departed worth than was here manifested by the board of trustees and the citizens generally." To still further manifest the worth of the young man, the railroad company placed at his grave a monumental shaft. This young man was one of the number who signed when a boy, the temperance resolutions, drawn up by his father, the attorney. There was one daughter in the Reuben Mussey family that came to Elyria from the State of New York in 1826 with her parents when nine years of age. There also came to LaPorte in 1819 with his parents when he was eight years of age, Isaac W. Johnson. They grew to manhood and womanhood in Elyria. It was destined that they should marry in due time and become, not only themselves powers for good, but their children as well. While they came of goodly parents, they were to start life on their own-made dollars. She taught school in 1832 and 1833 in Ridgeville. In a letter she wrote him in reply to one she had received, while visiting in the State of New York, she says: "Our acquaintance so far has been pleasant to me, and I should not be averse to its continuance, but you seem to write to me to make a full disclosure of my thoughts or sentiments, without my being able to even guess yours, to which my own ideas of propriety object. You propose correspondence. I think it might be beneficial, and although I have but little time and still less talent, I will do my part."

Later things reached the point where he thought it his duty to see how her parents might feel about his attentions to their daughter, to that end he wrote them and received the following answer:

"To Mr. Isaac Johnson.
"Dear sir:

"We have received your communication which calls on us to decide a subject of so much delicacy and interest, that we have taken a few days to decide thereon. Our feelings in relation to the acquaintance existing between you have never been repugnant to us. Our object will ever be to promote the happiness of our daughter by every prudent means in our power. Not any objections as we have learned have been made to your disposition or morals. Your society at our house will therefore be received with friendship.

"Respectfully yours,
"Mr. and Mrs. Mussey."

The visits continued till it was settled that in the near future they should be made one. Before he was twenty-four, he had accumulated a few hundred dollars, which he invested in the "Lorain Iron Co," a company formed to smelt iron out of bog ore found in the swamps in this part of Northern Ohio. It was, while it lasted, the largest institution in the little city, and from it great things were expected. It was located at the West Falls; young Isaac W. Johnson was placed at the head of the business.

At this time the great inexhaustible iron mines in Michigan and Wisconsin were not so much as dreamed about. That was ninety-three years ago, when bog ore was brought in ox carts by the farmers from their bogs to the smelting works. The experiment proved a failure, as the following extract from a letter written by young Johnson to his fiance, who was in the East with friends, will show.

"The business of making iron has been very unprofitable to us. We had contracted debts in New York from time to time, more than we could possibly pay, and we decided to give it up. My loss is about $12,000, Brother Phineus about $8,000, Mr. Ely's about $10,000 or $12,000. I do not know as I shall have a cent in the world if my debts are paid, and how much my character and credit have suffered by the misfortune, I know not. I have bought the merchandise of the company inventoried at six thousand dollars, and given my note for the same. I shall go to New York in the spring if am prospered, and if your desire to see me is not decreased by my misfortune, shall probably see you at Fort Edwards. My mind is very little affected by the change in failure. Infinitely more unhappiness would it cause me, to receive any intimation from you that your affection for me has lessened."

In her reply she wrote: "In regard to your business, I am sorry on your account, to have your misfortune, but you do me injustice, Isaac, to think for one moment that it would cause the least difference in my feelings, whether you were worth millions or not a cent. Riches are not essential to happiness. Peace and contentment are oftener found in the cottage than in the palace, and if in a cottage, why not in a log house? Better is a dinner of herbs where love is."

CHAPTER XVII

IN THE previous chapter an account was given of young Isaac Johnson's losses ninety-three years ago, as a stockholder in the "Lorain Iron Co.," located at the West Falls in Elyria, of which he was manager. As stated, he was but twenty-four, but "Phœnix" like he rose out of the ashes of his disaster and was soon on his feet again, with debts paid and a fine home built on East Avenue into which he took his first love, as a bride, Miss Mussey. It stood many years on the spot now occupied by the fine residence located between the "Gates" home and the Methodist parsonage, owned and occupied by the Baptists for church purposes. It was sold by Mr. Johnson to the Presbyterians for a parsonage, and later became the property of the Congregational Church, till the death of its pastor, Mr. Williams, when it was sold to Daniel Coulidge, then president of the Lorain Steel Plant, who erected the present structure. The bride and groom had not occupied the new home long ere the lure of the West took possession of them, when they sold their holdings and moved to Kishwauskee, Wis. Here they soon erected a beautiful residence on a sightly hill, with ample grounds, which they adorned with a great variety of flowers and trees, and kept the same in such condition as to be pointed out as the most attractive residence in the place. Before going West, in the winter of 1831 and 1832 they were converted under the preaching of John J. Shipherd, the founder the following year of Oberlin College. It was while he was pastor of the Elyria Presbyterian Church. After fourteen years' residence in Wisconsin, they returned to Elyria. In making the journey West they took a steamer at Cleveland for Chicago, then by wagon conveyance to their point of destination. Their return trip to Elyria was also by wagon from Wisconsin to Chicago, where it required a week's delay waiting for the belated lake steamer *DeWitt Clinton.* They purchased a farm on Lake Avenue that later became the Freeman Parmley place. In 1851 the family moved to Oberlin, looking to the education of their children. Oberlin College had then been founded eighteen years. Mr. Johnson opened a general store which he conducted successfully for twenty years, until his family had been educated and grown to man and womanhood's estate. He became at once interested in all that made for the good of the town and college, taking an active part with Mrs. Johnson in the church. He was especially interested in the "Abolition Cause" and made their home a haven for runaway slaves. They had six sons and one daughter. He was elected later in life Lorain County Treasurer, and served from 1873 till 1877 in that capacity. His son, Albert H. Johnson, was not only a conspicuous business man, possessed of marked

Side View of West Falls

executive ability, but a citizen of the highest character. He was very active in his church and had a Sunday-school class of boys in Oberlin at the time of his untimely and tragic death, caused by a collision of a railroad sleeper in which he was a passenger in the West on the Denver & Rio Grande. He was killed while asleep in his berth. At the time of his decease, he was president of the Arkansas Midland Railroad Co., also at the time president of a bank in Helena, Ark., and president of the Oberlin Gas and Electric Co. He was a great student of the Scriptures, and gave largely out of his abundance to the college and organizations of the country, working for the common weal. His death was a great shock to those who knew him. He built the large and beautiful home in the south part of the village of Oberlin, now standing. He has a son in Chicago, among that great city's most prominent business men and philanthropists. He is at the head of an insurance company and stands for the highest ideals. Another son of Isaac Johnson was the late Edward P. Johnson, of Oberlin, who succeeded his father in the store as one of the firm of Johnson & Whitney.

He was one of the best men who ever made up the citizenship of that noted place. He was president of the Oberlin Bank Co. for many years. He helped organize the Oberlin Telephone Co. and served as its president for some time. He was greatly interested in music, helped organize the "Oberlin Musical Union," and was its director for forty years. He was a member of the Prudential committee of the college, looking after its finances for twenty-three years. He was early a member of the Oberlin Home Missionary Association, looking after its investments. He was an organizer of Sabbath schools in the surrounding country. In short, he was one of the prime movers of about all the organizations in the place, looking to the common good. Another son who remained in the county was the late Charles Johnson, who began his active life as assistant to his father while county treasurer, after which he spent the remainder of his business career as a merchant and salesman of crockery, either in conducting a store in Elyria or on the road. No finer citizen for integrity, moral worth, high ideals, and kindness of heart ever walked the streets of Elyria. He was a born gentleman, and an exemplary husband, a true friend. His widow so well known, Mrs. Nettie Johnson, has spent her life here, and has been one of the most useful members on the board of trustees of the "Old Ladies' Home" from the beginning, and also its secretary. She is active in the church, and ever and anon has written interesting articles for the press.

There has been exemplified in the families of Mr. Kendall, the merchant, Mr. Mussey and Mr. Johnson brought together, as heretofore stated in a previous chapters, by marriages the oft-repeated wise saying, "A good name is above great riches, it ever remains a legacy to the possessor's children's children." They were devout Christians, and enemies of everything that destroys the body and soul, hated slavery, and were true to the Flag. They have left an impress on the world through their families that will live for good, till time shall be no more. The good names in this community for moral worth, still live in the lives of their descendants now with us: Eugene Mussey, Reno Mussey, and Mrs. Irving Metcalf, of Oberlin, and their children.

On Cleveland Street on the north side, immediately west of the Abbey Road within the corporate limits, stands an old red brick mansion, Colonial type, two stories in height, built in the year 1835 by Eleazer Abbe, a conspicuous character, who reached ninety. He came of old English stock. His education was received in a log schoolhouse and he began life with no backing, save his own energies. At his decease, he owned three hundred acres of land in connection with the old place known as the Abbe Farm, now going rapidly into city homes. With his own hands he assisted in building the kiln and burning the brick on his farm that went into the dwelling. In connection with his early farming he did a great deal of teaming, hauling goods to Ashland, Mansfield, and Pittsburgh. Much of this work was taking pig iron to the small foundries scattered about the country, from the Lorain Iron Works, of Elyria, heretofore described, where bog ore was smelted. He was a rugged character, not given to bad habits, possessed of an adventurous spirit, ready to face danger, and endure hardships without complaint. He came into the solid woods and felled the trees on the spot where the old mansion stands. When gold was discovered in the month of September, 1847, eighty-one years ago in Sutters mill race, in California, that lead to rich veins in the vicinity, the world went wild, causing adventurers from every clime under the sun to head toward the new Eldorado. To reach there the prospector had to either take his life in his hands in crossing the Indian peopled plains, now covered by farms and cities, or make his way by small sailing craft around Cape Horn, spending months on shipboard, encountering the storms of the mighty deep or chance his life in tramping across the fever-laden jungles of the isthmus. Elyria and Northern Ohio people were no exception to those who began to dream dreams of untold wealth, if only they could reach the enchanted country. Eleazer Abbe was one of the "Forty-niners" who caught the gold fever. It took such possession of him that he was willing to turn his back on wife and children for years, that he might, with thousands of others, chase the will-o'-the-wisp. In the year 1849, on the 26th day of September, he boarded the ship *Eureka* at Cleveland, for a lake and ocean voyage around Cape Horn for San Francisco. Fortunately for this generation, he kept a daily diary of his journey, now in possession of his granddaughter Nora Abbe, visiting nurse in the Elyria schools. On the first leaf of the book is the following entry: "Eleazer Abbe Book, 1849." "The following are the names of the officers and passengers of the ship *Barque Eureka* at the time of her clearance from Quebec, about half past two o'clock P. M." Then follow the names of all on board, giving their occupations and residences. The ship was fitted out at Cleveland, and he states that she sailed down Lake Erie and through the Welland Canal for Quebec, that on reaching there, she was placed in dry dock to be "sheathed." His book states there were thirty-four passengers other than officers. He gives the names, occupations, and addresses of all of them. There were three from Elyria, as follows: "Eleazer Abbe, farmer; C. E. Basset, clerk; Milo Bennett, blacksmith." There were twenty from Cleveland, two from Milan, two from Royalton, Cuyahoga County; one from Oberlin, W. W. Lovejoy; one from Wooster, Ohio; one from Willoughby, one from Blissfield, Mich.; one from Jackson, Mich., and one from Middleburg. Their occupations were as follows: Coppersmith, auctioneer, law student, baker, moulder, mason, pattern maker, carpenter, tanner, physician, blacksmith, boiler maker, bookkeeper, clerk, merchant, ship carpenter, tailor, surveyor, and carriage maker. They were in Quebec till November 13th, when they weighed anchor and sailed down the St. Lawrence for the Atlantic Ocean, where the prow of the ship was turned southward for South America. Each days latitude is recorded in the book, and many interesting incidents of what took place on ship board. Their first point of destination was Rio de Janeiro, which they reached after sailing one month and twenty-one days, reaching there January 8, 1850. From there they set sail after two weeks' delay for the Straits of Magellan, expecting to reach the Pacific that way, but the tempestuous waters threatened shipwreck of their little bark, compelling the captain to sail around Cape Horn. For three months they never saw land after reaching the Pacific. It was necessary for safety to keep far enough away from land to avoid being blown on shore. During the voyage two passengers died and were buried at sea. Finally after the lapse of nine months, they cited the harbor of San Francisco, when they went wild for joy. He ends his book account in these words: "The passengers were soon landed on the long looked-for shores of San Francisco full of hope and anxiety for the gold fields." He was soon among the prospectors swarming over the hills and mountains, carrying his outfit of provisions and tools, making up his grub stake. He met with sore disappointment in his quest and found his living had to come from the same source he received it in Ohio—that was labor and wages. He was so energetic and possessed of such health and good judgment, that he had no difficulty in getting employment. In the winter time he came back from the mines into the city. He saw the terrible condition of society and disregard of courts until people had to take the law into their own hands. It was a wonderful experience, but Eleazer Abbe was a man of character and returned to his family as clean as when he left. He was in the gold fields about two and one-half years. On the return trip the boat sprang a leak and had to be beached to save the passengers, when it went to the bottom. Thereupon he made his way over the isthmus and set sail for home, and thereafter found more gold-digging in the soil of his farm than he had in the barren hills of the Golden State. His wife was Betsy Wilcox, of Cornwall, Conn. They were married October 31, 1835. They lived together fifty-six years. They left three sons and one daughter, all splendid citizens. The children have all passed over the great divide, leaving families of fine repute, as follows: Horace N. Abbe, a grandson of the pioneers, educated at Ohio State and Case Schools, residing east of town. He has one son, a doctor, two that are draftsmen, one in college; also three daughters: Miss Nora, the nurse of our schools; Jane, the wife of Doctor Betteridge; Rule, wife of Ralph A. Osborn, the real-estate man. The pioneer and his wife were faithful members of the Elyria Church of Christ. He and his good wife truly left the world far better for their trip through it. Their souls go living on in their exemplary descendants.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE Presbyterians having been the first pioneers in the religious field in the founding of Elyria, commencing their first services in a log hut, as described in a former chapter, it is interesting to know what were their standards of correct life. Fortunately, there has been preserved for this generation a book, the property of the Historical Society, that gives us accurate information. It seems there then existed a "National Purity Society" in New York, with auxiliary branches over the country. In the year 1837, ninety-one years ago, one of such branches was organized in Elyria. The preamble reads, "We, the undersigned, believing that licentiousness prevails in our country, to an alarming extent making fearful inroads upon the citizens, poisoning the foundations of domestic enjoyment, severing the ties of kindred love and humanity, and believing that the silence of the virtuous and the absence of reproof has only tended to the increase of the evil, and that it is the imperative duty of all females to combine their influence for the suppression of the vice. Therefore we agree to form ourselves into a society to be governed by the following constitution:

"CONSTITUTION

"Article (1). This society shall be called 'THE FEMALE MORAL REFORM SOCIETY OF ELYRIA. Auxiliary to the New York-F-M-Reform Society.'

"Art. (2). The first object of this society shall be to promote and sustain moral purity among the virtuous. Secondly, to reclaim by such means as are sanctioned by the Word of God, those who have wandered from the paths of virtue. We, therefore, pledge ourselves to refrain from all improper conversation, to cultivate and promote purity of feeling and action and of dress, both in ourselves and our associates, and all who come within the sphere of our influence.

"Art. (3). Believing that the licentious man is not only as guilty, but in a majority of instances, more guilty than the licentious female. We will exclude all such persons, both from our friendship and society."

Then follow the names of one hundred and thirty-four ladies who formed the organization. At each annual meeting some man was called in to deliver an address. Those were the days when women were not supposed to appear as public speakers. This society lived and held its regular meetings for thirteen years till 1850, the year the "Fugitive Slave Law" was passed by Congress, robbing the poor slave of every human right, when evidently the magnitude of the outrage was such as to overshadow all else, and caused them to turn their attention to the alleviation of the downtrodden race, as evidenced by the last entry in the book, which reads:

"After some consultation whether it would be best to do something for the fugitives from slavery, who are now trembling before the iniquitous law just passed by Congress, it was decided first to fill a box for the home and send it the first of November. The hearts of the sisters seemed full of sympathy for the oppressed and no doubt something will be done when a way is opened.

"C. E. Johnson, Sec'y."

The organization was not a church affair, but was made up of all ladies of the community willing to subscribe to the preamble and constitution. That anti-slavery sentiment was growing in Elyria as early as fourteen years previous to the Civil War, is evidenced by a set of resolutions passed by the Presbyterian Church, which reads as follows: "April 5, 1847. The committee on the subject of American Slavery made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

" 'Whereas, slavery in the United States is believed to be constantly strengthening and extending itself and its evils and its dangers increasing. And, whereas, we believe there is power in Christianity, properly applied, to do away with the system and its manifold evils. Therefore,

" 'Resolved 1. That while we deplore the fact of our own participation in the sin of slavery, and endeavor to free ourselves from all connection with it, we will not cease to pray for the slaveholder and to entreat and persuade him, by all suitable means to cease from his oppression, and let the oppressed go free.

" 'Resolved 2. That no advocate of slavery or slaveholder, who does not give full proof that his slaveholding is voluntary, should be admitted to membership in the church, or invited to participate in its ordinances.

" 'Resolved 3. That no voluntary slaveholder or advocate of slavery should be admitted to our pulpits to officiate as a gospel minister.

" 'Resolved 4. That in our view it is the duty of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, to make a declaration of their sentiments on the subject of American slavery, and immediately adapt themselves and recommend the lower bodies, which they represent respectively, to take such measures as shall in their opinion tend most effectually to free them from all participation in or fellowship with the same.

" 'Resolved 5. That it is the duty of the churches to make earnest and persistent efforts, to give the Bible, the living preacher, and the institutions and privileges of the gospel in all their fullness, to the unqualified and the slave population of the country.

" 'Resolved 6. That missionary boards should manifest their decided and unqualified disapprobation of admission of slaveholders to mission churches.

" 'Norman Crandall,
D. A. Grosvenor,
Frederick Hamlin,
Committee.' "

Voted that the above report be published in the New York *Evangelist*, The Ohio *Observer*, The Oberlin *Evangelist*, and the Elyria *Courier*. This Presbyterian Church on the 25th day of November, 1831, put itself on record against drinking distilled liquors, by the following resolution: "Church met for consideration of the temperance question. All but three present signed the following covenant: 'Believing that distilled spirit is the bane of man, and that any use of it is inconsistent with the Christian character, we, the subscribers, members of the Presbyterian Church in Elyria, covenant with each other, and with God, that we will totally abstain from the use of it, unless we deem it important as a medicine; and we further agree to do what we can to promote the abstinence of others.' "

D. A. Grosvenor was then the minister of the church. The historians who have chronicled the early doings of the Elyria pioneers, tell us that the founder, Heman Ely, looking ahead when he started a covered wagon from West Springfield for the wilds of Ohio, realized that in the company there should be somebody capable and willing to offer public prayer in the new settlement. Not being given to it himself, he secured Luther Lane of the place, knowing him to be a devout Christian, and gifted in prayer, to drive the team for his passage, while he himself made his way to Elyria by a separate conveyance. It has been already stated that he had given orders the year previous, in 1816, to erect for him a log house to accommodate all, till he could secure lumber from his log mill to erect a frame dwelling.

The first Sabbath after the company arrived service was held in the building, at which Mr. Ely read a sermon from one of the twelve volumes of Rev. Lathrop's printed sermons, a noted Eastern divine, and called upon Mr. Lane to offer the prayer. This order of service continued from Sabbath to Sabbath, until the log schoolhouse was later erected on the east side, mentioned in a previous chapter, when it was utilized for a place of worship as well. Mr. Ely was a blunt practical man. On one occasion in the schoolhouse after he had read a Lathrop sermon, he called, as usual, on Brother Lane to pray, remarking as he did so: "Make it short, Brother Lane, as it is a good day to burn stumps." Clearing the land as fast as possible was one of the all-important things. While on the subject, it will be fitting at this time to give an account of all the ministers who served the Presbyterian Church, till it became Congregational in 1882, by its members voting themselves Congregationalists. Then by court proceedings the title to the property was turned over to the new organization.

The first, as already stated in a previous chapter, was Rev. D. W. Lathrop; his successor was a young man, twenty-eight, from the State of New York, by the name of John J. Shipherd, the founder of Oberlin colony and College. After preaching here for two years, he resigned his pastorate for that purpose. A history of this great character and what he accomplished will be given in a later chapter. Suffice it to say that during the two years he served the church, his labors in protracted meetings he held, stirred the community for miles around so deeply as to turn large numbers from darkness to light. He was a man of marvelous faith in which lay his power.

Following Mr. Shipherd came Rev. James Ellis, who ministered to the church from 1833 to 1836, when he resigned. During his pastorate the church building on Second Street was erected, now occupied by many tenants, the one in which the Old Ladies' Home was started by Mrs. Lilly. He came to a tragic end, by being drowned in the Maumee River while attempting to cross on the ice. He was followed by Rev. Lewis Loss, who at the expiration of four years was compelled to resign because of poor health. Next came Rev. David Grosvenor, who was pastor from 1843 to 1852, when he resigned and became pastor of the Medina Congregational Church which he served eight years. During his Elyria pastorate the noted "Old Stone Church" was erected, that preceded the present one. His wife survived him for many years and reached a great age, spending her last years till her death in Elyria. She was a large woman in stature, dressed and combed her hair in the old-fashioned way, was a striking figure on the streets, and retained her poise and carriage to the last. She had one answer for all inquirers as to her age, which was: "I am old enough to mind my own business."

Then came Timothy Hopkins. He remained but two years. He came to his death from a falling timber while having a church building put up in Hannibal, Mo. He was followed by Rev. Francis Wilbur, who served the church for eleven years, when he was succeeded by Rev. Ferges Kenyon, who served the church for four years. His son became a noted United States Senator from Iowa. He was followed by Rev. E. E. Williams, who sustained the longest pastorate of any minister who has occupied the pulpit, a period of twenty-three years, as he was its pastor from 1873 till his tragic death caused by a fall in the court room by which he broke his hip, in 1896.

He was seventy-nine years of age, in full possession of his powers, both mentally and physically. He was a born wit, and a great commoner. Everybody loved him. He was somewhat near-sighted, making it hard for him to distinguish people from other objects a few feet away. To the end that he might not fail to speak to all on the street, he bowed continually as he walked up the sidewalk, to make sure none were overlooked. If he met, in the saloon days, a man coming out of one, he would pleasantly remark, "I had a great deal rather see you coming out than going in." He was frequently a visitor in the court room while jury trials were going on. On the occasion when he received his fatal fall, those present sent for his physician, Doctor Sherwood, who responded, and after making an examination as he lay prone on the floor, said, "Brother Williams, I am pained to tell you that your hip is broken." Whereupon with a smile, he responded, "Well, well, I never expected to be hypnotized in a court room." The town turned out to bury him. He was ever ready to respond to all calls of a public nature to make the world better. His wife was a splendid lady. He was the last to occupy the old parsonage located where the Baptist's structure stands on East Avenue. He had a daughter who married Doctor Ormsby, of Cleveland. His body lies buried in the old cemetery in this city. These pastors of the first church organized in Elyria, have all gone to their reward. They were all enemies of slavery and the saloon. Everyone was a firm believer in the Bible as a revelation to man, not only as to how he came here, but his duty while on earth. While their bodies are dust, their souls, like that of the immortal John Brown, go marching on. Since Mr. Williams' death the church has had three pastors; to-wit: Rev. W. E. Cadmus, Rev. John W. Grant, and Rev. W. Muir Auld, and one assistant pastor to Mr. Cadmus, Paul Harlan, Metcalf. These men are all alive making their records, for the future historian, who shall take his pen in hand to recount their achievements. The present church building was erected during the administration of Mr. Cadmus.

In the early days of the church strict rules were in force by which the members were to live. They were not allowed to mail or receive a letter on the Sabbath. Nor were card playing or dancing permitted. The church records show several instances in which members were brought before the board having such matters in charge for trial, resulting in each case, with an apology on the part of the individual, save one, when he left the church rather than conform to the rules. A time came when all felt that many of them had come too far short of the mark, when one of the deacons proposed that they should make confession, so far as they had gone wrong, and start life over. The suggestion was agreed to and a day set. There was naturally a large turnout that evening. One by one, the derelict members arose and recited his or her shortcomings, until all had been heard, save Mr. Ely, the founder of the town. With him there were several matters they were all anxious to learn about in detail. All eyes were focused on the conspicuous character as he arose, much agitated. When he began by saying, "Brethren, I feel that I am a great sinner, that I have come far short of the mark, both in sins of commission and omission; I want your prayers, I ask your forgiveness, and that of the Lord, but I do not think I will go into particulars." Then he sat down,much to the disappointment of all, and especially those who had gone into details.

CHAPTER XIX

ONE of the most conspicuous characters in Elyria for fifty-five years, from 1835 to 1881, was Elijah DeWitt. He was born in the State of Vermont, May 22, 1800. He was a physician and commenced practicing in Lodi, Ohio, in 1821. After following his profession till 1835, by reason of impaired health from exposure, driving over the country, he moved to Elyria and opened a drug store in a block standing about where the Ely Library is located on Broad Street.

When he arrived in Elyria the brick dwelling now standing on the south side of West Broad Street, east of the Chas. Wilson place on the southeast corner of West Broad and Chestnut Streets, was being built. It stands very close to the sidewalk and is painted a brown color. Mr. DeWitt purchased and completed it, and for fifty-five years it was his home, the building in which he passed away, lacking but a few days of being ninety-one.

After he had put things in order his good wife and himself took membership in the Presbyterian Church. Before many moons had waxed and waned, he was made one of the deacons, and deacon he remained till with him time was no more. For thirty years he was president of the National Bank of Elyria, and in his day, when the law provided for three associate judges to sit with one learned in law, a regular attorney, he was made associate judge, a position he held for some years.

In build he was tall, with ample hair and "banker's sideburn whiskers," and wore the conventional stand-up collar of professional and business men of that period, and till the day of his death adhered to the same. He was a very sedate, sober man. His conversation was yea, yea and nay nay. While he was just, he was at times severely stern, and especially in church discipline, when the rules of the church were against cards and dancing, and when it was regarded as a desecration of the Sabbath to post or receive mail or letters on that day.

He was of that make-up in personal appearance and demeanor, that he might have been taken for a doctor or a banker or a judge, and always looked the personification of a sober deacon, not given to worldliness. He ever looked as though he had great burdens to bear, reminding one of "Old Atlas" with the world on his back. No man, however, in Elyria was held in higher esteem for integrity and moral worth than the deacon, for the inner man was right and his motives pure. Some called him "Doctor," others addressed him as "Judge," while still others who associated with him in church life said, "Deacon."

Many thinking of him as president of the bank, spoke of him as "Banker DeWitt." He was ever deeply interested in his church, and especially its prayer meetings, from which he was rarely, in his long stay of fifty-five years, absent or tardy. If he did not appear, there was something lacking in the meeting. He had a deep, clear-toned voice and was very gifted in prayer, and never allowed an opportunity to pass in the meetings without expressing himself relative to some appropriate Scripture, as he was a Bible student, and his reasoning was heard gladly by the brethren.

His daily movements were automatic. It was said that the clocks and watches could have been set by his daily rounds, so closely did he adhere to certain times to do everything. He was one of the prime movers in securing the Lake Shore Railroad. He was the largest contributor to the building of the church chapel in which the prayer meetings were held. His habits of life were clean and any injustice aroused him, still he had like all mortals, his faults. In his old age he called upon one of the members of the city council, an attorney, who looked after the legal matters of that body, and said to him: "You are a member of the council?" "Yes," answered the lawyer. "Well, sir," said the doctor, "I have a grievance." "What is it?" asked the legal member. "These intolerable nuisances on the sidewalks." "What are they?" asked he. "Baby carts, baby carts, they run against my shins, as I cannot see very well, I want the city council to pass an ordinance driving them off the sidewalks," said the doctor.

"Where would you have them go if not on the sidewalks?" asked the member of the council, "in the streets among the horses?"

"No," replied the deacon, "let them stay at home where they belong."

"Well," said the lawyer, "you have come to the wrong person; if I could have an ordinance passed that would multiply the number of baby carts on the sidewalks I certainly would."

"Well, sir, you are not the man I want to see," then he arose and made for the door, highly indignant. No doubt his shins had just encountered one of the claimed nuisances, and while in that frame of mind, came in with his grievance. Who would not feel for the moment like the doctor after having his shin bone bumped in like manner?

The National Bank was for years, before it was moved into the library block, located in a room in the Beebe Hotel facing Broad Street. My law partner, George P. Metcalf, became so lame he could no longer climb stairs, necessitating our having our office on the ground floor. We moved to the room in which the doctor's bank had been for so many years. Every morning at just such a time as he made his way to his bank, forgetting that it had been moved, he would stop at the old stand and open the door to come in, when suddenly, seeing his mistake, would remark: "Oh," and close the door and walk on. With his plug hat and cane and glasses set halfway down his Roman nose as he made his way rapidly down the street, looking neither to the right or left, presented a striking figure, as he had the marks of a strong character. In the winter he wore a cloak overcoat. He left an impression on the community for good works, that will never die, and his figure will remain in the minds of those who knew him, till the last one is gone where he was laid, in the silent city of the dead.

He had four children; all grew to manhood and womanhood. Only one remains, his daughter, Lizzie, now a guest of the Home for the Aged. She is a cultured lady, beloved by all for her kindnesses and christian character. Though full of years, she is cheerful as in youth.

It is common knowledge that in every community there are a few who, by reason of their aggressiveness, natural to them, make their lasting impress in certain fields of endeavor. They are persons of courage and not easily moved by social or political upheavals. They are thinkers and readers, possessing judgment and leadership.

One such character like Doctor DeWitt and others, already described in previous chapters, was the Hon. John H. Faxon, who was born in Aurora, Portage County, this State, January 15, 1815. While a child his father moved to Ridgeville, where he became a farm boy after his father's death, and followed that occupation, with all of its hardships in that time, till he was twenty-two, when by the kindness of an Eastern uncle he was able to take a course in civil engineering. He so well fitted himself for the occupation that he was employed as division engineer on the Erie Canal. Next on the Auburn and Syracuse Railroad, then the Atlantic and Great Western (now the Erie), then the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, between Vermilion and Sandusky. He was sheriff of Lorain County from 1844 to 1848; was representative in the Ohio Legislature two terms, from 1873 to 1877; was assistant assessor for internal revenue for Lorain County; was once mayor of Elyria and justice of the peace for eighteen years, and in 1877 was re-elected. In 1875, when sixty years of age, was admitted to the bar by the Supreme Court.

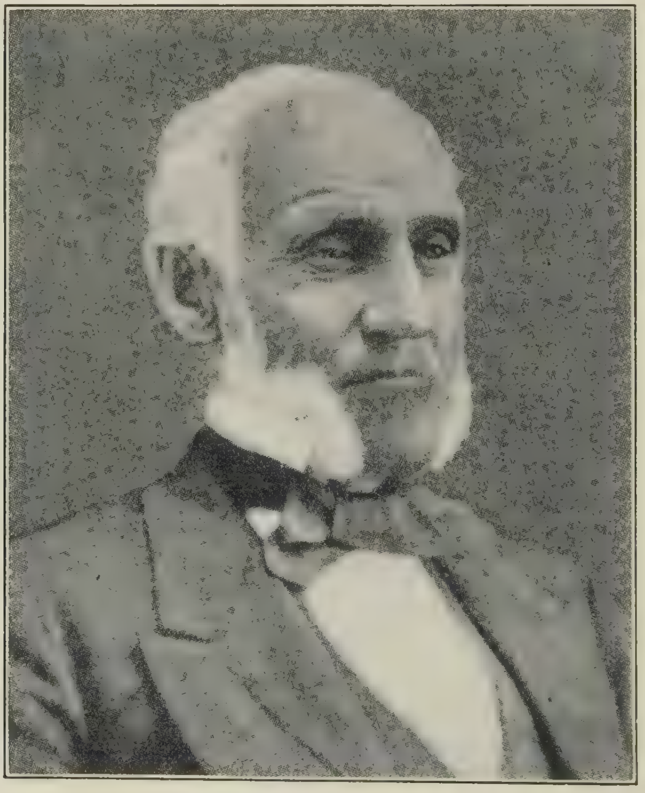
His wife was Esther Terrell, of Ridgeville. He had three sons and one daughter, all are living, save Theodore, who at his decease was at the head of a coal mine in central Ohio. His wife was the daughter of the late Aaron Bullock, a splendid citizen. The daughter, Miss Hattie Faxon, resides at the old home on Middle Avenue. John N. Faxon, retired, resides at his residence on Middle Avenue. In early life he was a banker connected with the old Elyria National Bank. Later he was a manufacturer. His wife was a daughter of Horace Starr, who will be spoken of later.

Isaac, the eldest, is still with us at the age of ninety years, looking after the real-estate interests of the "Faxon Realty Co." He was for years a business man in Cleveland and later in Elyria in connection with the Clark Manufacturing Co. He had no children. The children of John and Theodore are all making marks for themselves in the world and are, like their ancestors, good citizens.

John Faxon, the subject of this sketch, was a striking man in appearance, and ever ready in his day and generation to assist in the enterprises of his town and county. His old survey maps and records show him to have been a man who took great pains in the discharge of his duties. There was another deacon in the Presbyterian Church worthy of a place in the annals of the city for his faithfulness toward his Maker in the more than a century he walked the earth. His name was Horatio Perry. He was a cousin of Commodore Perry, the hero of Lake Erie. His early manhood was spent near Vermilion on a farm, where he remained till he was forty-seven, when he moved to Elyria. While a tiller of the soil in the days of the ox cart when preaching was now and then, if he learned of a meeting within eight or ten miles, would yoke his oxen to a great farm wagon, load in his family, and gather up the scattered neighbors, till the primitive conveyance was filled and head toward the place of worship, requiring about three hours to make the journey and a like time coming back. Within a year after his arrival here he was made deacon. He was given to fervent prayer, in language all his own. He began his supplication with, "Oh, Lord, we are all poor miserable sinners and we have got to go to heaven or hell, and there ain't no guesswork about it." Such was the faith and well-ordered life of this pioneer, that his grammar and crude sentences were lost sight of and overlooked by the listeners. After spending twenty years at the county seat, he turned his footsteps toward Wellington, where his pure life blest the community, till he was permitted to behold the first year of his second century in the flesh. When the hour of his dissolution came, Rev. W. E. Barton, then the Congregational minister of the Wellington Church, who, as well as his son, have since become famous as writers of books and magazine articles, preached the funeral discourse from the text: "Parables of Safed the Sage."

The foundations of this Republic rest not on brick and mortar, nor are they to be found in the multiplicity of devices for navigating the earth or air, nor in the annihilation of distance by electric applicances, marvelous as they are, but in the seed sown by the godly pioneers who, like Deacon Perry, lived what they preached and prayed, when only the most primitive appliances were to be had for creature comfort. All hail to their memory, lest we forget in partaking of the fruitage of their struggles and sacrifices.

I am of opinion that in his generation Col. Naham Ball Gates was the most universally known character in Lorain



Naham B. Gates

Came to Elyria in 1834. Was sheriff and treasurer of the county and for twenty years noted mayor of the city. Greatly interested in education and good morals. Was kind to the poor

County. For forty-seven years preceding his death, at seventy-nine, in 1890, he was called "Colonel Gates" by all classes the county over. While he never commanded a military force, yet he, like many Kentucky colonels, came naturally by the appelation, as he looked the picture of one born to lead an army. His title came about in this wise. He was in the days of Whigdom, in the year 1840, a zealous "Whig." He was six feet in height, broad-shouldered, with a military air, possessed of strong voice and striking face. He was then the owner of a famous black horse known as "Bucephalus." In the political campaign of that year there was a great gathering of the faithful on the banks of the Maumee River. Seated on his black steed, he led the large procession from Lorain County to the meeting. As he appeared in a garb befitting the occasion, heading the delegation, somebody saluted him as "Colonel," when the title was caught up by the multitude, and ever after it was "Colonel Gates."

Like Deacon Dewitt already described he was a Vermonter, as he was born among her evergreen mountains, September 28, 1812, the youngest of twelve children. He endured the life of a farmer's son in planting and gathering from her uninviting soil the small harvests, summers, and spent his winters in the bleak woods, save while in the schools, teaching or chopping wood when the mercury, at times, nearly congealed in the bulb of the thermometer. During his teens he had day dreams more and more, while he drove the oxen, to the plow in summer, and through the snow banks in winter, of far-away Elyria, where he had an older brother engaged in mercantile pursuits. His time belonged to his parents, till he reached twenty-one.

When the date arrived, he threw down the ax, with the declaration that he would chop no more, and bidding his kith and kin adieu, he turned his face westward where he had located his castles in the air. Before he reached his majority, he had by attending St. Albana Academy one year, been able to teach school for a little time. For a while on reaching here he clerked in the brother's store. The following year, in 1835, when he was twenty-two, he took up his residence in Cleveland. While there, a great cholera epidemic broke out causing thousands to flee the city. The young Vermonter did not join the frightened multitude, but on the contrary, not only remained, but ministered to the sick and dying, for weeks, and helped lay away the numerous dead. This characteristic of Colonel Gates remained to the end, as he was ever ready when smallpox ravaged the town, or any disease, to respond to the call of mercy, without solicitation. Within a few months he returned to Elyria and ever after became one of the prime movers in all that made for her welfare. For about a year he clerked for his brother's firm of Gates and Greene, then opened a store at the harbor at Lorain, then called (Black River). This he conducted for three years.

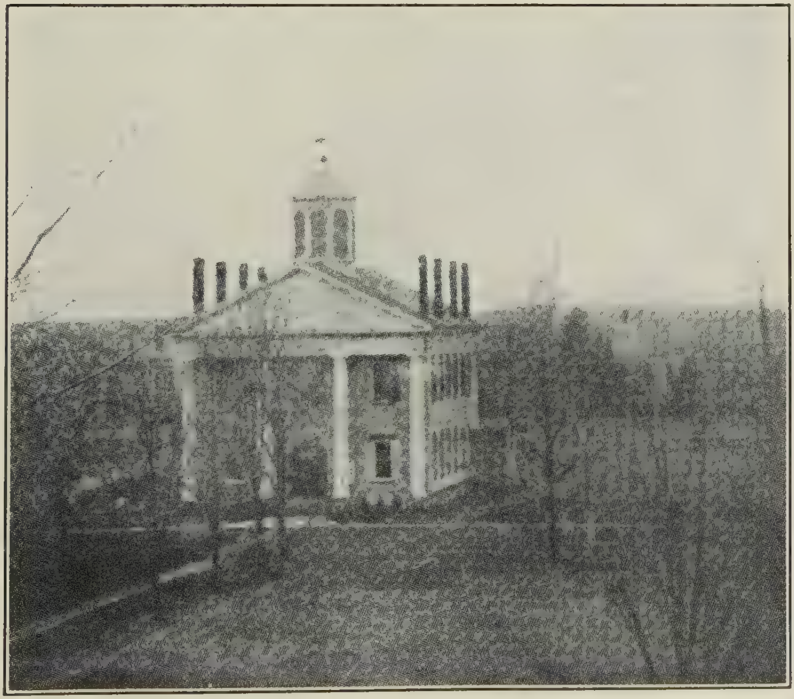
In 1838, when he was twenty-six, he was elected sheriff of the county. He then returned to Elyria to better attend to the duties. He was a versatile all-around man, easily adapting himself to every situation, possessing great good sense, able to grasp a situation, ignoring all red tape.

While he was at Black River harbor he saw the necessity of someone acting as public servant, to keep the community right. To that end, he accepted the offices of Justice of the Peace, constable and marshal. He saw it was necessary and acted regardless of the fact that the financial emoluments were of no consequence. The drunken sailors in that day needed to be looked after and he was not afraid to do it.

CHAPTER XX

AS STATED in the previous chapter, Colonel Gates was elected sheriff of the county in 1838. State banks were then in vogue, with no stable currency, and counterfeiting was rife, with a notorious gang engaged in the business located in Lorain county, whose cunning had enabled them to escape the officers of the law, and prosecution for several years. Banks had begun to suspend specie payment. Failures followed, and credit on all sides was practically destroyed. The making of the "queer," with ability to pass it off throughout the whole country, had brought banking and commercialism to a sorry pass. The prosecuting attorney who came into office, with Colonel Gates, was Joel Tiffiny, counted one of the most gifted members of the Lorain county bar. He was an impassioned orator, possessing great energy, and absolutely fearless.

He and the Colonel resolved they would hunt the counterfeiters in this county to their den of iniquity. When they gave out that no quarter would be shown, the outlaws, regardless of who they were, they began to receive anonymous letters, threatening their lives, and the destruction of their buildings. One of their number, taking alarm, turned states evidence, whereupon they shot him, but fortunately the wound was not fatal, but he had to be carried into the old brick court house on crutches to give his evidence. The prosecutions ended in the conviction of fourteen of them for the penitentiary. Colonel's splendid service at Black River as justice, marshal and constable, made him sheriff. Later he was elected county treasurer, and in 1843 because of his fearlessness and faithfulness in all these positions, he was made mayor of Elyria, and from that date till his death in 1890 at seventy-nine he held the position most of



The Old Brick Court House
Erected in 1828. Gave place to the present one in 1879

the time. When he saw a fellow violating the law, while he was mayor, and no marshal or policeman was in sight, he did the arresting himself, taking the culprit by the arm he would lead him to his office, draw an affidavit, call in some person to swear to it, and issue a warrant and ask the prisoner whether he plead guilty or not guilty. If not guilty, he would say: "Now see here, you had better not add to your offense, the crime of perjury. If you are guilty, say so, and behave yourself hereafter." They were generally cases of drunkenness, so that he had the power to go to final judgment. If the fellow persisted in declaring he was not intoxicated, the Colonel would say, "Drunk, of course you were drunk, and are drunk now, I caught you in this condition.

"Five dollars and costs." That was the extreme penalty that could be imposed in his time. He never failed to give the culprit a temperance lecture. It was generally in these words, "Here you were perambulating up and down the streets, a perfect nuisance, in a state of intoxication, in plain language, drunk, just drunk, neglecting your family and squandering your wages in these hell holes. You say you have no money, well you need sobering up, the best place to do it is in the city prison. while you are there I will see that your family is cared for." He would then say to the policeman or marshal, "shut him up, till I say release him."

From 1836 till 1844 he conducted a commission business at Black River with his brother. He built and operated a saw mill in Elyria. Built and ran an Ashery for many years, at a handsome profit. To this generation an Ashery is unknown in this part of the country, but in pioneer days its product was a sure source of securing ready money. Some plants purchased wood ashes from the farmers and villagers as well, to make potash, an article that found a ready market in the chemical plants in the cities. Everybody burned wood in that day and generation. Colonel Gates made a success of the business.

In 1850 he was a director in the Plank Road Company and later, for many years, was its superintendent. The road ran from Lorain to Elyria by way of Lake Avenue, striking the avenue at the old hotel building half way to Lorain after coming to that point along the route, now the new concrete road to that city. From Elyria it ran through LaGrange on to Wooster.

Toll gates were every two miles. He was very active in the Lorain County Agricultural Society, and 76 years ago was its president. Abraham Lincoln appointed him Internal Revenue Collector for the fourteenth district. His home was the original Gates' residence on East Avenue, made over into the present commodious building, by his son, the late Wm. Gates, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens. Till the last one who knew him, shall have taken up his and her abode in the silent city of the dead, he will be remembered as "Mayor Gates," the great commoner, the friend of all the people, the bold conservator of the peace, and of the dignity of the city. No man ever made the rounds visiting the schools, equal to Mayor Gates. For years he was on the school board and at times its president. He was liable to show up at any time, in any room. His entrance was the delight of teacher and pupil, as he had a smile that never wore off, and some kind words of encouragement to her as well as for the scholars. He was wont to place his hand on the heads of many of the little boys as he talked, telling how to fill them with useful knowledge. He had been mayor so long, and was so universally known, that the masses thought he knew just how to run the universe. This confidence finally resulted in his unintentionally stepping over the bounds of his jurisdiction as mayor. Several couples came to him to be married and because the statute read, that "Mayors shall have jurisdiction with justices of the peace throughout the municipality" and justices having the power to solemnize marriages, he concluded that the law delegated to him the right. After having them stand up and take hold of hands he would repeat the words used by magistrates and then pronounce them man and wife. When asked what the fee was he would say, "Two Dollars." When the happy groom handed him the money, he would hand it to the bride with the words, "Take this for a nest egg young lady, add to it, and get a home."

One day, several years after such marriages, they showed up with blood in their eyes, leading promising offsprings, berating him for marrying them, when he had no authority. Arrest was threatened, as the statute made it a penal offense to officiate when not clothed with authority. But after they were told by an attorney they were legally married, having taken each other for better or worse as husband and wife, regardless of the lack of authority of the mayor to act, they went home satisfied. The law has since been changed, delegating to mayors such power.

The mayor and his noble wife raised three worthy sons, who made successes in life and were splendid citizens, only one of whom is alive.

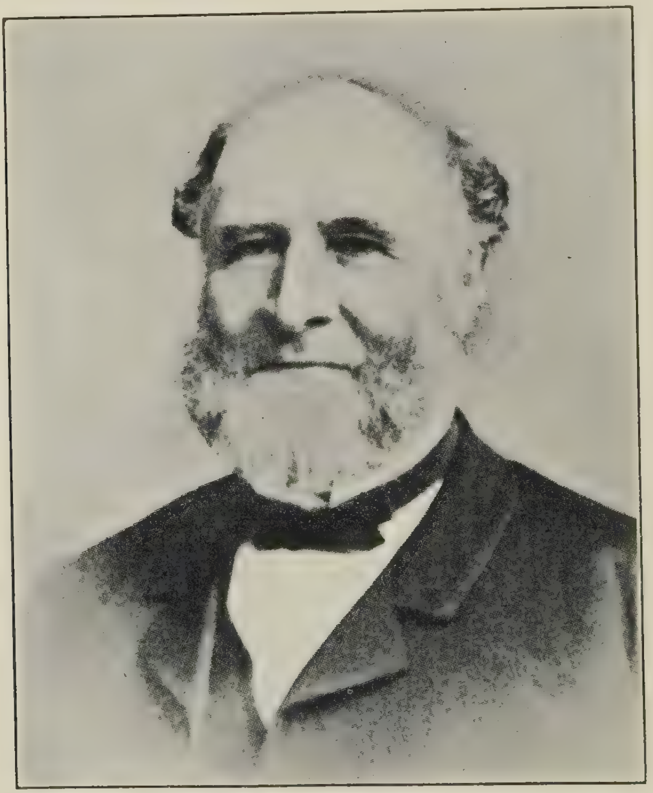
William Gates, a son, left quite a large estate, out of which his widow, Mrs. Gates Stevens, gave twenty-five thousand as the foundation for the Gates Hospital for crippled children, the first distinctive institution of its kind ever erected in America, the inspiration of others over the country, and world. She also furnished as a Gates memorial, the reception room of the Y. M. C. A. This pioneer couple had two cultured daughters, Nellie, who passed away, and Mrs. Gardner, residing in some other city; her husband is a minister. There are several sons of William Gates who are giving promise of making strong, splendid citizens. Not one child or grandchild that sprang from this pioneer couple, he a Vermont boy, and she the daughter of the pioneer scholar and preacher, Rev. Montieth, has ever disgraced the good name of Gates, but have all been worthy descendants of their noble sires.

Wife of the noted Mayor N. B. Gates, and daughter of Rev. Monteath, the noted educator. She was the acknowledged leader in reform movements in Elyria all her long life

Seventy-six years ago, there came to Elyria from England with his wife and small children, Richard Baker, who became one of the outstanding characters, not only of the county, but the state as well, because of his great service in agriculture and stock raising. He purchased a two hundred acre farm in Elyria township, just north of the city, where he spent his life, till he passed away in his nineties. He was a striking figure in appearance, resembling somewhat, William E. Gladstone. For diligence in business, and interest in the common weal, he will ever be remembered by all who were privileged to know him. He was not long in the county, when because of his deep interest in agriculture was made a director of the Lorain County Agricultural Society, and later its president, many times. He started a "Farmers' Club" that rendered useful service for many years, until the Farmers' Institute was formed. He was appointed county centennial commissioner, and made its president. In 1879 he was elected a member of the "Ohio State Board of Agriculture" and later became its president. He was sent as a delegate to Washington to represent agriculture when a convention was called by United States Commissioner Long at which gathering he read a paper on the subject, that attracted much attention throughout the country. He assisted in organizing Lorain County Farmers' Institute, and was its first president. He was a constant contributor to the agricultural papers, till his decease. His articles were gladly read. He was a high-class citizen, deeply interested in the temperance question, and a worker for good schools. The little red school house across from his farm home was ever under his watchful eye, with its flag floating, as he was a patriot to the core. He raised a splendid family. One son was Gordon Baker, of the firm of Baker & Foster, the successful clothiers, who died some years ago at his home on Washington avenue, a high-class citizen, ever standing for the common good. His noble wife recently passed away, leaving two daughters. One married a physician and resides east, the other is the well-known Anna Louise Baker, on Harrison avenue, whose life of usefulness has been a benediction to the foreign families in the Hungarian settlement on the West Side. Her ministrations, in cheering the sick and distressed, here and there, endeared her to the hearts of a large circle who have been privileged to know her. Only good has flown from the Richard Baker family whose Christian characters and well ordered lives, indefatigable industry, living for others, have been the things that dominated them. They all went about doing good.

At this time, I will recount the lives and achievements of the children and grandchildren of Heman Ely, Sr., founder of the city

One hundred and eight years ago, the 30th of this month of October 1928, Hon. Heman Ely, Jr., the son was born on the spot now occupied by the building of the Knights of Columbus, on the north side of East Broad street. As stated in a previous chapter, his father built his residence on the same gound, in the year 1818, in which home he, the son, was born. He secured his education in the Elyria High School, and in Farmington, Connecticut; then entered his father's land office where he received his business training, and me-



Hon. Heman Ely

Son of the founder. Built and owned the entire block bounding the park on the north, save the library. Was a man of high character, given to benevolence thodical ways of transacting business, that characterized him throughout life. He kept his books and land transactions with people, so accurately, and copies of the same, that he was able to furnish attorneys, surveyors and abstractors much valuable assistance where people had failed to record their deeds and instruments in after years. In build, he was above the average height and weight. He was always richly and becomingly dressed, was a striking figure as he passed rapidly up the street, with the air of one on whose shoulders rested great responsibilities, that demanded his immediate attention, with no time to spare. He was far from being a commoner, or disposed to get acquainted with the multitude on his daily rounds from his residence to his office and back again. Outside of his office, and in his home, and church, he would have been taken by those who did not know who he was, as a stranger in the town, there for business only. His speaking acquaintance was very limited, but with all of his reserved, distant and uncommunicative ways, he was ever a gentleman, with deep sympathies given to benevolence. His conservativeness was very marked. He was not only of the old school, but adhered tenaciously to the beaten paths. To illustrate this characteristic, in Mr. Ely, the writer recalls having met him one day in the auditor's office, when he asked him this question: "Mr. Ely where were you born?" He responded, "I was born on the very spot in father's house over which I expect to sleep tonight. When I built my house, I was particular to have my bed room so built, that my bed should stand on the same. I shall be 70 years old my next birthday, the thirtieth of the coming October. I am very solicitous that when I die it shall be on the spot of my birth." He had his wish. When the Knights of Columbus had open house at the dedication of the building, I was one of the number who attended. I there met Hon. George H. Ely, his son, and told him of the conversation I had with his father. He verified the same by taking me to the spot, in a bedroom on the first floor, and standing on the same said, "This is certainly the spot of father's birth." Naturally he had prestige, being the son of the founder of the city, a man of wealth, and the owner of the entire block facing the park, on the north save the library building. He was a member of the legislature. While there his block burned. He was telegraphed it was on fire, with no hope of saving it. He wired back to commence clearing away the ruins for another building. This was in 1873; the date is in bold letters high upon the present structure.

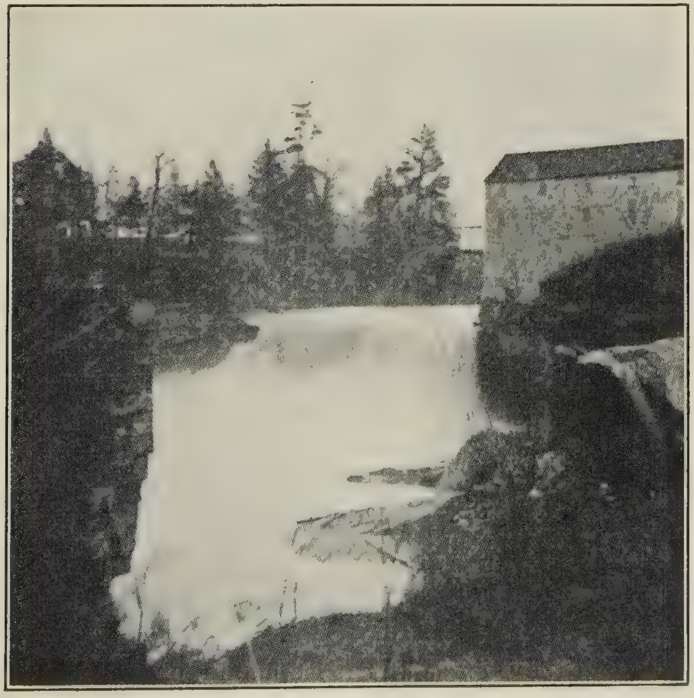
At the age of eighteen, he became a member of the church of his parents, in which he ever took a deep interest, serving on its board, and for ten years was superintendent of the Sunday school. He was a faithful and consistent member, ever ready to make up the deficit, when the collection failed to reach the budget. At thirty-two he joined the Masonic order, of which he was not only a lifelong member thereafter, but a very diligent one, reaching the highest degree. He was as active in his Masonic work as he was in his church life. Whatever he undertook was well done. Many years preceding his death, he began the work of writing the history of the Ely families, reaching back in 1600, in England. The book covers 515 pages. He was twice married. By his first wife he had three children; two died in childhood, the third was the late Honorable George H. Ely, mentioned, who passed the eighty mark, and whose widow is still with us residing on Columbus street with her daughter, Mrs. Todd Moise, in full possession of her faculties, beloved by a host of friends. He spent his business life manufacturing. He and John Topliff ran, for many years, the Tubular Bow Socket factory, of which more will be said later; he was also interested in other factories, and in the National Bank, and was at the head of the Ely Realty Co. He was twice sent to the Ohio Senate. He was a lover of fine horses.

Mr. Heman Ely had four children by his second wife, two sons and two daughters. One son, Albert, is a graduate of Yale College and a physician in New York City. The other son, Charles, was for years one of the proprietors of the Grafton Stone Quarry, and engaged in other enterprises in Elyria. He resides in Cleveland. The two daughters are married and now live in the east.

CHAPTER XXI

ANOTHER son of Heman Ely, the founder of Elyria, was Charles Arthur, born May 2, 1829, in the old homestead. He was educated in the Elyria High School, and spent three winters in a scientific school in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and while there, took instruction in music, and drawing. He was very much disposed to travel. In 1852, seventy-eight years ago, he made a trip to South America, as purchasing agent for the Goodyear Rubber Company. Two years later, he married the daughter of Judge Foote of Cleveland. Immediately following the marriage, they visited Europe. On their return, he built the residence now at the end of Washington avenue, occupied by their son, William Ely. He stocked his large farm adjoining, with blooded cattle expecting to carry on scientific farming, and stock raising, but through an accident, his health was impaired necessitating its abandonment. Then, he and his wife, to get a view of the Old World, went to China. Then to California, where he remained for many months, seeking health, that did not come, compelling him to return to Elyria. He never regained what he sought but while life was his, he was deeply interested in everything that made for the common weal, and building up of his native town. The education of the young, was his deepest concern, to that end, he spent much time studying the subject of libraries. The result of his labors, ended in giving to Elyria, the Ely Library, including the block in which it is located, that has been recently sold by the Library Trustees, and the purchase price invested in the Dr. Reefy residence, on Second street and the addition now being built to the same, to which the books will soon be removed. He was beloved by all, as was his cultured wife, for their hospitality, multiplied kindnesses and ministrations bestowed on all classes. They opened their ample grounds and adjoining grove reaching the river, to all comers to enjoy. They will live on and on, till time shall be no more, in the library gift. His portrait, in oil, hangs in the room, where it justly should be. Often, I have thought as I visited the same, and saw the young and old poring over books, or taking them away in armfuls, thereby storing up useful knowledge, what a great thing it is, to have so lived, that when the summons comes, we have sown the seed that will bear fruit, years without number, longer than our tenure on the Earth. She did not long survive him. Though they have both been gone in the flesh, for more than forty years, because they built for the future good of humanity, their great souls go marching on. Within that time, tens of thousands of youths, and those of mature years, have climbed the stairs of the "Ely Library" for the greatest thing attainable, knowledge. The wise man said, ages ago, "Get knowledge, get wisdom, but with all your gettings, get understanding." Daniel Webster never uttered a greater truth than when he proclaimed in one of his masterful addresses these words, "We must educate, or we must perish." Contemplate the multitudes unborn, who will hereafter visit the "Ely Library" in its new home, seeking wisdom, till "the heavens shall be gathered together as a scroll, and time shall be no more." Because these parents had the spirit of benevolence their only child, William Ely, the philanthropist educated in Elyria High School and Ohio State University, residing in the old home, in which he was born, is pouring out his means for the youth, and the city in his generous gifts, thousand thirty-five of which he contributed toward the stadium, and each year finds him helping the Community Chest and Red Cross over the top, with a lavish hand. Like his parents, he is an omnivorous reader of the best in literature, and keenly alive to all that is taking place over the Earth, in spite of impaired health. His wife did not long survive her marriage, she left one child, a fine young man, their son, Arthur Ely. The founder, Heman Ely, Sr., had one other child, a son named Albert, born in 1825. He lived to reach more than seventy years, was a bachelor, and like most men who pass into the sear and yellow leaf, without a companion, peculiar. To recount his oddities, and idosyncrasies, would be to write a book. He never followed the beaten paths. He challenged everything, admitted nothing, and demanded proof, on everything. What the world, or Mother Grundy said, or thought, of his manner of life, never concerned him.

He owned about two hundred acres, now covered by the "Eastern Heights" allotment. He also owned all the land between the Old Beebe Tavern, and the street west and bounded on the north by East Broad, and on the south by the river. On this stood his residence. He also owned both of the falls, and most of the land now called "Cascade Park." He was an educated man. Never destroyed a magazine or newspaper, and was a born mechanic. He was a student of optics, as evidenced by an incident on one occasion when he visited the court house. The plumbing in one of the lavatories had become clogged. Several of the county officials had gathered about, each taking a hand, endeavoring to remove the obstacle when Mr. Ely appeared on the scene. After watching their failures, and listening to their suggestions as to how to overcome the difficulty, and could not, he ventured to say, "If you will bring me say three looking glasses, I think I can remove the hidden trouble." They scurried about and produced the desired articles, whereupon he handed two of them to bystanders and taking one himself, directed in what position to hold theirs, soon he had them so arranged that all could see in one of them the hidden obstacle, which he proceeded, by means of a wire, to remove. He owned a large grist water mill, located where the present one stands, but immediately on the edge of the precipitous bank. Finding no profit in running it. he closed it for many years, while the water poured over the dam. The great overshot wheel, rotted in its bearings. It was a large building known about town as the "Old Red Mill," pictures of which may still be seen in the old prints.



East Falls and Old Red Mill

One day, there was what was supposed for the moment to be an earthquake, but lo, when the truth was known, the old mill had by its own weight, fallen into the river below the falls, leaving but the stone foundations. A multitude gathered, to view the ruins, and began to speculate and comment as to the reason for the calamity, when Mr. Ely appeared on his crutches, he had carried for some years. Without uttering a word, he began to examine the ruins, from every angle, as one here and there would say, "Too bad Mr. Ely," or "What do you think caused it Mr. Ely?" to all of which inquiries he made no reply. After spending an hour in his investigations, without having uttered a word, he straightened up as they gathered about him, seeing he was probably going to say something, when he made this sage remark, "Complete illustration of the principle of dry rot." He said no more, but picked his way out of the crowd and sent a photographer down to take a picture of the ruins. What a striking example the old mill was of human life, where the individual makes no use of his time, or talents, like the old shut-up unused mill, he will finally go to pieces of his own weight from "dry rot." He challenged everything. He never paid his taxes, save "under protest." He owned land on the east side of Furnace Street, near the West Falls, suitable for raising onions. Martin Braman, a gardener, rented the same to work on shares. A fine crop was grown and harvested. He placed Mr. Ely's share, in a pile by itself, then sent him word to come for his portion. He responded, and seeing two piles, one much larger than the other, asked how the difference came about. Martin said, "The small ones are no good, they are suckers!" "What is a sucker?" "Suckers are pulled off from the onions," he answered. "You say the suckers are no good, Martin. I think I shall take some home and determine that question." Gathering up an armful he went his way. Came back the next day for some more, declaring they were better than real onions. He was collegiately educated, as he graduated from Williams College in 1847.

Diogenes, the philosopher, history tells us, was born four hundred and twelve years before Christ. That his food and raiment were as plain, and his courage as uncompromising, as that of John the Baptist. That his habitation was a tub. He walked the streets of Athens for lo, many years, preaching against people burdening themselves with useless things, trying to keep up with each other. He is best known, in history for having been seen one day, while the sun was shining in all his glory, carrying a lighted lantern. When asked why, he responded, "I am looking for an honest man." Seeing a street urchin drinking out of the palm of his hand from a fountain, he cried aloud, "Fool that I am to have carried this earthen pitcher by a strap around my neck all of these days that I might slake my thirst, to finally learn in my old age, from a child, that it has been a useless burden." He thereupon hurled it to the pavement, breaking it into a hundred pieces. When Alexander the Great took the city, he asked to be taken to the abode of the old philosopher saying, "He is the greatest man in your city." He found him curled up in his tub, taking a sun bath. The great general, who later lamented there were no more worlds to conquer, after gazing at the strange man, said, "I am Alexander the Great, who are you?" "I" he answered, "am Diogenes the Philosopher." "What can I do to relieve your seeming discomfort?" asked Alexander. "Stand aside a little, as you are between me and the sun." Who knows but Albert Ely, the student and searcher after truth, had read the life of the old cynic, with whom he had so many things in common? Mr. Ely had rheumatism overtake him in his feet. When asked how he cured himself, replied, "By the application of the principle of counter irritant." "What do you mean by, 'counter irritant'?" asked this inquisitive interrogator. He replied, "In the place of stockings, I put sawdust in my shoes." He was very mechanical. He studied into the mechanism of the pipe organ in the old Congregational Church, so thoroughly that when it refused to respond, he was able to not only detect the difficulty, but remedy the defect.

He rarely ever spoke unless spoken to. No person could engage him in conversation, on the questions of the day, or historical events that he did not impart information relative to the subject, that showed him well informed concerning the same. He said naught against anybody, and was lenient toward all, to such an extent, that those disposed to take advantage of his kindnesses often wronged him, knowing he would not take them to task. He suffered wrong rather than to do wrong, obeying the Divine injunction. He was a philosopher, indeed, willing to sacrifice dollars, without regret, to prove his proposition. If he was brought into litigation in court, he would resolve every doubt while on the stand, in favor of the other party, for fear he might wrong him. If ever a being was born and raised in Elyria, starting with her early history, spending his life here, who attended strictly to his own business, and molested none, following his own ideas of life, allowing others to do likewise, it was Albert Ely. That he was a character, all who knew will agree. That he was strikingly unlike any other citizen of the town, none will deny, but whether his philosophy was right, or wrong, he had the courage to live it, which stands to his credit. There was born on the 4th day of March, 1829, more than ninety years ago, in Maxey, England, a poor lad destined because of his courage, to have privation, and live a life of honor, come what might, and to leave an impress on his day and generation for good, through himself, and family, that has had much to do in building up Elyria, socially, morally, religiously, and industrially. His name was George Garford. Before he turned his back on his native country, he married an English lassie, Hannah Lovett, beautiful in character, form and feature, possessed of that patience, and characteristics that have made the best families of America possible. The nuptials took place according to the English ceremony, July 31, 1850. The following year their son George H. was born. A few months later the question arose with this ambitious couple, as to whether they had better live their lives in the mother country, or encounter the deep, casting their lot in far-away America. Because of the lack of means only one could come, and that with empty pocket when the new world was reached. Bidding good-bye to wife, mother and babe, at twenty-three, George Garford shipped in a sailing vessel, seventy-six years ago. The little craft was driven out of its course, by tempestuous seas, so far, that it was nine weeks before Castle Garden was reached. Provisions had given out, and hunger overtook those on shipboard. With but two cents in his pocket, a stranger in a strange land, he strolled up the streets of New York, feeling the pangs of hunger, and parted with his all for a tomato. Fortunately he secured employment, by which he earned the wherewith to pay his way to Cleveland, where he secured work in the gardens of an Englishman. A little later he turned his face westward for Elyria. There was then no railroad entering here, so he took the now "Big Four" for Grafton, and rode in a stage coach to Elyria, driven by Frank Flower, the father of Mrs. Elsie Hague and our fellow townsman Charles Flower. Here, by the closest economy, he saved money enough in a year to bring over his family. The mother and child were seven weeks making the journey. Their first home was a small dwelling on the spot now occupied by St. Paul's Evangelical Church. Their next habitation was a log house with a few acres they purchased at the top of the "Gulf Hills." His tastes and delight were in landscape gardening, cultivating flowers and planting trees. For years he spent his time largely on the places of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Arthur Ely, mentioned above, and those now owned by Mrs. William G. Sharp, and Charles Fell on Washington Avenue. Under his hand they became the show places of the county. He took great and commendable pride in his work. Later he purchased farm land of Mr. Ely, being part of the present Ely farm, on which he erected a pleasant and comfortable home, in which to raise his growing family. He surrounded it by well-kept hedges, and had a great lawn. Here he turned his attention to the breeding of blooded sheep and cattle, in which he attained marked success, as he nearly always secured first premiums at the county and state fairs. He led an exemplary life. Later he purchased a large farm in Ashtabula County. He and his good wife raised a family of eight children. After selling his farm to William Ely he purchased a lot, built a house on Harrison Avenue and retired, in 1884, at seventy-five. All of the eight children grew to manhood and womanhood and married. They were educated in the Elyria public schools and colleges. His Ashtabula farm was placed in charge of his eldest and youngest sons, George H. and Charles Garford. The five daughters followed the avocation of teaching, and all in turn taught in the Elyria "Ridge School." One is the wife of Samuel Rockwood, one of Seward Henson, and one of George Worthington. The third son, Arthur L. Garford, began his business life as a banker, but in early life entered the field of manufacturing, in which business he has been the leader for lo these many years. In 1900, the pioneer parents celebrated their sixtieth wedding anniversary, at which the eight children, and their companions, and the grandchildren were all present. He reached the age of eighty-two, and she eighty-four. Their journey together over the long trail, from "Old England" across the mighty deep, by way of the log hut and through storm and sunshine to the pleasant home in which they reached the end, in spite of early poverty and multiplied privations, was a happy one, ending in the raising of a true American family, with no domestic infelicities among the children or grandchildren. Their pulseless forms lie buried in the nearby cemetery, awaiting the resurrection, in the faith of which they lived, wrought and passed away.

CHAPTER XXII

ON THE fourth day of October, 1836, ninety-two years ago, there was born in the then woods of Carlisle Township, in a small frame dwelling, located on the diagonal road, leading southwesterly from the town hall and school house now standing at the center, a boy, destined to become one of the leading business men, and outstanding characters of Lorain County, not only in developing her resources, founding her banks, building up her marts of trade, but also one of the leaders in all the battles for temperance and good citizenship. His name was William A. Braman, highly esteemed for forty years, throughout the county, and for twenty years previous to his death one of the recognized able men of the state. His grandparents, Otis Braman and wife, with a family of ten children, came from Genesee County, New York, in the year 1822, one hundred and six years ago, and settled in Avon, then a dense wilderness, where they remained ten years, when they removed to Carlisle Township on the road mentioned. Their son Anson Braman, father of the subject of this sketch, was then twenty-one. On this road, Mr. Braman's grandfather purchased of Heman Ely, the founder of Elyria, for three dollars an acre, one hundred and sixty acres of land, covered with an unbroken forest. A log hut, such as the first pioneers erected, was soon up to house the large family. Two years later another family moved into the township, not far distant, by the name of Vincent, whose daughter was the mother of Mr. Braman, and whose son became one of the able attorneys in Lorain County, and his son was for many years one of the professors in Johns Hopkins University. When the grandfather of William A. Braman became a citizen of Carlisle, there were Indians roaming in the forests, who ever and anon called at the Braman hut for something to eat. The pioneer mistress of the house said they were a hungry lot. Out of her great heart, she never turned them away empty handed. The first year in the Carlisle Woods she saw but one white woman. The log house had two windows, with oiled paper in place of glass. In one end was a great gaping fireplace, large enough to take in a log six feet in length. The

Hon. William A. Braman

Author, Editor, and Legislator. Born in 1836 in Carlisle.
Was engaged in more enterprises than any man in the city.
His untimely decease was a calamity to the county

floor was made of logs hewn on three sides, laid side by side on Mother Earth, then called a "puncheon floor." Long shaved shingles covered the roof, from which the rain ran into a great rain trough at the back, scooped out of a log, with a capacity of many barrels. A gourd dipper was used for drinking, and as one of the articles for carrying on the domestic affairs of the household. A yoke of oxen was the team, not only to clear the land, and cultivate the soil, but in making trips to town and the church, in short for some years the faithful animals were the only means of transportation at the Braman home, hitched either to a great two-wheeled lumbering cart, or to a cumbersome wagon. In the winter, when snow permitted, a home-made sled was used to get about. Before the stumps in the pioneer roads had rotted out, ruts awaited the traveler, twelve months in the year, as he made his tortuous way among them. To plow, scrape and improve the highways while the roots remained, was out of the question. For some time after Mr. Ely founded Elyria, in 1817, there were no roads, save paths, between Elyria and Grafton. He purchased a two-horse wagon from a gentleman in that township who, because of the lack of a highway, made a raft on which he placed the vehicle and when the water was high enough to warrant navigation, he brought it down Black River to the Founder. Let this generation contemplate the lives of those to whom we owe all, as we now move with lightning speed in palaces of our own, every mile a joy ride, over the paved highways, cut by our forefathers by the use of the ax and main strength, over which they wended their way, in awkward carts drawn by oxen that are today a curiosity. It took weeks to hear from the home folks in the East, when postage was fourteen cents, and it required careful saving perchance for weeks to mail a letter. Hon. William A. Braman was a pioneer boy, who saw and endured the privations of the first settlers. His schooling, until he was grown to manhood, was in a log building, put up by the settlers in Carlisle, contributing their labor. Fortunately Mr. Ely generously furnished a stove for the structure. The building was about twenty-two feet square. The floor of unplaned boards. The seats of slabs sawed from logs in a log water-power mill, with legs driven into holes made by an auger. The front benches were made low, to accommodate the young children, and the taller ones, for the larger scholars, who sat next to the sides of the room. The seats had no backs. The teacher was furnished an old-fashioned, splint-bottomed chair. In the same township there is today a great brick structure, just completed, called a "Centralized School," equipped with every modern convenience conducive to the comfort of the young that can be found in any city school. The temperature of the rooms, the circulation of fresh air, and regulation of the light from the windows by day, and from electricty by night, are carefully looked after by an attendant. Easy seats, and every facility in books and charts to enlighten the mind, are not regarded too good or expensive for the children. Here is found the gymnasium with all paraphernalia deemed necessary to satisfy the minds. Surely, if great costly buildings and expensive equipment, spare time and machines in getting about, with books galore, are calculated to develop the mind to a higher degree than the primitive barren outfit and surroundings of the pioneer's children, then we should be producing strong men and women. There was a great drought in 1840, when no rain fell in this part of the country from April till October. Because of it cows sold that fall from three to five dollars per head. Mr. Braman's father rode three days during the drought, endeavoring to raise the sum of thirty-five dollars, but failed, though he owned a farm in Carlisle of one hundred acres, free of debt, and had good credit. The ready money had gone out of the surrounding country for provisions from afar. As a young man he was very ambitious to acquire an education, but reverses came to his father by selling his farm and investing the proceeds in the nursery business, just south of Elyria. A few days before he was twenty-one, he left home with only the clothing on his back save a couple of shirts, and a pair of overalls tucked in an old satchel and a dollar and seventy-five cents in his pocket. He turned his footsteps toward his uncle in Carlisle, a farmer, for whom he went to work in the hay field, at a dollar a day and his board. From this good uncle he learned a philosophy by which his life was ever after guided. "Whatever you do, do well." The following winter he attended the district school, and worked for his board. In the spring he returned home, and did likewise, and attended the Elyria High School. In October he secured a certificate to teach, and taught in the Kellner district in LaGrange, for twenty dollars per month for three months and "boarded round." He taught the following winter in the same district. He was now twenty-four. From this date, till his marriage to a Miss Sophia Patterson of Carlisle, in 1865, when twenty-nine, he had been largely engaged in buying and selling sheep and cattle, running farms, and making cheese and butter, in all of which he prospered. The noted butter and cheese firm of Horr Warner & Co., of Wellington, had just begun to assume large proportions. His successes attracted the firm's attention, resulting in an invitation to become one of the number. Responsibilities now multiplied rapidly. From this date till his earthly career closed, no man in the county had ever been engaged in more and divers enterprises of large business concerns, or chosen by the people to lead the way in reform movements, than the Carlisle boy, born in a hut. The Horr Warner & Co. became the strongest of its character in Ohio, and at one time Wellington was the greatest cheese and butter emporium in America. In that period it owned nine cheese factories, and bought and sold the product of fifteen others. In 1874 he organized the "Braman Land Co." that purchased thirty-two thousand dollars worth of land to allot, one-half of which was sold the first year at thirty-one thousand dollars. He had already been county commissioner. In the year 1876 he was nominated without opposition and elected county treasurer, a position he held two terms. In the year 1873 he, with the following named outstanding business men of the county, organized the Savings Deposit Bank Co., of which his son C. M. Braman is now president, to wit: T. L. Nelson, J. C. Hill, Judge W. W. Boynton, Judge J. C. Hale, Lorenzo Clark, John Hart, Jerome Manville, C. W. Horr, S. K. Laundon, and himself. Mr. Nelson was chosen president, J. C. Hill cashier, and the remaining organizers named were elected on the board of directors. The bank prospered from the beginning, such was the confidence reposed in the personnel of these men. At one of the board meetings, the question was asked, how many used the weed or intoxicants. The roll was called and each responded that he did not. There were thirteen of these men, every one a pioneer boy, enured in youth to the hardships incident to the struggles of their forefathers, in the several states in which they were born, who had so demeaned themselves, by living within their means, adhering to right habits, reading good books, thinking right thoughts, and bringing indefatigable industry to bear, that their very names spelt success in the minds of the people. I knew them all. They have gone the way of all flesh, but while we no longer see them among us, the great influence wielded in giving credit to the bank they founded, and confidence in them, carried the institution through the sorest panic this country ever experienced, that commenced in 1874 following its organization. Let the young men of today read the foregoing, who are commencing life disposed to bad habits, and desire to live beyond their means, for as sure as we are here, just so sure will each and everyone of us reap just what he sows. The one who spake as man never spoke, nearly nineteen centuries ago, asked, "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Mr. Braman was one of the directors of the Lorain County Agricultural Society, for years taking a deep interest in its success. In 1881 his firm of "Horr Warner & Co." purchased an interest in what was then known as the Russell H. Penfield Estate at Lorain. While Mr. Penfield resided in Elyria in a brick house standing on the ground now occupied by the Young Men's Christian Association, his main business was in operating his large farm of five hundred and thirty acres located in Black River Township. Now entirely covered by residences and city blocks, all within the corporate limits. At the time the "Horr Warner & Co." firm assumed control, there was no steel plant, no Thew Shovel Works, or factories of any description, all the hundreds of acres now covered by the plants south of the Nickel Plate were underbrush or in meadow and pasture. "Brass works" were being erected on the east side of Broadway, across from the present hospital and a little north. The erection of this building came about in this way, a gentleman by the name of Joel Haydon, from the East, had been brought to Lorain by an Elyria citizen by the name of Gilbert Hogan, with the view of having him, with his associates, make a contract with Mr. Penfield, by which Mr. Penfield would erect the factory building, and deed to Haydon and his associates a certain number of acres of the large farm, abutting the proposed brass works, on condition that they would erect and run for a period of years a brass foundry. The contract was entered into. It provided, among other things, that the structure was to be built according to plans and specifications to be furnished by Haydon and his associates. The brass works were expected to greatly enhance the value of the remaining five hundred and thirty acres that would still be owned by Penfield. Mr. Penfield borrowed fifty thousand dollars by mortgage on his land, and with it proceeded to erect the building according to plans he had never seen, when they turned out to be far more elaborate than he anticipated, so that his money gave out when the bare walls were up and he could borrow no more. In his extremity he asked "Horr Warner & Co." to come to his rescue, which they did, and relieved him of the burden. Mr. Braman was appointed trustee of the land, with power to allot and sell, in behalf of "Horr Warner & Co." and Mr. Penfield. As such trustee, he went forward and completed the building at an additional expense to his company of twenty-five thousand dollars. The works commenced operations, manufacturing goods, and continued for many years until the Steel Plant came, when it ceased and was torn down. The burdens Mr. Braman carried for years in endeavoring to sell the lands and pay up the debts as trustee, were such as would have crushed any but a strong character. He never surrendered, but fought the battle through panics and depressions in business, till the city commenced to grow. While carrying this burden, in 1882, he organized the First National Bank of Lorain, and was elected its president. He was also for many years a very active member of the Board of Education of Elyria. In 1887 he was elected representative to the Ohio Legislature for two terms, where he gained a statewide reputation for integrity and valuable service. He was ever a staunch temperance advocate, and one of the organizers of the first Anti-Saloon League. When the temperance forces of the county felt that the leading paper at the county seat, was not standing right on local option legislation, he with a few others, purchased it and was made editor, then the circulation began to increase under his able management and editorials. Later he organized the bank that has since grown into the Elyria Savings and Trust Co., with its new monumental office and bank building, and was elected its first president. Not many years before his decease he toured Europe, and wrote one of the most interesting books of his travels, entitled "Glimpses of

Europe." He has been greatly missed for lo these many years. In build and personal appearance, he was one of the most striking figures among men. Six feet and four inches in height, with a refined bearing. Wherever he appeared, the stranger was at once interested to know who the distinguished individual might be. His noble wife, to whom he owed so much for his great success, still survives and is with us in possession of her faculties, beloved by a multitude of friends who know her worth. They had three children, two sons, and a daughter Louise, who recently passed away. She was one of the finest characters in the city. The eldest son has gone the way of the earth, leaving a widow and family. The other is Charles M. Braman, one of our strong and best citizens, gifted with his pen, ever active in every good movement, and as president of the Elyria Savings Bank has built it up to stand among the best in the state. He has a son, a graduate of Oberlin College, a credit to his ancestors. Mrs. C. M. Braman was a daughter of one of our former mayors, Thomas Folger. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Braman also have a daughter, the wife of Heman Ely who is the great, great, grandson of the founder of Elyria, and they have a daughter who is the great, great, great, grandchild of the Founder. It is a calamity to lose such a character as Hon. Wm. A. Braman, but like the giant oak, a blast finally came that laid him low. He passed away at his residence on the spot now occupied by the Presbyterian Church. His influence for good will never die.

CHAPTER XXIII

NEARLY all of the outstanding characters of the former generation who have run their race on the "Western Reserve," and been gathered to their fathers, were born in log huts. One of the number was Parks Foster, who, for undaunted zeal and determination in his undertakings, stood alone, in his day, among the native sons of Lorain County.

His accomplishments for forty years, made his name one with which to conjure in the industrial world. He was born of pioneer parents on the 4th day of September, 1832, ninety-six years ago, among the stumps of Amherst Township. His people were Vermonters, who landed there in 1817, the year Elyria was founded. His education was secured in a log school house, under the tutorage of teachers who were poorly fitted to impart knowledge.

At the age of twenty-three he married Mary L. Robertson of the township. Until he was thirty-six he was a tiller of the soil. As a boy, he was disposed to save his earnings, anticipating owning a large farm in later years. By the time he was fifteen he had, by dint of the closest economy, saved up the sum of thirty dollars, every penny of which cost him hard labor. No prouder lad, because of the fact, lived in the township. Knowing there was a bank in Elyria, the only one in the county, and fearing thieves might rob him of his savings, he walked barefooted through the dust to the county seat, with his treasure tucked away in his tow pants, thinking how pleased the banker would be to handle his money.

With commendable pride he entered the financial institution, his first visit to any bank, and told the cashier who seemed to be the only person about, that he wanted to deposit thirty dollars for safe keeping. The financier, to his sore disappointment, after looking him over, from his bare feet to the "bumblebee" hat on his head, and noticing he had but one suspender as a safe guard against being arrested for indecent exposure of person if a button gave away, said: "Bub, I don't know whether we want to fuss with so small amount as thirty dollars. You come in at one o'clock, after I have seen the president, and I will let you know."

His preconceived notions of bankers and banking took a tumble on receiving such an answer. The barefooted Amherst lad went to the street, chagrined, filled with righteous indignation, wondering whether it was because of his dress and bare feet, and a country boy that he refused him. He knew that banks then paid no interest on deposits. His first impulse was to head toward Amherst, but on regaining his composure, he resolved to remain and try again.

Promptly on time he made his way to the bank, to him a thing of mystery, where he had supposed they were glad to take all money offered. The stern eyes of the cashier once more surveyed the long, lean, tow-headed, red-faced lad, and said, "we have concluded, Bub, your amount is too small for us to bother with." The blood of outraged boyhood crept to his face, as he turned and hurried out of the institution, facing toward home.

It seemed to him that every person he met knew how he had been treated. Before he reached the half-way house, he stopped in the highway and cried out, when no one was in sight, "You won't take my money—well, sir, one of these days I shall go to Elyria and buy out your old bank or start one of my own, that will take any boy's money."

That he made good his resolution. After his Elyria disappointment, during the years he was conducting a farm, till the age of thirty-six, he was building castles in the air. For several winters in that period, he ventured purchasing tracts of timber and converting them into lumber employing men, feeling his way into the industrial world. At thirty-six, he ventured to open a stone quarry in the township. He pushed his undertakings with such skill, as to make it profitable from the start. He sold out at the end of two years at a handsome profit, and moved to Chattanooga, Tennessee, on account of the health of Mrs. Foster. The Civil War had been over five years, and the little city on the Tennessee River, around which some of the bloodiest battles had been fought, gave promise of rapid growth. Catching the spirit of the boom he ventured all for seven years, while a citizen of the city. In that period he helped organize and build the first street railway system, and was elected its president, and mainly directed the same.

He was elected one of the directors of the First National Bank, and helped organize and was assistant superintendent of the "Roane Iron Company Mills," then the largest rolling mill in the south. He was one of the organizers of the "Wasso Car Works" in the city, and assisted in the erection of a large flour mill. He planted the largest peach orchard in that part of the state. It was located on "Missionary Ridge" the battle ground. He purchased a tract of real estate in the city which he developed, and sold later at a large profit. One of the last things he accomplished while there, was to take, with a partner, a United States contract to do excavating of rock and shale at the now noted "Muscle Shoals," in opening up a canal around them in the Tennessee River for boats. They employed a large number of men for a year. The work was satisfactory to the government, and out of it they made a handsome profit. The location of Muscle Shoals is a long distance from Chattanooga, then in a wild, uninhabited country, with no means of reaching the same from the city or otherwise, save by navigating the river.

The stream flows through the city to Muscle Shoals. To work out the contract it was necessary for Foster and his partner to build an immense raft of logs and planks, with ample room to carry a gang of men and provisions for the year, and float down the winding stream. This took many days. The waters made their way among rocks. It required skill and a guide trained for the work. They secured at the city, a pilot. Finally all was ready, barrels of pork, beans and flour, and a complete culinary outfit were loaded onto the craft, including wheelbarrows galore, picks, shovels, tents, bedding, in short everything necessary to remain, live. and carry on the work, for at least a year. All the help for manual labor and cooking and housekeeping were colored people. The final word was given by the pilot at the Chattanooga wharf, "All ready, and all aboard; untie the hawsers and let her go."

The current soon had the great raft under way. To steer the same a long small tree about fifty feet in length was used as a rudder, manned by about ten men, who, with a like number, worked in relays. The pilot took his position at the front, where he could determine which way those at the helm should move the great rudder. As he motioned with his hand, to the right or left, they responded. After several days of navigation, in all of which time no dangerous rapids had been encountered, the pilot ordered the craft tied up to the bank for the night, as usual when too dark to see clearly. At this point they had reached what were known as the most dangerous rapids to sail over. The pilot had been down the stream many times and knew the dangers of the situation. They were now far from any inhabitants, in the wild of hills and woods.

Foster had never before seen the country. To stretch themselves, and have a change, all went ashore for the night. When morning came the pilot was no where to be found. He had lost his nerve and fled. He was called time and again, but nothing responded save the mocking echo among the hills of their voices. To retrace their steps and go up stream was of course impossible. To go forward without a pilot seemed like sure destruction, not only of the cargo, but perhaps life as well. The noon hour came, but no pilot appeared. They ate their frugal meal on board, in silence, with serious countenances.

Two o'clock came, but the missing man did not appear. Since morning Parks Foster, the master mind of the group, after he found the pilot was missing, had been doing a lot of thinking, preparing for the worst. He reasoned, if all went to the bottom; and perhaps watery graves for all, thousands would go with them. During the days they had been on the way he had spent much time with his pilot, watching the stream, and listening to his remarks as he recounted the incidents of the many trips he had made in piloting rafts down the river. Now and then he would remark, "I never had such a large raft as this. If we can make the bad rapids, we shall be all right. I think we can." The time had come for action. The Amherst boy had now reached a situation in which the entire responsibility was wholly his. Stretching himself to his full height of six feet and two inches, he cried out in his penetrating Yankee voice, "Every one to his post. Let every man go to the rudder whose turn has come. Unloose the hawsers!" Several asked, "Where is the pilot?"

"Pilot," cried Foster, "I am the pilot, do what I have commanded you," as he took his place at the front. Not far ahead the rapids were plainly visible, as the rushing water struck the ugly projecting rocks on either bank, only to be broken, filling the air with spray. For a moment many were disposed to mutiny, as the orders were given but Parks Foster was born to command. With flashing eyes he said, "Do what I tell you, and do it quick. When I move my hand to the right, or left, you fellows on the pole, never forsake your post, we are going to shoot the rapids, and dig the ditch." The great floating habitation swung out into the stream, and soon was caught in the swift current of the rushing waters and hurled into the seething cauldron, apparently headed for the rocks.

Several times it looked as though destruction awaited them, as the great raft seemed like a living monster to defy pilot and men at the helm, as now and then it came within a few feet of dashing itself against the jutting rocks, first on one side, and then on the other. The pilot never lost his nerve or composure. He inspired such confidence in those under his command, that not a man wavered in his duty, and soon they found themselves in placid waters, with all on board. That night when they tied up for rest, each one in turn told his sensations as they were caught in the relentless stream. To the new pilot all honor was ascribed. He replied: "There is honor enough for all."

Only Parks Foster, the dauntless soul, a stranger to fear, who did not believe in red tape or to follow beaten paths, would have chanced such an undertaking. About this time, the panic that began in 1873, had struck the boom city, resulting in great and sore depression in real estate in that locality where he had largely invested his means. Believing that the wise thing to do, for the time being, was to come North to live, and let time bring back better values to his holdings, he moved his family to Elyria, and rented one of the old land-mark dwellings then standing, immediately east of the Baptist Church. He had erected a fine house in Chattanooga in which the family resided for some time before turning their faces toward Elyria.

In LaGrange Township was a stone quarry, opened up and run by the Kellners, that was for sale. He had not been in Elyria long till he purchased an interest in connection with the Clough Brothers, stone quarry men. Winter and summer, he was on the job. Every morning, storm or sunshine, he could be seen by the few early risers residing on Middle Avenue, in his open buggy, with his dinner pail in behind, urging his faithful "Old Dobin" toward LaGrange. In the rough days of winter he wore a long comforter wound many times about his neck. When he took an interest in the business there was no railroad track connecting the quarry with the "Lake Shore" R. R. at Oberlin, four miles distant. He insisted that this must be done to succeed, and it was soon built. At this quarry he was the whole force, president, board of directors, secretary and treasurer, as well as superintendent. He spent his time down in the great hole with his men, giving directions, from morning till night, and when necessary lending a hand. The Cleveland Stone Company had been formed several years, and owned so many quarries its officials seemed to think they had a monopoly not only on the business but the prices as well. By getting rid of overhead expense as he did, he and his partners were able to under-sell the great corporation at a good profit. When he began operations with the Cloughs he was told by those interested in the company, that he would meet his waterloo, but they had not figured on the ways of the Western Reserve Yankee, who learned early that success depends largely on practicing rigid economy, and never quitting.

After a seven years' battle, the Stone Company, finding that the prices of the new company were making them any amount of trouble, concluded the only way out was to buy this quarry which it did, bringing them a profit of many thousands. He then took the lead in the conduct of other quarries of his company in another locality, and his management proved a source of great benefit to all concerned. Out of the multiplied dollars that came to their coffers, they built for themselves the Clough and Foster mansions on Grace Court, still standing, one of stone, and the other brick, both of which remained the homes of the Cloughs and Fosters while the men lived.

Several years later in a joking way, one day he said to Mrs. Foster, of whom he was ever justly proud, noticing she was getting somewhat portly, "Mother, how much do you weigh?" She replied, "Now, Parks, that is really none of your business." "Well, well, is that the way you feel about it." He said no more, and began to study some means by which to find out, without creating too much family friction. Within a day or two, the solution came to his mind. He recalled there was a set of hay scales up town on the street. He visited the owner and let him into the secret. He said to the proprietor, "Mother won't tell me how much she weighs. Now I want you to help me find out. I will invite her to go with me to Amherst to see my mother. We will drive there in a one-seated buggy today. You be at the scales at one-thirty, and have them balanced. I will drive onto them on the way to Amherst. I will say when I get near the scales, 'How much is hay worth now,' and I will turn off the street onto the scales, while talking to you, and will stop just long enough so you will know how much mother, the buggy, and myself weigh, then after I come back and let Mother out at home, I will drive onto them again, without her and the subtraction will give her weight."

It worked, a complete success. On his return home he handed her the figures, with the remark: "There is your exact weight, Mother, if you had told me, it would not have been necessary to use hay scales to find out."

CHAPTER XXIV

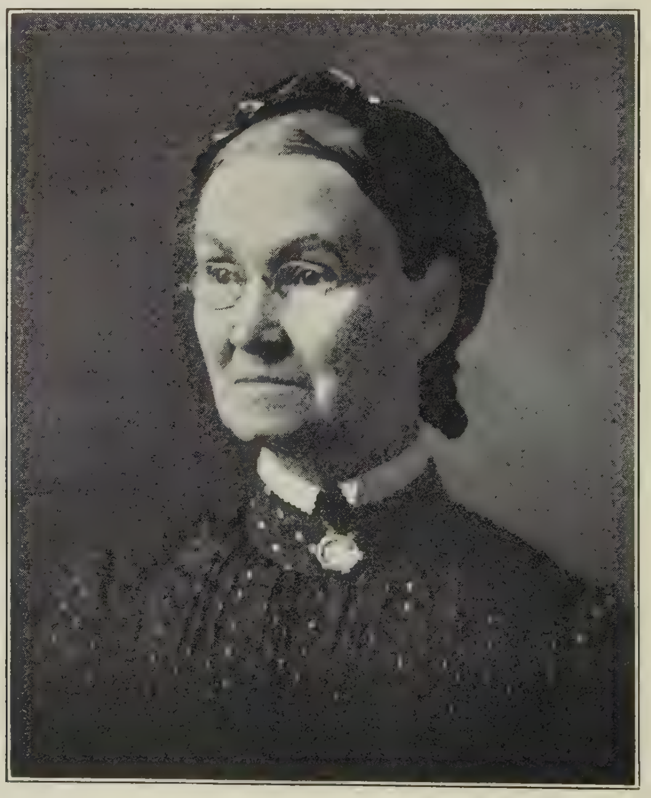
IT WILL be recalled, that in a previous chapter an account was given of the resolution Parks Foster made when a lad, on his way back to Amherst his home, after the Elyria Bank had refused to accept for safe keeping his thirty dollars he had saved, because it was too small an amount as the cashier said, to "bother with," telling how he stopped on the highway and cried out to himself, "I will go to Elyria some day, and buy out your old bank, or start one of my own, that will take a boy's money." The time had now come to fulfill that resolve. In the year 1895 he got a group of men together and organized the Lorain County Banking Company, which later absorbed the National Bank, the very institution that refused to take his thirty dollars when a barefooted boy. He was elected its president. After successfully conducting the stone business for some years, he sold out to his partners, the Clough Brothers, and took a trip to Europe with a friend. Nearly all the old kingdoms were visited, and among them England. While going about the City of London, with his companion, they came across the statue of General Wellington who defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. The guide went on to recount the deeds of valor of the great soldier, winding up with the bold claim that "he was the greatest soldier the world ever produced." This was more than Parks, the true American, could stand. He thereupon said to the devoted Englishman, "You are wrong, sir, General Grant in my country, could have whipped him in ten minutes." On his return to America, he invested extensively in two of the great lakes transportation companies, that shipped coal to the western ports and brought back wheat and ore. One was the "Escanaba & Lake Michigan Transportation Co." and the other, the "Owen Line."

One of the vessels, a handsome craft, was named after him, "The Parks Foster." In 1888 he was appointed one of the trustees of the State Insane Asylum at Toledo by Governor Foraker, and later by Governor McKinley. He became interested in a cattle ranch in Colorado, and also in Ohio coal mines. For a time, he was one of the stockholders and directors of the Elyria Savings Deposit Bank. He purchased two large farms adjoining Toledo and had investments in city real estate there, out of which he made large profits. He also was interested in timber lands in various places. In 1891 he took a fifty thousand dollar contract to lay pipes in the City of Toledo. While in the conduct of this work, was taken very sick and brought home to suffer on a sick bed for five months. His physician advised an operation. A noted surgeon was called from Cleveland, who agreed with the local doctor, that his diagnosis was right. An anesthetic was administered and incision made, revealing a condition that was regarded by the physicians as hopeless. The opening was closed. When he came out from under the effects of the opiate, Mrs. Foster was at his side. He said, "Mother, how did they find things?" She said, "Oh, Parks, they say you can't live." "I can't live," he responded, "they are mistaken, I will show them. Mother, you leave the room and tell the nurse to come in." She left weeping and called her. As she entered he said, "Anna, Mother says the doctors say, I can't live. I know they are wrong, will you stay by me? If you will, we will show them they do not know what they are talking about." She assured him she would. The battle lasted for weeks, but he won, and lived to accomplish before the summons came, things others said were impossible. The day arrived when he told the man who looked after his place and horses, to drive him up town. He was then but a shadow of his former self. As he met his friends while riding down Broad Street, he would greet them with the salutation, "I beat the doctors this time. Knew I should, my work is not done." So soon as he felt his health would permit he made a trip to Toledo to look after his real estate interests. He put up at the Boody House. While there two young men called on him, with whom he was somewhat acquainted, and asked him to read over a short contract they had with the Toledo Street Car Co., by which, if they built a suburban line from Perrysburg on the Maumee River to the city lines within a stated time they could run their cars over the city tracks by giving the company a certain percentage of the fares. They told him the big thing was the right to pass over the city tracks on the agreed division. Said they had been trying for weeks to get some Toledo men to furnish the money to build the line but failed. They had but ninety days to spare to hold the city company. He told the fellows he was not physically able to undertake any new enterprises, and tried to put them off, but they succeeded in getting him to read it over. The more he studied it and the future prospects, the more he became interested. The outcome was, he sent for railroad graders and track layers, to see whether a track could be laid and bridges built within the time limit. All said it could not be done. He replied, "I know it can, and if you fellows are willing to make contracts agreeing that you will get nothing for your work or material, unless you have your parts done on time so the cars can be running, then we will go ahead." He offered such a money inducement that they agreed. Not a rod of the right of way had been secured through the country at the time. Parks started out on that mission when there was but one suburban road in Ohio, the one from Berea to Cleveland. Times were hard and the farmers along the way needed money. He went into their homes and talked with the women folks and held the babies when necessary, inducing the people to give the right of way. He secured it all without a law suit, and set the farmers teams at work grading. He purchased the rails in Chicago. Had them all loaded on cars for shipment, when Eugene Debs, as head of the railroad unions, called a strike all over the country. When he was asked on reading the startling news in a morning paper what he was going to do, he replied, without a moment's hesitation, "I am going to see Debs," and to Debs he went. Securing an interview, told the facts and the great loss awaiting him if he did not premit the cars to go to Toledo. Debs bluntly refused, but he soon found that he had met a man who had a way of putting a proposition he could not in justice, wholly ignore. The interview resulted in Debs allowing the cars to be run to the lake docks where they were unloaded and the rails placed on scows to be drawn by a tug to Toledo and thence up the Maumee River for distribution, as the track followed the river from Perrysburg to the city. The trip was successful, as no storms were encountered, and the scows were moored in the evening of their arrival, fastened together at a point on the river where the road began, expecting the next morning to have them unloaded and hauled to their places. When morning came, no scows were to be seen. They had all gone with the rails to the bottom of the river. "Now, what will you do, Mr. Foster," asked the pessimistic workmen.

"Do," said Parks, "only one thing to do, send for farmers and a couple of divers, bring plenty of strong rope. Do not let the grass grow under your feet in getting what I have asked." Parks was in command. He ordered the divers to go to the bottom and fasten the ropes on the ends of the rails, taking two at a time. Two two-horse teams were hitched to each load, and then the sunken rails began to appear on the bank. Other teams were ready to distribute them. The track was laid, the first car ran with two days to spare, under the contract. The venture proved a profitable one. He next turned his attention to building an electric line over the very road he traveled when, as a barefooted Amherst boy, he walked to Elyria to deposit his thirty dollars. It was the Green Line that ran to Amherst from Elyria, and to Lorain. He was the prime mover and promoter. About this time there was located on Second Street, in a rambling old building constructed in its day by the Presbyterians for their church, an "Old Ladies' Home," founded and conducted by one of the noblest among women,

First Presbyterian Church Building
Years later Mrs. Lilly founded the Old Ladies' Home in it, out of which grew the present "Home for the Aged"

Mrs. Lilly. She was a widow. She and her deceased husband had been farmers in Dover. They had sold their possessions and moved to Elyria some years previous. He had passed away shortly before. She was residing in a few upper rooms, when she sent for the writer and told him what was in her heart. Said she had been thinking of starting an "Old Ladies' Home" in this building, that it was then empty and for rent, and she wanted to know what I thought of her project. I assured her I knew nothing about such institutions, but suggested it would be a large undertaking for one of her years, and asked her how it was to be supported. She said, "some of the old ladies



Mrs. Lilly

Founder of the "Old Ladies' Home," out of which grew the "Home for the Aged." She was a noble lady will have means of their own, but some little or nothing. I purpose to start it out of my own and support it so far as the inmates cannot help, and try and demonstrate the necessity of such an institution. If I can prove to the public of Elyria its worth, I shall expect they will put up a new building, and the people over the country will support it. I will then put in what I have, and become an inmate myself." She was as good as her word. It was opened, and she ran it without assistance in money. Parks Foster, on his way home one day, passing along the sidewalk on the north side of East Second Street, across the way from Mrs. Lilly's Old Ladies' Home, noticed she was sweeping the sidewalk in front of her institution. Until this time he had only a speaking acquaintance with her. He saluted her with the words, "Hello there, Mrs. Lilly, don't you want some money to help run your Home?" "No," she replied, "not now." "Well that is strange, everybody else is glad to take all he can get." Her answer was so unexpected that he crossed over to see what manner of woman he had discovered. "What do you mean by not wanting any help," he asked her. She replied, "If you, and enough people who have means, think I have demonstrated the necessity for such a place for old ladies, who are homeless, then I do need your money and theirs, to put up a suitable building for the purpose. In that event I will give what I have left and enter the same as an inmate after I have done my work." He was so impressed with her proposition, and what she had already done, that he said, "Mrs. Lilly, you come down to my house tonight and see Mother and we will talk it all over." She was there at the appointed hour. The conference ended in the Fosters telling her they would head a subscription for a new building in the sum of five thousand dollars. Other subscriptions of other people followed in much less amounts, ending in the erection of the large and suitable structure at the corner of Second Street and West Avenue, now occupied by physicians as a clinic. Until Mr. and Mrs. Foster passed away they helped support the Home, and ever took a deep interest in the same. She was a member of the board until her death. One morning Parks was sitting on the steps of his bank reading a Cleveland paper, waiting the time for opening the doors, when he read that corn was selling in Kansas for twelve cents per bushel in the ear, with few buyers.

This was in the administration of President Grover Cleveland's second term. He told the bank force as they arrived that there was a chance to make some money, that he was going to Kansas on the first train, to buy corn, and a lot of it, as it would come up in a few days. He borrowed all the money he dared from his own bank and face the examiner when he showed up, and was soon on the Lake Shore Express, headed for the Sun Flower State. He purchased many thousand bushels, had the corn drawn to the stations and piled up out doors for shipment, and hired guards to oversee it by night and day, and came home. Within a few weeks the price went up to a point that gave him a handsome profit. He lived the alloted time of man, when he was gathered to his fathers and his pulseless form was laid by the side of his wife, whose life had been spent in hard work and noble deeds in the church and out, as she went about like Parks, doing good. She was expecially interested in the temperance cause and woman's right of franchise. The things for which they both stood for the common good have come to pass. So long as a being is alive who knew Parks Foster, so long will his memory be kept green. He seemed to have a grasp of things that few people possessed, and the courage to undertake enterprises without any guide as to their outcome, save his ability to see the end from the beginning. His integrity was never questioned and his courage never failed.

They had three fine cultured daughters and one son. Two of the daughters have passed away. One, now deceased, was the wife of our well-known and highly respected citizen, William Masterton on Washington Avenue, connected with the Lorain Steel Plant. The youngest resides in the South, and the son is a business man in the East.

CHAPTER XXV

THE previous chapter ended with a brief account of the way in which the Old Ladies' Home, now merged into the "Home for the Aged," came about (which some years ago was taken over by the Methodist), starting with the founding of the same by Mrs. Lilly. The one on Second Street was opened by the founder and run by her for some years, when the inmates were removed to the new building on the corner of West Avenue and Second Street. Here the Home remained, housing all the inmates till the Wick House on West Avenue was purchased some years later, after which the policy of the Home was changed so as to take in old men, as well.

Not long thereafter, the Ely Mansion was purchased from Mr. and Mrs. Troxel, the finest and most costly residence in the county. The same has been remodeled to suit the work of the institution. This was named after Mr. and Mrs. Taft of Lorain, an aged and goodly couple, because of their large gifts of many thousands.

It has had such demands for homes for the old that the present monumental structure is going up. Rev. G. A. Reeder and his noble wife are at the head of the same, it has been under their management that the new buildings have been secured. He graduated from Baldwin University. Was its president at the time it was merged with Wallace College. He has held pastorates in Cleveland churches and elsewhere, and for several years in the Elyria First Methodist Church, and was presiding elder at one time. His great experience and large circle of friends in Ohio have made him a fit person to turn the hearts of people over the country toward the Home, in supporting it by liberal gifts of not only money, but provisions. He has a board of directors made up of some of the most faithful men and women in Elyria.

In previous Chapter Twelve, a brief account was given of a pioneer successful landlord, who hailed from New Hampshire in 1828, one hundred years ago, when he, as stated, purchased the "Eagle Tavern" as it was called, located on the corner now occupied by the Robinson & Hancock Clothing Store, in the conduct of which he prospered so well, that at the expiration of two years, he moved it away and erected a fine brick building, Colonial type called the "Mansion House." His name was Reuben Nichols.

It was the finest hotel west of Buffalo. His long tenure of life in Elyria and Lorain County, and honorable career, and prominence of his family in the affairs of life, will be interesting. He was born in that mountainous, granite-hilled state in 1718, one hundred and ten years ago. On his arrival with his family in 1828, he purchased a farm in Eaton, on Butternut Ridge, of two hundred acres, when that territory was nearly solid woods. At the expiration of two years, he concluded to turn landlord, when he bought the hotel named above.

Many attempts have been made, by both tongue and pen, to define what is meant by the word "personality," but it is still like electricity, one of the unsolved mysteries. Webster, in his great unabridged dictionary, wise as he was, has fallen down in endeavoring to define its meaning, as the only definition he gives of the word is, "Personality, the state of being a person." How does this throw any light on the subject? Well, whatever it may mean, one thing is certain, any being having it, mysterious as it is, possesses what money or scholastic training will not bring.

Reuben Nichols was born with the gift to a marked degree. He had no sooner taken possession of the Eagle Hotel, that had in other hands struggled to live, than patronage poured in from all directions. Once a person had been a guest at the Mansion House, and shaken the hand of the new proprietor, who knew how to greet all comers, as though they were long-lost friends, such an individual became a booster for the landlord, and his wonderful accommodations. So successful was he that at the expiration of two years, to take care of the public asking for accommodations, he was compelled to move the building away, and in its stead erect the fine Colonial structure described. Its opening was an event over a large territory. Its appointments elegant, and service by liveried colored waiters. In short Cleveland then had nothing to equal it in attractiveness.

His prices were not questioned, and people seemed happy in spending their last dollar to enjoy its meals and accommodations, and be counted as a friend of the landlord. Within eight years from the time he appeared in the role of landlord, he had accumulated, what was then regarded, as a fair fortune. He and his good wife, having one son and three daughters in their teens, and being very solicitious that they should be educated, sold the Mansion House, which ere long burned to the ground, and moved to Oberlin to have the benefit of the college. The institution had then been opened six years. While he was conducting the hotel, he was engaged by the Rev. John J. Shipherd of Elyria, the founder of the college, who was preaching for the Presbyterians, to drive him and two other gentlemen from Elyria through the woods and swales into Russia Township on an inspection tour, to the spot now covered by the campus and business blocks, with the view of seeing whether it would be a suitable place to found a colony and college. The traveling was so bad, a two-horse wagon with four horses had to be used.

The institution was the first ever founded, that admitted the girls as well as the boys, and made no distinction because of color or race. One of the three daughters of Reuben Nichols

West Falls
Where the Great Cave is located, and present Stone Bridge

was named Mary. While her father was running the Mansion House, she in company with several girls were visiting the West Falls, when suddenly they heard someone orating. They soon discovered that it was a law student in the village by the name of William B. Lockwood. Unconscious of his invisible audience, he poured forth his impassioned eloquence in addressing the cataract, wholly unconscious of the presence of one, who later he was to convince by his persuasive powers and tender protestations of love and affection that he was the only one on earth who could make her supremely happy. She was a student in the college for three years. During that time, the later noted woman suffrage lecturer, Antonette Blackwell, was teacher in the institution, of which she was also a graduate.

Mary Nichols was one of her students, in whom the strong character took a deep interest. Such a lasting impression was made that she ever remained a strong advocate of woman's rights. While she did not live to see the nineteenth amendment written into the Constitution she prophesied, when in her eighty-sixth year, that it would surely come. At seventeen she became the wife of the young Lockwood mentioned, then an attorney at the Lorain County Bar.

He was a gifted man, a born leader and strong advocate. He was a Connecticut Yankee, born in 1822, one hundred and six years ago. At eighteen he came to live and work on a farm, for an uncle in Brownhelm Township, where he remained till his relative passed away. At twenty-one he entered the law office in Elyria of Bliss & Hamlin, then among the leading lawyers of northern Ohio. On admission to the bar he began practicing here, served as prosecuting attorney and later in Sandusky, from which place he moved to Omaha, Nebraska, in 1856, then a territory. The place was but a village on the farthest western frontier. He started the first newspaper ever published in the place, the "Omaha Nebraskan."

He was an ardent Republican. When Lincoln came to the Presidency in 1861, he appointed Lockwood one of the territorial judges. He served in this position till Nebraska was admitted into the Union. Andrew Johnson on coming into power appointed him to the Federal Bench of the new state, but the senate refused to confirm the appointment because Lockwood was his appointee and Johnson was on the outs with the Senate, and came near being impeached for his adherence to the South.

He then returned to Ohio and settled in Toledo, where he resumed practice till he was elected to the Common Pleas Bench, a position he filled for one term with great credit, and then retired and spent the remainder of his life cultivating a vineyard he owned at Put-in-Bay, where their home was ever one of hospitality. He was a cultured gentleman. He and his talented wife were given to books and the refining things of life. They were held in the highest esteem by a large circle of friends, till time with them was no more. They were deeply interested in all the questions of the day that made for the common weal.

He passed away at the age of seventy-nine, and she at eighty-five.

Another one of the three daughters of Reuben Nichols was born in New Hampshire, one hundred and three years ago; married a bright young business man of Elyria. His name was Birt B. Chapman. He was in 1845 filled with the spirit of the pioneer. They moved to Nebraska territory soon thereafter, where he was very active in securing the admission of the same into the Union. He was soon sent to Congress as a territorial representative. He subsequently returned to Elyria and spent the remainder of his life here, and at Put-in-Bay. He was ever held in high regard by his countrymen and relatives.

The third daughter became the wife of Hiram Brownell, one of the most energetic young business men of his time. By the strictest economy, preserverance in whatever he undertook, dealing justly with his fellowmen, he accumulated by middle life, a large property. He built a brick residence on Washington Avenue on the spot now occupied by A. B. Taylor's home. It was among the first dwellings to go up on the street. He was a man of strong convictions, with the courage to assert them. His untimely death at fifty-four was mourned by a circle of fast and true friends. His wife passed away some years later in Cleveland. They left one child, a son, the well-known horseman in his day, in northern Ohio, for many years.

If ever a human being loved the noble animal, and had a true friend, it was George Brownell. With a circle of listeners, gathered about him as auditors, he would discourse on the many noted trotters and blooded horses he had seen and owned, by the hour, not only to his own great joy, but to the entertainment of the listeners as well. No person could long hear his eulogies over the animal without going away feeling that, after all, the horse is the noblest of animal creation. He was known the country over as "George Brownell of Elyria, the horseman." Nobody ever heard him tell a hard-luck story, or say a harsh thing about any person. He was kindness itself. If he had any troubles, he kept them to himself. I verily believe if he had lived in this day and generation, he would still be seen going up and down the earth behind a fine horse, declaring, "the horseless carriages might be alright for the rest of the world, but as for myself, give me ribbons, and you may take the wheel."

He owned the noted stock horses, White Line and Star Hambletonian. His Florida Monarch was his most noted trotter.

His wife was a cultured lady, Ellen E. Sterns, who survived him many years, and ultimately became the wife of our fellow townsman, Isaac Faxon. Her death brought sorrow to a large circle of friends. She possessed talent of high order, both in conversation and with her pen. Her sister, one of the best beloved ladies in Elyria, is the mother of Miss Cad Williams of the Central Bookstore. George Brownell, our well-known and high-class citizen, born and brought up here, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Brownell. His wife is the cultured daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Dake of this city. George has marked talent as a musician. Surely blood will tell. What splendid citizens have come from those early pioneers that are now standing for the best in their day and generation. We now close with an account of the only son of Reuben Nichols, the well-known citizen in his time, George E. Nichols.

He was born in New Hampshire in 1819, one hundred and nine years ago. He came to Elyria with his parents when nine years of age. In 1843 he married Angelina Elliott, the daughter of the Baptist minister, serving the Elyria Church. He formed a mercantile partnership with Seymour Knowles to conduct a drygoods store in Elyria which continued some years.

In President Pierce's administration, he was made postmaster in Elyria. In 1855 he and his brothers-in-law, Lockwood and Chapman as mentioned, took the first printing press into Omaha, that printed the first paper. He held for some time a government position, with offices in the City of Washington, looking after the government lands in Nebraska, to which state he made many trips during his tenure of office.

Ultimately he returned to Elyria where he spent his remaining years engaged largely in handling real estate. He was a great reader of the best books and a student of the Scriptures. He was of a literary turn of mind and wrote many poems of much merit. At his funeral two of his compositions, set to music, were sung.

He passed away at the age of seventy-nine, a highly respected citizen. He and his noble wife left two cultured and charming daughters, one the widow of the late William Millspaugh, who followed mercantile pursuits. She now resides on West Avenue, in the homestead, holding the hearts of a host of friends as with hooks of steel, because of her sweet ways, tender regard for all humanity, and abilities, natural and acquired; in full possession of her faculties and powers of conversation that have ever made her welcome wherever she goes. The sister married Mr. Prentice, the son of one of the ablest attorneys at the Cleveland Bar in his day. He is a man of affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Millspaugh had a bright son, the solace of their declining years, whose untimely recent death left the widowed mother alone in the home. He was one of the most genial in disposition of all men who walked the streets. He was in the insurance business.

Another son is in business in Philadelphia. Reuben Nichols, the ancestor, after moving back to Elyria from Oberlin, spent the remaining thirty years of his life here. He reached his eighty-fourth mile-stone when he was gathered to his fathers, highly respected by his neighbors and beloved by his four children and grandchildren whose delight was to pay him homage.

CHAPTER XXVI

THERE was born in the Green Mountain State of Vermont, in the year 1814, one hundred and fourteen years ago, a son of one of the judges of her supreme court, C. H. Doolittle, who married one of the daughters of the State of New Hampshire who was born eight years later. This goodly couple came to Elyria in the year 1850. Here they spent their lives during the slavery agitation, that tried men's souls. He was an attorney by profession. He was elected probate judge, a position he held with great credit.

During his administration the noted "Oberlin-Wellington Rescue Case," involving the kidnaping of a Negro slave took place, in which he as judge, played such a conspicious part. The story is one of the most interesting in the annals of American history. It held the stage the Nation over, from the fall of 1858 until July of the next year. It all came about in this wise: The "Fugitive Slave Law" was passed by Congress in 1850, that made it a criminal offense for any person to harbor a runaway slave, or in any way assist him in escaping to Canada, and compelled him or her to join in the chase if called upon, to catch the fleeing fugitive. Any infraction of the law was punished by heavy fine and imprisonment in the federal jail. The constitutionality of this law was upheld by the Supreme Court in the noted "Dred Scott Decision." The Oberlin people, whether connected with the college or not, save a few, agreed they would never obey such an inhuman enactment, but on the contrary, would shelter every runaway slave and help him or her on to Canada. It is estimated that in the forty years preceding the war, as many as three thousand poor creatures on their way to liberty, found a haven for the time being in the homes of the classic city. One of the number was John Price, a black boy 18, who ran away from his master in Mason County, Kentucky. He had been residing in the village about two years, when his owner learned of his whereabouts, and thereupon sent three men after him. They learned there was a pro-slavery landlord in the village conducting a small hotel. To him they revealed their mission, when he told them of the attitude of the people toward men on such a mission and assured them it was useless to attempt kidnaping, but told them of a long headed farmer, who was of their faith on the "slavery question," residing several miles north, who might if they saw him, figure out some means of securing their prize.

To the white man they told their troubles and made a money inducement for him to set his wits at work. After cogitating over the matter a little time, he called his thirteen-year-old son to him, a precocious youth, and directed him to hitch up the horse and buggy and drive to Oberlin, see the runaway, and represent that his father wanted to hire him to dig potatoes. The unsuspecting African lad said he was too busy, but would take him to a colored man whom he could hire. The old schemer had told the three men to go with the son, and follow his directions, which were, that after the son had driven out of the village they could overpower Price and take him to Wellington where they could get the Big Four train for Cincinnati, when the balance would be easy. The plan worked. They overpowered the runaway, but on their journey to Wellington, met an Oberlin man, who, seeing the boy in the carriage suspected what was up, hurried to Oberlin and gave the alarm. If the whole village had been on fire, greater excitement could not have prevailed. Every horse was pressed into service. Those who could not get a ride went on foot for Wellington. On arriving they learned that he was hidden in the attic of the hotel, then standing on the spot now occupied by the Herrick Library, secreted by a pro-slavery landlord. There had been a fire that day in the village that called a crowd. The train from Cleveland came and went. Word was sent to Cleveland for the federal authorities to send troops, but no troops came. Guns were in evidence on both sides. The kidnapers were armed with revolvers. After hours of contention, just as the sun was setting, Oberlin students among them, succeeded in forcing the door of the attic, and at the point of their guns, rescued the slave from his captors, hurried him down into the street where a carriage was in waiting and drove him post haste to Oberlin, where he was for several days and nights secreted in the residence of Professor Fairchild, who later became president of the college, after which he was taken to Canada.

When the three kidnapers saw they had been thwarted in their purpose, instead of returning to Kentucky, made their way to Cleveland to lay the matter before the United States District Attorney, whose name was Belden, and Federal Judge Wilson, both appointees of James Buchanan, then President, all of whom were pro-slavery advocates. The judge called a special Federal Grand Jury to consider the transaction, and, if the facts warranted, to have all who had a hand in the rescue indicted for a violation of the "Fugitive Slave Law." He was very careful to call to the jury box only pro-slavery men, among them the very man north of Oberlin who sent his son to entice the slave out of Oberlin. In charging the grand jury, the learned judge made use of the following language: "There are some who oppose the 'Fugitive Slave Law' from a declared sense of conscientious duty. There is in fact a sentiment prevalent in the community, which arrogates to human conduct a standard of right above and independent of human laws, and it makes the conscience of each individual in society the test of his own accountability to the laws of the land. While those who cherish this dogma, claim and enjoy the protection of the law for their own life and property, they are unwilling that the law should be operated for the protection of the constitutional rights of others. It is a sentiment, semi-religious in its development, and it is almost invariably characterized by intolerance and bigotry. The leaders of those who acknowledge its obligations and advocate its sanctity, are like the subtile prelates of the dark ages. They are versed in all they consider useful and sanctified learning. Trained in certain schools in New England to manage words, they are equally successful in social circles to manage hearts, seldom superstitious themselves, yet skilled in practicing upon the superstition and credulity of others—false as it is natural a man should be, whose dogma imposes upon all, who are not saints according to his creed, the necessity of being hypocrites; selfish as it is natural a man should be, who claims for himself the benefits of the law and the right to violate it, thereby denying its protection to others. Gentlemen this sentiment should find no place or favor in the grand jury room. The 'Fugitive Slave Law' may, and unquestionably does contain provisions repugnant to the moral sense of many good and conscientious people; nevertheless, it is the law of the United States, and as such should be recognized and executed by our courts and juries until abrogated, or otherwise changed by the legislative department of the government." Moved by this charge, the jury indicted twenty-four Oberlin citizens and thirteen Wellington men. Students, merchants and professional men were among the number. Writs were issued to the United States Marshal and his deputies for their arrest, and all were apprehended and taken to Cleveland on December 1, 1858. They pleaded not guilty, refused to give bail, and demanded an immediate trial which the court refused and set the date at the instance of the district attorney for March 8. Then postponed the trials on motion of the district attorney till the 5th of the next month. Until that date, the prisoners were permitted to go on their own recognizances. The judge then called a special petit jury to try them. Every one summoned to serve was a pro-slavery man. With a pro-slavery judge, district attorney and jury, the work of conviction was easy. Word had come from President Buchanan, "Let no guilty man escape." At this date, two trials were had, Simeon Bushnell, a white citizen, and Charles H. Langston, a colored student, a very eloquent young man, were tried, convicted and sentenced. Bushnell to pay a fine of six hundred dollars and costs amounting to two thousand dollars and imprisonment for sixty days. The eloquence of Langston, so moved the court, that he was given but a hundred dollar fine and twenty days imprisonment and the costs. The remaining defendants regarded the rulings of the court so unjust they dismissed their counsel, and said they would no longer make defense but go to jail, if required. Thereupon they were committed. There they remained from April 15, 1859, till the 6th day of July, during the recess of court, when the trials were to commence again. The jail official was a kind man, and gave them the use of the prison yard. The prisoners being skilled in various occupations, set up business in the outdoor space, where each one who had a trade followed it.

When it was made known to the public that things were necessary for each one to keep busy, the appliances and material were furnished by friends over the country. Harness makers, shoemakers and printers got busy, as well as those who understood the tailors trade. There were two printers among them. They secured a hand press and ample type and published an anti-slavery paper, denouncing the "Fugitive Slave Law," calling on the people to overthrow the institution of slavery. The Sunday-school class of one of the Oberlin men made trips to Cleveland on Sunday mornings, to be taught by him in the jail yard, as the weather permitted. Friends by the hundreds who stood with them on the slavery question made them visits, many of them traveling long distances. During the vacation, a great "anti-slavery" mass meeting was called on the Public Square. Thousands of people were there to listen to the orators.

Salmon P. Chase was then governor of Ohio. He came up from Columbus to make a speech, and did, encouraging the throngs who came. The great anti-slavery orator of Ohio, Joshua R. Giddings, who had led the way in the lower house of Congress, contending against slavery, was among the speakers. He denounced the nefarious law, and all who stood by it from the President down, calling them "man stealers," with seared consciences, having no regard for humanity. From the time of the rescue in Wellington, till the final outcome of the trials, the newspapers all over the United States were aflame in great headlines about the transaction. Some denouncing the prisoners, and some commending them. The whole country seemed for the time given over to the trials and what led up to them. The rescuers and all who sympathized with them, and claimed they were justified in their act, were characterized as anarchists, while others defended them, on the ground that as against any law so inhuman, people were justified in the sight of God and man to disregard it. The United States Court was not to open again for the fall term, till September. Public opinion in Elyria and Lorain County had reached the point when good men and women were asking each other, if there was not something our authorities could do, to assist their fellow citizens in getting out of the hands of their persecutors. They went to the prosecuting attorney, W. W. Boynton, who later sat on our Supreme Bench, for his advice. He began an investigation of the state criminal laws, and discovered a statute making it a penitentiary offense for one person to take another by force, out of the state, without first bringing him before a common pleas judge to see whether he had a right so to do. This the kidnapers had not done, and did not expect to do. They should have taken him before the court in Elyria. On discovering this bit of legislation, the prosecutor and sheriff had a conference to which they invited Probate Judge Doolittle, named. After going over the situation some of the friends of anti-slavery belief were consulted, among them Roswell Horr, then clerk of the Common Pleas Court, a brother of the prominent Wellington Horrs. The outcome of the conference was, the prosecutor sent for Common Pleas Judge Carpenter of Akron, then the judge of Summit, Medina and Lorain Counties, an anti-slavery man. He came and had a conference with the prosecutor and the persons named, the result of which was that in as much as the federal judge had seen fit to call a special grand jury of pro-slavery men to indict their fellow citizens, and a special petit pro-slavery jury to try them, they were justified in following a like proceedure. Thereupon Judge Carpenter called a grand jury of friends to the slave. They were summoned by Sheriff Burr, an anti-slavery official whose home was in Columbia. The jury returned an indictment charging the three Kentucky kidnapers with the penitentiary offense. Writs for their arrest went out, and Burr brought them into court. They pleaded not guilty, and gave bail for their appearance when called for trial. During the recess of the Federal Court they had been spending some time at their respective homes. The arrests took place on their return to testify in the Cleveland court. Judge Carpenter then called a special petit anti-slavery jury to try them and set the day. It finally dawned on the attorneys for the kidnapers, that their clients were liable to go to the penitentiary, when they learned that every juror was an anti-slavery advocate. They then made known to the Kentuckyites their danger. In great alarm they sent for a noted lawyer in their own state. He came, and after canvassing the situation, agreed with the Cleveland counsel, and advised them there was but one possible hope left to escape a trip to the Columbus prison.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE previous chapter related to the nationally noted "Oberlin-Wellington Rescue Case" over a runaway slave, and the arrest and trials of Oberlin and Wellington people under the "Fugitive Slave Law." We will now give an account of the wind-up of the trials. As stated Judge Carpenter of the Common Pleas Bench, had set the day for trial in Elyria of the kidnapers. With the Ohio Penitentiary staring them in the face, their counsel began to figure how they might save them. To face an anti-slavery jury in Lorain County, they saw, meant conviction. Their Kentucky lawyer said the way out was for the men to go with their bondsmen before Probate Judge Doolittle in Elyria, that such a judge under the law, was the only one who could at that time, act in accepting prisoners under bail to relieve the bondsmen. That after they were surrendered and gone to jail, he would get out a writ of habeus corpus from the

United States Court in Cleveland, at the hands of the Federal Judge trying the Oberlin and Wellington people that would rob the Lorain County Common Pleas Court of any jurisdiction over them, and the judge would release them from any further prosecution in Lorain County. To carry out this plan, the kidnapers, with their attorneys, all drove to Elyria and went straight to the probate office in the old red-brick court house. The door was locked. They pounded but nothing answered, save the mocking echo of an empty room. It was still business hours, what was the trouble? Where was the judge, for without him, the kidnapers were powerless to get legally into jail, so as to give the United States Court jurisdiction. The company marched out of the empty building, as no one seemed to be around. They then ascertained that the residence of Judge Doolittle was not more than five minutes' walk away, it was in the brown-painted brick building, still standing on the north side of West Second Street, the second dwelling west of the Chronicle-Telegram office. With quick step, they headed toward the residence of the only being on earth, clothed with authority to save them from the Ohio Penitentiary for unless they could get into jail, by surrendering themselves to him, then legally the writ of habeas corpus from the United States Court where the judge was ready to liberate them from their Lorain County enemies, would be of no avail. The door bell at the Doolittle home, brought the judge to answer the call when the spokesman made known the object of the visit. The judge reminded them the day was a legal holiday, a fact they had overlooked. That being such he could not transact any business in his office. They then informed him they would be back the next morning with their bondsmen who wanted to surrender them up, when they would have to go to jail. "Very well," said the judge, as they departed. The old abolitionist then seated himself before his cheery grate and talked the strangers' visit over with his good wife, both wondering what was back of it all. She was as deeply interested in the Abolition cause as her husband, and one of the wise ladies of her day and generation, given to good deeds, a friend of humanity. The family conference ended in her suggesting to the judge that he had better tell the prosecutor and sheriff what had taken place as she believed their great eagerness to get into jail was contrary to human conduct, that there must be some motive that did not then appear, as nobody wants to get into jail, but on the contrary, those in, are mighty anxious to get out. Her reasoning so impressed her judicial consort, that he put on his plug hat and found the young Prosecutor Boynton, and Sheriff Burr, and Horr the clerk, and told them all that had happened.

What could the move mean was the question. The conclusion was finally reached, that it was a trick to give the United States Court jurisdiction through a writ of habeas corpus. The next question was how to head it off. They had a right to surrender themselves through the Probate Court, and in that

Mrs. C. H. Doolittle

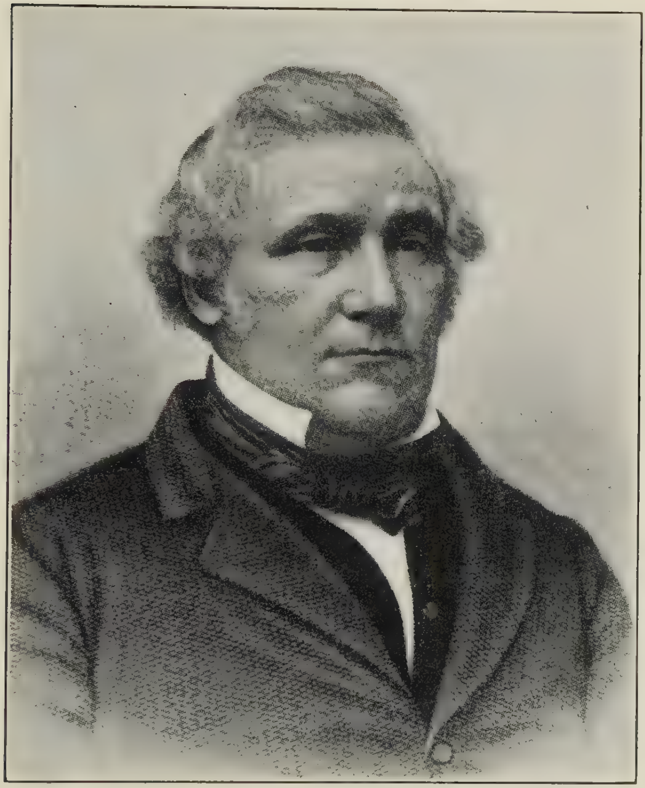
Reached ninety. Was for fifty years the leader in the temperance cause in Elyria event the sheriff was bound to receive them. Horr said, "Suppose there is no Probate Court, then what?" Others reasoned, "What is there to prevent the sheriff from receiving them without a Probate Judge?" There might be some danger but legally probably not. Just which one first suggested destroying the machinery of the court, is not known, but the conference ended in it being agreed that the judge and sheriff both needed vacations and to that end, they were to go at once, which they did. The judge started east to visit his brother, an attorney in Painesville, and the sheriff had important business in the west part of the county, that was to detain him for a couple of days. The next morning the kidnapers with their lawyers, and the bondsmen all showed up at the Probate Court, but found no judge. Why he had not come, the clerk did not know. Posthaste the disappointed men hurried to the residence. This time Mrs. Doolittle answered the bell. "Where is the judge? He is not at the office?" "He has not been feeling well lately and has gone on a visit among his friends somewhere east of Cleveland." "When will he be back?" "I cannot tell anything about it." With sad faces and whipped looks they returned to the probate office for further information, but came out no wiser for the inquiry. They then visited the sheriff's office, only to find he was not there, and the attendant could give no information as to the whereabouts or when he would return. They visited the jail, and tried to get behind the bars, but the wife said she had no papers to commit them. It now dawned on the persecutors of the Lorain County citizens, that they had been outgeneraled by the Lorain County "Abolitionists" and were sure to go to the penitentiary. With heavy steps and sad countenances, they returned to Cleveland, where a conference was held with the United States Judge Wilson and District Attorney Belden, when they assured them they could not think of such a thing as going to the penitentiary, and to save themselves, were perfectly willing to have the authorities let all the Oberlin and Wellington prisoners go, including the two convicted ones, if necessary, to secure their own freedom. Within a day or two the kidnapers' attorneys came to Elyria, and made the proposition that all indictments on both sides be nolled, which was finally accepted, and thus ended the most noted case of its character ever staged in American history involving the violation of the nefarious and notorious "Fugitive Slave Law." When the release came of the prisoners in Cleveland, the bands played and a great reception was accorded them as they left the jail, and as they passed through Elyria there was a like demonstration, and at Oberlin great rejoicing. They were greeted by the whole village and a banquet was given them, called in the newspapers "The Felons' Feast." Speeches were made worthy of note, in which the wicked law was given its death blow so far as Oberlin and Lorain County were concerned. That fall John Brown's raid came off at Harper's Ferry within three months, and in less than eighteen months Fort Sumter was fired upon, and the Civil War was on. The "Oberlin-Wellington Rescue Case" was the last attempt to enforce the "Fugitive Slave Law" in Ohio. Those who had a part in the transaction, have gone to that mysterious realm from which no mortal has yet returned. When the kidnapers and their attorneys visited Judge Doolittle's home, and found him gone, he had a daughter then about thirteen years old, who saw the men and heard her mother tell them her father was on a visit. She is still with us, one of the most highly respected, cultured ladies in the City of Elyria, the widow of the noted author of the greatest work ever written on civil engineering, William H. Searles. Her residence is at the old Doolittle Homestead on the south side of West Fifth Street. Ask any civil engineer what he has to say about the book entitled "Field Engineering," by William H. Searles, and you will get one answer, "We could not get along without it." Until he produced this book many years ago, much of the work of the engineer had to be done by the eye, and measuring and experimenting. Searles produced a set of formulas to guide the engineer, by which he knows he has accuracy. A more modest being never lived among men, than this great man. There were not twenty people in Elyria who knew he was the author of any book, till the golden wedding of himself and Mrs. Searles was celebrated by fitting ceremony at the Congregational Church. An Elyria lady was some years ago visiting in the East, where she was introduced to a noted civil engineer who asked her where she resided. On being told in Elyria, Ohio, he remarked in astonishment, "Elyria, Ohio, that is where the great Mr. Searles resides." She replied, "What great Mr. Searles?" He answered, "William H. Searles, the author of the most wonderful work on civil engineering ever written." This was the first time she knew he had written any book though she was well acquainted with him. The writer within two years past had a relative visiting him from Wisconsin, whose profession is that of a civil engineer. When asked if he ever saw or heard of a work on civil engineering by William H. Searles he replied, "That is my Bible in my work. I could not get along without it. It is used by all civil engineers. It still remains as it was in the days of Christ when he said, 'A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, and among his own kindred.'" The eastern man was amazed that William H. Searles was not known by every inhabitant in Elyria.

This book has been for these many years, and ever will be, a standard work among engineers, because of its perfect accuracy and invaluable formulas.

For long service in the temperance cause, no person has been so faithful in Elyria as Mrs. Doolittle, who reached the great age of ninety-four years and six months, in full possession of her faculties, deeply interested in all the great questions of the day, and especially the advancement of temperance.

She was a strong character, highly cultured, ever stood for the highest ideals and was an indefatigable worker in every good cause. Her daughter is surely a counterpart of her great mother, in the same fields of endeavor. Her faithfulness on the Board of the Old Ladies' Home, and later and now on the Home for the Aged, will ever remain a monument to her memory as well as her faithfulness in the cause of temperance. Though an octogenarian, her zeal is unabated in going about doing good. What a host of friends rise up to call her blessed. Great things have ever come out of the Doolittle and Searles home on Fifth Street.

In 1835, ninety-three years ago, there landed in Elyria, then a small frontier village, a proverbial "Connecticut Yankee" from the "Nutmeg State," by the name of Seymour W. Baldwin, whose name was to become a "household word" for many years in this section of Ohio, and it still remains such in the homes of those who knew him. He was the youngest of seven children, was born and raised on a farm. His earliest known ancestors came to the town of Milford, in the Colony of Connecticut, from



Seymour W. Baldwin

Was a highly successful pioneer merchant. Gave liberally to the needy and was a friend to the "Runaway Slave"

England, in the year 1639, two hundred and eighty-nine years ago, only nineteen years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. The year previous many of the discontented colonists in the Massachusetts Colony had commenced to pour into the new territory, founding towns, and soon they gave the world to understand that from that time henceforth they were going to run their own affairs. They were the most militant inhabitants of all the colonies toward his Majesty. Their disregard for the orders of their King's Governor resulted in his marching an army to the capitol building at Hartford demanding the surrender of their charter. It will be recalled that the colonial legislature was in session. The Charter was brought forth and laid on the table in the assembly room for discussion as to whether they should obey their sovereign. The arguments pro and con continued till darkness filled the room. Candles were called for. When lighted, lo and behold, the precious document was gone. The Governor raged, but the culprit was not found and never was known, till a friendly king came to the throne, when a patriot who was in the audience, a listener, came to the front with the parchment, which he had hidden in a great oak tree in the yard of the state house, where it rested for many years. It ever after was called the "Charter Oak," and held, till it went in a storm, in veneration by the whole country. All of Seymour W. Baldwin's American ancestors were not only colonists but patriots during the Revolution.

This worthy decendant of noble sires was born in 1807, one hundred and twenty-one years ago. He was but twenty-eight when he arrived in Elyria. He brought with him an estimable wife and their two small children, a stranger in a strange land. He had spent several years in his native state in mercantile business. On arriving he found the noted young merchant, H. K. Kendall, about his age, far in the lead of his competitors, selling goods with a name for fair dealing and low prices, that challenged his abilities to make a success. When he opened a general store on Broad Street many predicted the Connecticut Yankee would meet his Waterloo.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE previous chapter ended with a partial account of the advent into Elyria, in 1835, of Seymour W. Baldwin, the young merchant, a Connecticut Yankee.

He was as fine a specimen of physical manhood as ever passed up the street, being nearly six feet in height, with broad shoulders, and a mannerism that made friends rapidly. Then it was noticed, that he not only attended strictly to business but was generally the first merchant to open in the morning. No day seemed too long, or night too dark, in storm or sunshine, for him to be on hand for customers.

The Baldwin store prospered from the beginning. His parents were ardent Methodists and abolitionists, in which faith he not only grew up, but lived in, both by precept and example, during his long tenure of life in Elyria, till at the age of eighty-four he passed away in his fine old mansion, that then stood on the spot now occupied by the Endly Block, at the northeast corner of the intersection of Middle Avenue and Third Street. He soon discovered that the dealer who had his goods for the spring, or fall trade, ready for customers first, was at a great advantage. No railroads in those days, or auto trucks, with pavements to roll over; just mud highways, ruts, fall and spring. From the spots where the canals ended in New York and Philadelphia, horse or ox teams had to bring them to Elyria.

When navigation closed they had to come by way of Pittsburgh in wagons. Because of his great strength and powers of endurance, he was generally able to have his merchandise on hand first. Along with his mercantile pursuits he became interested in banking. For many years he was a stockholder and director in the banking firm of Wicks, Otis & Brownell, in Cleveland. He was one of the promoters and a director of the Elyria Junction Railway, that later became a part of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern.

These two young competing merchants, Kendall and Baldwin, because of their marked abilities in building up trade, caused Elyria to become a noted center for trade in Northern Ohio. For years it was the House of Baldwin against the House of Kendall. Later Mr. Baldwin formed a partnership, known for many years as Baldwin, Laundon and Nelson, with a branch store at Wellington. Small as Elyria was at that date, and the county with few inhabitants compared to the present time, yet the firm employed forty clerks. He never failed to meet his obligations or keep his word.

He was ever ready to assist in helping runaway slaves to Canada. It was understood that any time his fine team was needed for that purpose, friends were at liberty to make use of it. His habits were always perfect. He gave the lot for the Methodist Church where the present structure stands, and contributed liberally toward the erection of the one preceding the present building, and took a deep interest in seeing it go up. Though he has been gone thirty-seven years, the name "Seymour W. Baldwin" lives on in the memory of those who knew him.

His advice to young men to live within their means, and keep their characters clean, caused many a young fellow to right about face, after talking with him.

The writer, many years ago, was told by a prominent business man of Elyria after Mr. Baldwin had gone to his reward, the following. Said he, "It was in the panic of 1873, when I owed Mr. Baldwin for back rent for a house I had occupied. I foolishly never dunned myself to him, as we met now and then, but let him do the reminding. I always pleaded poverty and paid him in promises. The last time he asked me I was nettled and said, 'I don't know as I shall ever pay it, you can't get it out of me, as I am worth nothing.' He turned on me searching, but kindly eyes, and said, 'What is that you said, William, what is that you said? Repeat it, maybe I did not understand you.' I repeated the words, when he replied, 'Oh, is that the way you look at life. Now, William, I shall never ask you for the rent again, nor shall I sue you, but unless you turn about face, and live up to your word, you will never succeed in life, but make a bad failure.' I felt the rebuke and went home. I told my wife all and said, 'I made a fool of myself.' She replied 'You surely have. Now here are two dollars, you go at once and give it to Mr. Baldwin and ask his forgiveness and tell him we will pay at least two dollars a month till it is paid.' I could hardly wait to find him, but when I did and made my apology as I handed him the money he said, 'Before this, William, you were down there,' pointing to the ground, 'now you are up here, where you belong, stay there, my boy.' I have often thought perhaps he saved me from a complete failure in life."

He was twice married and had a family of four sons, all of whom grew up in Elyria. They were Judge Charles C. Baldwin, of Cleveland, one of the circuit judges in his day of our circuit judicial district; John H. Baldwin, a manufacturer in New York City; Arthur R. Baldwin, a business man in Atlanta, Georgia, and the late Honorable David C. Baldwin of Elyria, who was a partner in the Baldwin store for many years, that became "Baldwin, Lersch & Co." which is now the John W. Lersch & Co. He was for two terms a member of the Ohio Legislature, was married in 1878 to Miss Josephine Staub, who was at the time of the marriage one of the successful teachers in our high school. She was the daughter of Rev. Henry Staub, a Methodist minister.

Her husband passed away some years ago. He was one of the best citizens of the city, given to good works. He spent, as a pastime, many days and hours gathering stone implements and arrow heads of the Indians and gave his great collection to the Historical Society in Cleveland. He was one of its board of directors and helped incorporate the same. He built the beautiful brick mansion on Washington Avenue, where his widow, a highly esteemed and cultured lady, resides. It seems a tragedy for such families to disappear from the city they helped to build, until not one is left.

Thus it was with the Seymour W. Baldwin household. The great father, his two noble wives, and four successful sons, all of whom walked our streets as citizens, have gone to that undiscovered country to which Seymour W. Baldwin, like Abraham of old, looked by faith, and died, believing he should live again. All hail to his memory. He left the world far better for his having been here. His kindnesses and tender solicitude toward, his second wife, who for many years was a helpless invalid, was a sure test of the real man.

Pioneer days produced characters. The early inhabitants, especially on farms, were isolated. Few of them felt they could afford a newspaper, so scarce were dollars. The daily, among them, was unknown. Their libraries consisted generally of the "Old Family Bible" brought from the East, containing a record of the births, marriages, and deaths of the ancestors and family to date. This was kept on a stand in plain sight ready for family devotions, in the Christian families, and was read more than all other books or papers. Besides the Bible, there was generally found "Pilgrim's Progress." Annually they secured an almanac, that hung under the family clock. To this, they resorted for their weather reports, and for the kind of patent medicines advertised, that would best fit their infirmities. Its prophetic statements, as to what the weather would be for the coming year, were generally relied upon.

Ghost stories were told the children, of strange things that were seen and noises heard, "away down East," before they came West, as they sat winter evenings around the smouldering embers of the great gaping fireplaces. The most lurid and ghastly ones caused the children to feel the roots of their hair creep, and too frightened to go to bed in the dark.

The pioneers in those days, felling trees, and wresting a living for the family out of the stumpy fields, by the most primitive implements of husbandry, had but little time to confer with their neighbors on the questions of the day, or concerning the things of life, much less to read books. The result was they did a lot of thinking and reasoning, while alone in the woods and fields. If they were positive natures that developed them into characters, each having an individuality. Among these were found the leaders of the community in reforms, whether religious, political, or otherwise.

What Mother Grundy had to say never concerned them. They were willing to face the world for their convictions. This class has largely passed away. People these days are being run in about the same mold. The distinctions so long existing between the town and country people have disappeared. Whether to our advantage or not, still remains to be seen.

In dress and manners all are pretty much alike. The taunting remarks so often made, not many years ago, by city people about "Country Jakes" and "Hayseeds" have disappeared under the influence of the wonderful school privileges, magazines and newspapers, and with the advent among us of the means of getting about and listening to the same marvelous messages in songs and addresses on every subject. One of the outstanding characters, the product of that early life in the woods, was the late James T. Robinson of Elyria, the father of our well-known townsman, T. T. Robinson, whose residence, for many years preceding his death, was on East Avenue across from the Gates Mansion. He was born in a log house in Ridgeville, nearly a hundred years ago. His father died in his young boyhood, leaving a widow and family, with him as the one to take his father's place, just as he was coming into his teens.

There was a mortgage on the farm that had to be paid or the home would be lost. Though he reached several mile posts beyond the eighty mark, he could never recount the struggles of his mother, in lifting the debt, that he was not moved to tears. The writer heard him say many times, "I had the most wonderful mother that ever lived."

Calling on him one day I asked him if he had a picture of her. He was then eighty. Rising from his seat, he said, "Come with me." I followed him into the dining room, where her

James T. Robinson

Known in all the country round as "Uncle Jim." He spent a long life visiting the widows and orphans in their afflictions and educating young men for the ministry

life-sized portrait hung. Standing before it with tears streaming down his agitated face, he began telling me of her faithfulness to her family in those dark days, how she so managed the affairs of the farm that the mortgage was paid. Said she never failed to see that "us children were in the Sunday school and church." Said he, "I like to have her picture where I can look on her face while I am at my meals." He spent the most of his long life on his farm, at Fields Corners, where he and his noble wife had a home from which none were turned away, given to hospitality. While there was a church across the way, his religious convictions in the interpretation of the Scriptures were not wholly in accord with the people, so to carry them out he erected on his farm a church and Sunday-school building that still stands where he placed it. In this he had a Sunday school organized, of which he was superintendent for many years, until he moved to Elyria. Sunday school was not only conducted in the building, but preaching according to his belief was had many years. When the wherewith to meet the minister's salary was lacking, "Uncle Jim," as he was called in all the country around, made up the deficit.

Under his roof the ministers ever found a welcome. He was, from his youth, a member and diligent worker in the Church of Christ, either at Eaton Center, Fields, or Elyria. "Uncle Jim" was a natural financier. He was a great lover of horses and had the faculty of taking those in the City of Cleveland, that had become footsore in drawing street cars or trucks, and healing them on his farm. For many years he wintered over for the rich of the city their driving teams, out of which he made a good profit. They had such confidence in his integrity and judgment of horses that he had no trouble in securing all he could accommodate. In purchasing and selling tracts of real estate over the country, south and west, he had excellent judgment, out of which he was enabled to accumulate property, but contrary to the usual way of men in hoarding it, he sought ways of giving it away for the unfortunate and to further the preaching of the Gospel. In spite of his efforts to not let it be known what his benevolences were, he paid out during his life for the purposes stated, as nearly as those who knew him best could approximate, at least fifty thousand dollars, which would according to the purchasing power of dollars these days, have been a hundred and fifty thousand.

The number of poor boys and girls seeking educations, whose dollars of "Uncle Jim" made their stay in college possible, will never be known, till the books are opened in that undiscovered country. Widows will then rise to call him blessed, whose homes he saved, and ministers whose education they owed to him. He poured thousands into the Christian Orphanage in Cleveland, for lo, many years. They have recently erected a new brick building on the right as we enter the city by the "Green Line."

On one occasion he overheard his son, Thede, talking of putting up at auction, whatever suits of cutaway coats there were in the two clothing stores at Lorain and Elyria, as they had gone out of style. Finding he could get them very cheap and that there were about a hundred, he purchased the lot and told the clerks to put them up in three packages. He then gave orders that one bundle should be sent to Hiram college; one to Bethany College, West Virginia, and one to the Ashley Johnson College, Tennessee. All three institutions were founded to educate ministers to preach the Gospel. He then wrote three letters, telling the presidents to give them to the poor boys studying for the ministry. He remarked that while they might not be in style, the boys could preach just as well when they went out Sundays to fill vacant pulpits while taking their college courses. The Ashley Johnson College was started by Johnson himself, on the farm on which he was raised, to educate the poor white boys for the ministry.

To make this college succeed the students had to run the farm and care for a fine dairy. Into this school "Uncle Jim" gave from time to time, enough to amount to seven or eight thousand dollars. Just before the Community Chest was organized, Frank Bates, of Elyria, a poor man in purse but rich in good works, was, as had been his habit, looking up the poor of the city, who were in sore need of assistance. On his way home after such a canvass "Uncle Jim" overtook him with his horse and buggy and invited him to ride. On taking his seat he remarked, "There are a lot of destitute families in Elyria." "Is that so," remarked Uncle Jim, "Where are they? Will you take me to some of them?" "Yes," replied Frank. Thereupon he wheeled his horse around and soon they were calling on families where little children were barefooted and thinly clad, and the mothers wearing worn-out shoes, with little to stay the hunger of their broods. After calling at five or six such places "Uncle Jim" said, "Well, Bates, I have seen enough, let's go." That afternoon he had Frank carrying a great string of shop-worn, out-of-style shoes for mothers and children on his back, going from house to house, fitting the destitute with footwear. He had purchased all the bargain sales in the shoe line on Broad Street.

CHAPTER XXIX

OUR previous chapter, closed with an account of how "Uncle Jim Robinson" started Frank Bates on a trip about the town, with a string of children's and women's shoes on his back, visiting the destitute families. Seeing an ad, that one of the Elyria stores was closing out at less than cost, its entire line of underwear for children, "Uncle Jim" made his way to the bargain counter and took the lot, then turned them over to Frank for distribution among the children. On securing the names and addresses of the homes where there was no food, coal or credit, "Uncle Jim" ordered groceries sent and told the coal dealer to fill the bins, and send the bills to him. It soon got noised about, that "Uncle Jim" was shouldering financially pretty much the business of caring for the needy. His idea of religion was that taught in the Good Book, "to visit the widow and fatherless in their afflictions," and not do it to be seen of men. The outcome of "Uncle Jim's" philanthropies was that others felt they should share in the giving. A meeting of all interested in caring for the destitute was called, in the Chamber of Commerce Room in the Masonic Temple, to consider the matter. About twenty-five responded, in the discussion it was ascertained that there were several small organizations or committees connected with churches and orders that had been running for some years, to look after such needy as might come for assistance. Through pride, many would not ask. Another thing was learned and that was, there being no working connection between them, they were not only duplicating in their benevolences, but there were quite a number of frauds, people asking for assistance from each organization, who were amply able to care for themselves. Before the meeting closed an affiliated board of charities was organized, and Frank Bates was employed to gather up clothing over the city, look into the individual cases, and distribute the same where he thought the needs demanded, and to also report to a finance committee in cases where more than garments were needed, so groceries and fuel could be supplied. Frank got in action at once with his push cart gathering garments. This order of things lasted several years, greatly to the advantage of all concerned, resulting in awakening the more fortunate people to the fact, that they are "their brother's keeper." That the parable of the "Good Samaritan," given more than nineteen centuries ago, is as binding on this generation, as on those who heard it from the lips of the humble Nazarene, "who spake as man never spoke."

Out of this quickened conscience grew the "Community Chest," that is able to administer to the necessities of the unfortunate in a way that gives all an opportunity to contribute, placing the raising of funds, and distribution, on a business basis. It has now become as much a part of the civic life of Elyria as the schools and churches. Had it not been for such characters as "Uncle Jim" and Frank Bates, the world over, who believe they must answer for the deeds done in the body, if they are to receive the welcome into that everlasting Kingdom recorded in Holy Writ: "I was hungry, and you fed me, naked and you clothed me," there would have been no "Community Chest," or hospitals of any character, no Red Cross, no homes for the aged, no Salvation Army, no Young Men's Christian Association or Young Women's Christian Association. "Uncle Jim" was about five feet and ten inches in height, strong in body, with a countenance of great kindness, and eyes of such benevolence, that he was easily moved to tears when he saw distress. He was often called by executors and administrators, to fix the allowance for the widow and minor children. When objection was made that his figures were too high, he would reply, "We must remember the widow and fatherless in their afflictions. The grownups can look after themselves." The writer chanced to be with him some years before his decease, standing on Cleveland Street, Elyria, waiting for a street car from Cleveland, when two young ladies, about eighteen years of age, neatly dressed, strangers to us, employed in one of the factory offices, appeared to catch the same car. One consulted her watch, then looking east remarked, in a despairing tone of voice to her companion, "Oh, dear me, I do believe the car is a minute behind time." The writer then said, "Young ladies, not many years ago, where this fine pavement is, along which in a few moments we will ride in great ease, there were stumps, and ruts, over which the pioneers had to make their way in ox carts, with small loads, requiring a whole day to go from Ridgeville to Elyria and return." I then asked them if they ever saw an ox cart, or a yoke of oxen. They assured me they never had. I remarked, "You are complaining because the warm, fine car in which you will ride is behind." They then looked at us thinking we must be very ancient beings. "Uncle Jim" then entered into the conversation, by saying, "Young ladies, when I was fourteen years of age, my mother a widow living in a log house on a farm in Ridgeville, sent me to Elyria along this very road, with just such an ox team and cart, as the gentleman has described, with a load of potatoes to sell. It took me all day to make the trip. Right along here one big wheel of the cart would go into a rut, and then the other one. I had on what was then regarded a big load, eighteen bushels. I stopped on Broad Street, about where the Lersch store is, and waited for customers. Soon a gentleman came along wearing a plug hat. Seeing my potatoes, he said. 'Bub, how much do you ask a bushel for your potatoes.' I replied, 'fourteen cents.' 'It is too much.' Just as he said that a man, by the name of Smith, a stranger to me, looked over my load, and remarked to the man with the plug hat, whom he seemed to know. 'Buy the boy's potatoes, he does not ask too much, and help him out, his mother is a widow, I know where she lives.' Thereupon the big man took another look, and said, 'Well, I will take the load, drive over to my house and I will pay you.' " At this point in the conversation the car came, and we were soon being carried along the pavement fifty miles an hour, made possible through the early struggles of such pioneers as "Uncle Jim." On the way over I remarked, "At the rate you sold your potatoes, you received only two dollars and fifty-two cents." "Yes," he replied, "but my mother had to have the money to pay taxes, as they would not take potatoes at the court house. The man who helped me sell my load looked good to me every time I saw him after that. Years later I told him how much he helped me one time. He said he had no recollection of the transaction." Said "Uncle Jim" to me, "It always pays to be kind to the young, they never forget it." He and his noble wife, "Aunt Mary," who survived him some years, while their mortal bodies lie side by side in the little country cemetery, made sacred to them, as it is the spot in which the bodies of their ancestors have gone back to dust, their great unselfish souls go marching on, in the orphans they clothed and fed, the widows whose burdens they helped to bear, and the ministers and teachers they assisted to educations. They had but one child. To this generation it is unnecessary to comment on the successful business ventures and good deeds of T. T. Robinson, as his life has been for these many years, an open book among us, ever contending for the common good, both by precept and example. The unsolicited, philanthropic deeds of himself and his good wife have already run into many thousands more than the world knows about. Suffice it to say, that, like his parents, he is carrying on the work they so unselfishly began. "Uncle Jim" often quoted this Biblical saying, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he gets old, he will not depart from it." William Bennington, whose funeral took place on the 24th of December, 1928, in the Elyria Methodist Church, of which he had been a member for more than seventy years, was another pioneer character of pronounced convictions, who came up through the adversities of early settlers, as he was but six years of age when he was brought by his parents into Grafton Woods, from England.

The family was tossed about on the ocean in making the voyage, for ten weeks in a small sailing craft of that period, before making the port of Quebec, the ship's destination. That was eighty-six years ago, when pirate vessels still infested the high seas, manned by merciless robbers. Piracy, by the law of nations, is punishable by death on all oceanic waters save those of heathen nations. When the Benningtons were in mid-ocean, an incident occured that to a lad of six, eighty-five years tenure on the earth could not obliterate from memory. "Our ship was making good headway," said Mr. Bennington, "with a spanking breeze filling every sail, when a ship in the distance flew a flag of distress. The international laws of navigation, then as now, in such a case required the hailed vessel to stop and give aid. The captain thereupon turned about in the direction of the supposed unfortunate craft. Soon as the strange boat came close enough to distinguish the character of the people on board, it was discovered there were about fifty, unshaven, desperate men, armed to the teeth, having villainous faces, bent on robbery. 'My God,' cried the captain, 'they are pirates.' Our passengers all fell to their knees praying to be saved. It takes something more than supplications to the Maker to deter such characters from their purpose. Before our captain could turn his vessel back on her course, the pirate ship coming under full sail, intending to sink our boat, struck her midship, such a blow that it crushed in the side, nearly to the water's edge. The impact was so severe that it tore away the front sails of the pirate ship, stove in her bow, causing her to rebound some distance, so badly injured that she could make no headway which enabled us to go on our way rejoicing. Every one of the passengers on board, had the desperadoes succeeded in robbing them, would have been slaughtered and sent to the bottom of the sea, as dead men tell no tales."

"Uncle William's" father tried farming for about four years, then moved his family to Elyria. Later he went to Canada for employment, where he worked for some length of time, sending his wages home to support his family. He never returned. Whatever became of him will remain a mystery. The last message came from Buffalo, New York. The children were now not only fatherless, but without means, necessitating every member to be on the "ways and means committee," to raise the wherewith to keep the wolf from the door. William, at the age of fourteen, being the eldest son, was compelled to leave school forever, and assist in earning bread for the household. No more faithful son ever stood by a mother in her dark hours than William Bennington. He early made a profession of Christianity and became an active, faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this city, when it was a village of few inhabitants. From that time, for seventy-two years, and until, at the great age of ninety-one he went to his reward, he never wavered from his faith in the belief, that the Bible from Genesis to Revelations, is the revealed Word of God to mankind. Among the marvelous geysers in the "National Park," there is but one on which the tourist can depend to be on time. It is called "Old Faithful." All the others seem to get active only when they feel like it, in which trait most of us are exemplified in our lives. Whether at church or Sunday school, temperance meeting, or as a member of committees, "Uncle William," as he was called by his friends, was not only there, but on time, and always active in their deliberations. He outlived all those who began the race of life with him. He had no bad habits.

He and "Uncle Jim" Robinson knew each other well all their lives. I first became acquainted with him fifty-two years ago. He was an enemy of everything that conduced to the destruction of body or soul, but a friend of all, and never said ill of any one. He was a patriot and, in the days of slavery, a friend to the downtrodden. He married in 1861 Delia Griffing, with whom he lived happily for forty years. At twenty-six he opened a grocery store in Elyria, which he conducted for eleven years, when he entered the employ of the Topliff and Ely Bow Socket Co., where he remained for sixteen years until the business ceased, then he became caretaker of the Power Block, in which employment he remained for eleven years when he retired spending all his time going about doing good. He never failed to live within his means, and to lay away a competence for old age. He was able to so invest his earnings that he had means to help financially, in all movements in the church and out, calculated to make the world better. For many years and until his death he was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Old Ladies' Home, now the "Home for the Aged," in which capacity he was serving when the summons came. One of the last acts of his life was in making a large contribution toward getting two old ladies that had become homeless into the institution. To do so, he went up and down the streets, though nearly blind, at the age of ninety, soliciting subscriptions, and as a final effort, made such pathetic appeal from the pulpit of the church, that the audience was greatly moved and responded in making up the deficit, which gave the unfortunates the home they now enjoy. "Uncle William" was a great student of the Scriptures, able to meet the arguments of those disposed to question their authenticity. He was a very efficient teacher in the Sunday school, gladly listened to by youth as well as the older ones.

He held every office in the church with credit. On his ninetieth birthday he was accorded a reception in the church, that was largely attended by the numerous friends. The usual cake with its ninety candles was in evidence. His response to the many kind tributes paid him was by an address that would do credit to the gifted and learned, whose lives have been spent in the pulpit. He was no ordinary man, had he had the advantages of a college education, he would have made a strong preacher as his whole life was dominated by the Christian religion, living daily for eternity.

CHAPTER XXX

IN 1822, one hundred and seven years ago, there was born in Royalston, Massachusetts, of poor, but noble parents, a child named "Isaac Stevens Metcalf," whose diligent forty-two years of life spent in Elyria, preceding his death at seventy-six, have left their impress for great good, not only on this community, but the world at large. When he was nine, his father died, and the mother with her family moved to Milo, Maine, where he grew to manhood on a farm. It was in the days of long hours, severe toil, and little money, with the rigorous winters of that farthest-north state, buried in deep snow five months yearly, to contend against. Thirsting for an education, he resolved, that poverty should be no hindrance to its acquisition, if willing hands, and the strictest economy, with correct habits of life, would bring it. He knew that Bowdoin College, was located in Brunswick, his state. So soon as he was able to teach winters, he followed that occupation, applying himself with great diligence to study. Summers, he labored on the farm. He graduated from the institution with credit in 1847. It chanced to be at a time when there was great activity in building railroads in the East and West. He secured on graduation a position with the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad at surveying and engineering. Because of his college education he was promoted at once and given the job of locating a portion of the road. He also laid out the bridge, over the Connecticut River, crossed by its tracks. On the completion of the road, he was employed in a like capacity on the New Hampshire Central Railroad. He headed the survey for this across the same river, and made a printed report of the work. He was next engaged to make surveys for locating the Bangor and Waterville Railroad, and located the bridge for the same

Isaac S. Metcalf

Regarded as the most useful citizen in his day in Elyria. Reared the largest college-educated family in Ohio over the Kennebec River. Believing the march of empire was westward, he made his way by the various means of travel in vogue to the City of Chicago, in the year 1850, when twenty-eight. The place then had about thirty thousand inhabitants. The last lap of his journey was by a ferry steamer, from Michigan City across Lake Michigan to Chicago. On this craft, at the time was being carried the first locomotive engine that ran out of Chicago, and that, on a strap rail track, laid to Elgin. By "strap rail," is meant that the foundation rail was of wood, with a wrought-iron top fastened to the wood about one-half inch thick and of the width of two and one-half to three inches. The engines of course were very small. His real objective in going to Illinois, was to secure employment as civil engineer on the Illinois Central Railroad, then in process of construction, and to see the western country. From Chicago, he proceeded by canal to LaSalle, then down the river to Naples, then by strap railroad to Springfield, then by the old "four in hand stage," to Alton, and then on to St. Louis, where he took a steamer to Cairo, the place that was to be the terminal of the road. He found employment, and for months worked in the engineering department farther north. In the fall, he was assigned the duty of locating the road from Cairo, north toward Chicago. The following spring, because of climatic conditions, he returned to Maine for a time. He made the trip to Cincinnati on horseback, thence by rail through Cleveland, home. In the fall, he was called back to continue his work. He was ordered to erect a stone bridge over Muddy River, and build from there to the place now called Centralia, where he was to erect a hotel and railroad shops for the company. He was four years in accomplishing his task, which was completed in 1855. While East he had married. In doing the work he handled and expended over a half million dollars, a large sum in that day. He was not only the engineer of the work, but the paymaster as well. Purchased the material, and employed the men. In short, such was the confidence reposed in him by the chief engineer and all in authority, not only as to his integrity, but ability to accomplish as well, that during the four years, he saw his chief only once a year. To get the money to meet bills, he had to go to St. Louis on horseback, after dark, and return before light the following day to avoid danger, with twenty or thirty thousand dollars, which he turned over to his wife for safekeeping till pay day. When the road was completed, he made his way to Chicago to see the financial clerk of the road, who was none other personage than George B. McClellan, who later was placed by President Lincoln at the head of the army, in the Civil War as major general. He turned over to McClellan his books and vouchers, who gave him a letter to the president and directors of the road stating, that, he had "done the most work, for the least money, of any division engineer on the seven hundred miles of road." Speaking of General McClellan recalls the fact, that later, he was made vice-president and superintendent of the Illinois Central Railroad, with a special private car at his disposal which he allowed Senator Stephen A. Douglas, the Democrat, to use in getting about the state at the time he had his seven debates with Lincoln, on the slavery question, that attracted the attention of the nation, while Lincoln, the Republican, had to make his appointments in any old train, often in a caboose car, and was several times sidetracked by the orders of McClellan, to allow his private car carrying Douglas to pass. Lincoln would remark as he heard it whiz by, "There goes royalty, we have to get there the best way we can, for we are poor and unpopular." Notwithstanding McClellan's treatment of Lincoln, he later honored him, as stated, by placing on his shoulders the stripes of Major General of the Army of the Potomac. McClellan's flagrant insults toward the patient Lincoln, while holding the position remains one of the outrages in American history. After the President removed him for cowardice and insubordination, he ran for President on his party ticket against Lincoln, when up for his second term, on a platform made at a convention in Chicago in 1864, in which the War for the Union was declared a failure, cessation of hostilities demanded, and the immediate withdrawal of our troops from the field. While Mr. Metcalf was working for the Illinois Central Railroad he invested in lands, where he laid out the village of DuQuoin, now an important station on the road. He returned to his home in the East, remained about a year, then in 1856 came, with his family at the age of thirty-four, to Elyria. By this time he had secured, by diligence and frugality, a fair competence, which by careful investment and safe business ventures, he figured it would enable him to support and educate his growing family. He owned and operated successfully for many years a grist mill, located on the south side of West Broad Street, about where the Elyria Block now stands. While he never sought office, he held more official positions, that had no money inducement, all for the public good, than any citizen who has ever spent his life in this community. Let us recount the same, all of which he filled with fidelity to his trust, exhibiting in the administration of the duties of each, his marked ability. He was made one of the infirmary directors, when the institution was first established; was township trustee during the Civil War, looking after the widows and orphans and families of the soldiers; was colonel of the local Volunteer Militia; justice of the peace many years, and nearly a life-long member of the board of education, in which capacity he was the acknowledged wise man and its president. Was cemetery trustee, county school examiner of teachers, secretary of the County Agricultural Society, and for lo, many years, clerk, secretary and treasurer of the First Congregational Church, and elected deacon for life. He was also a director of the Savings Deposit Bank from its organization. He was twice married. Of these marriages eighteen children were born, every one of which that lived to the years of accountability was reared a Christian, and an enemy of the saloon, and of all things calculated to destroy mankind. The home in which they grew up was located on the west side of West Avenue, adjoining the south side of Sixth Street extension, where he owned several acres. If ever children were trained up in the way they should go, it was in this home. While he was kindness itself, yet his word was law, commanding obedience. It was the largest family ever raised in Elyria. Its very size, naturally attracted attention, and excited comment. Many wondered how so many could come to manhood and womanhood, possessed of correct habits of life. They had exemplary Christian parents. Never did he, by precept or example, mislead them. He was their companion constantly. They were brought up in the church and Sunday school. Loafing about town was never tolerated. They were all taught to be industrious and saving. Their education was carefully looked after. Let us consider the results of such teaching. By his first wife he had twelve children. Three died in infancy. The remaining eight grew to be men and women. There was but one that did not graduate from college. Six did from Oberlin, and one from Wellesley. All of the eight children are alive. By his second wife he had six sons, all of whom grew to manhood, save one. The six are all graduates of Oberlin College. This makes twelve graduates in one family. Let us call the roll, naming them and the positions they hold and have, in the world's work, starting with the oldest. Wilder S. Metcalf of Lawrence, Kansas, is also a graduate of Kansas University as well, served in both the Spanish and World Wars. In the Spanish War, he rose to be brigadier general. He held the same position in the World War, is president of the Liberty Life Insurance Co., of Topeka, Kansas, and one of the head men in the Mortgage Loan Co., on farms in the States of Kansas and Oklahoma. Charles R. Metcalf is the only one who did not graduate. He is a prominent insurance man in Kansas, known over the state. Marion Metcalf, who graduated from Wellesley College, taught in the institution ten years, then in Hampton College, and is now secretary and visitor for the "United Congregational Church" at Oberlin. Annie M. Metcalf married the late lamented Professor Azariah S. Root, librarian of Oberlin College for many years, a nationally noted authority and lecturer on libraries. She has been an indefatigable worker in the foreign missionary cause, for many years. She now resides in New York City. Rev. John P. Metcalf, graduate also of Union Theological Seminary, was pastor of People's Tabernacle, St. Louis, Missouri, then professor of English Bible in Oberlin Theological Seminary three years. Spent three years in Europe studying Oriental languages. Then professor of theology in Talladega College, Alabama. Now engaged in literary work in New York City.

Rev. Paul Harlan Metcalf graduated from the Chicago Theological Seminary. Was for several years a member of the Oberlin Glee Club, that gave concerts over the country, is now and has been for some years a successful pastor of a Congregational Church at Madison, Ohio. Dr. Henry M. Metcalf, graduate of University of Pennsylvania, now practicing medicine in Elyria. Antonette B. P. Metcalf is now reference librarian in Wellesley College. She graduated from Pratt Institute, the Library School at Brooklyn, New York. Joseph Mayo Metcalf, of St. Louis, Missouri, is now the principal assistant civil engineer of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad. He graduated in the engineering department at Harvard College. Also from the civil engineering department of Kansas University. Eliab W. Metcalf, of St. Louis, a civil engineer, is a graduate of Kansas University in civil engineering, and is now engineer on maintenance construction work for the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad. Isaac S. Metcalf of Lakewood, Ohio, is one of the firm of The Morrison Financial Advertising Co., of Cleveland. Keyes DeWitt Metcalf of White Plains, New York, is head of the reference department in the New York Public Library. He is a graduate of the New York Library School. Thomas Nelson Metcalf, of Ames, Iowa, has a degree from the graduate work in Columbia University, now holds the position of "Head of Department of Physical Education in Iowa State College." I have given the names of the thirteen children of Isaac S. Metcalf, of his two noble wives, who grew to manhood and womanhood, all of whom are, as stated, save Charles, graduates of Oberlin College, and Marion, a graduate of Wellesley. All of these graduates also graduated later from some technical college or university, fitting himself and herself for life's work. We now come to the grandchildren of Isaac W. Metcalf. There are twenty-two of them, and so far as they have reached the age, nine already have graduated from collegiate institutions. There are five great-grandchildren, giving promise of reaching colleges when the years shall permit. The old adage, "Three generations, from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves," surely does not hold true in the Metcalf family. In the two generations, there are twenty-one graduates of colleges, every one making good, with not a black sheep among them. Here is a family, when considered from all points in judging families, as they come and go, for universal education, when we count numbers and moral worth, and believers in the Christian religion, having no bad habits, with no scandals beclouding their names, stands without an equal. If there is one, taking into account the size, let the challenger come forward and make it known. In the beginning there was the father and grandfather Metcalf, a Christian gentleman, a teacher in the City of Boston, whose wife was one of those heroic characters, who, when left a widow in her youth, with infant children, and but few dollars, reasoned out that the place to fight out her battle, and rear her brood, was on a farm, to which she went as stated in the State of Maine. One of the strong characters she gave to the world, was the father and grandfather of this great family. There came out of that humble home of the widow, another great man, the late E. W. Metcalf of Elyria, whose life will appear in the next chapter. Let us who seem wise above what is written, take heed, as we contemplate the Metcalf family.

CHAPTER XXXI

THIS chapter will largely relate to the late Eliab Wright Metcalf, of Elyria, known so many years to the public as "E. W. Metcalf." In giving him his rightful place in history, after an intimate acquaintance of ten years and weighing well my words, I count him as having been among the many great men of America. He never sought, or held, public office. He was not admitted to the bar, nor did he read with any attorney contemplating admission to practice. Nor ever sit in the classes of a law school, and yet, he was a great lawyer, endowed by nature, as few men are, to grasp the fundamentals underlying a set of facts, involving the rights of man, and reason on them logically, for the benefit of others in clear language and few words. He made no pretense to oratory, or public speaking, but he could put on paper, for the consideration of others, his propositions in a way, all his own, amounting to demonstrations. The ablest attorneys in Congress listened to his reasoning, before the committees of both branches, with astonishment. It is a great story I am about to narrate, showing a spirit of undaunted courage, and indefatigable industry, in Washington, where for twelve years he haunted Congress before he was accorded so much as a hearing before the Ways and Means Committee. In the beginning, he was told by one of the ablest lawyers in the United States Senate, Edmonds of Vermont, that he would spend his time to no avail for so much as a hearing, as there was no precedent for his claim, and the law was against him. He could find no attorneys in or out of that body, that agreed with his contention. Before we enter upon the achievements of this dauntless character, it is well to see the background of his early life. He had a great mother, great in her determination to do her part without murmuring, putting her trust in the Ruler of the universe, resolved that her children should be reared firm believers in the Christian religion, wherever her lot might be cast. She was twice married. Her first husband's name was Mr. Rich, by whom she had two children. After his death she married Isaac Metcalf, a school teacher, the father of our sketch, E. W. Metcalf, who was born in Royal-

E. W. Metcalf

A noble philanthropic citizen, noted nationally for the twelve years' fight he made in Congress, though not a member, in securing by his great abilities, millions of compensation for those who had vessels destroyed in the Civil War by Southerners. He was one of the prime movers, with Howard H. Russell and others, in starting the first Anti-Saloon League. His fine family are all college graduates ston, Massachusetts, on the 18th day of April, 1827, one hundred and two years ago. The year of his birth the family moved to Boston, where the father opened a private school. His untimely death, when Mr. Metcalf was but three years of age, leaving no estate, caused the helpless widow to conclude she could best fight out her battle by rearing her family on a farm, at Milo, in the State of Maine, as stated in the previous chapter. Her oldest son, Charles Rich, had grown to manhood, capable of tilling the soil. Here, in the farthest-north state of the Union, the family grew up. All the privations incident to poverty of that period of pioneer life, were endured, but the widow in spite of her struggles never lost her faith, or courage, or neglected the higher things that were calculated to build up Christian characters in her children. Mr. Metcalf was her youngest. He had no advantages or education by instructors, save what he was given by his mother and the older ones of the family, and one term in "Fox Craft Academy." When nine years of age he became a member of the Congregational Church at Milo. He was a diligent student of the few books to be had, and at seventeen taught school two winters.

Having ambition to be more than a "hewer of wood, and drawer of water," at eighteen he bade adieu to the family and turned his face toward the City of Bangor, Maine, bent on becoming a man of affairs in the industrial world. He entered the city on foot, thirty miles away, a total stranger with a little change in his pocket, and found a position as clerk in a general store and lumber emporium, where by diligence he so impressed his employers, that he was soon made bookkeeper. At twenty-four he had, by the strictest economy and adherence to right principles, become able to enter business of his own, a chandler and ship builder.

During the fourteen years he was in the conduct of his own business in Bangor, he built one or more ocean vessels each year. Among the number was one that took the water in 1864, in which he owned an interest. She was a merchant craft of nearly eight hundred tons burden, worth about ninety-two thousand dollars. She was launched, as the date shows, during the Civil War. She was christened the "Delphine." Her point of destination on her maiden trip was Melbourne, Australia, laden with freight. The Civil War was in progress.

Just before she reached the shores of that country, she was burned to her water's edge by a pirate ship known as the "Sea King," then called the "Shenandoah." Out of this depredation arose the facts, the foundation of probably the most noted legal battle ever waged in Congress, involving the appropriation of money, covering a period of twelve years, and was fought single handed by Mr. Metcalf, a layman to the profession of law, and won against the most eminent national, and international, lawyer of his day and generation, Wm. M. Everetts of the New York bar. There was no war insurance on the "Delphine," hence a total loss to her owners. The captain of the destroyed ship, with his wife and child, were left destitute in Australia. The pirate ship was built in England. To make the narrative clear, it will be necessary to recur to the beginning of the "War of the Rebellion." When the Southern Confederacy was formed out of the seceding states, with Jefferson Davis as its president, it was the intention of the rebels, to capture at once the gunboats of the United States Navy, then at anchor in the harbors of the Southland, to use in making war on the hundreds of northern merchant vessels sailing the high seas, but Uncle Sam was too swift for the Union destroyers, and ere the rebels manning that portion of our navy could get in action, every southern port was blockaded. This then left all the northern portion of our navy at liberty to make such use of armed vessels, as the government saw fit.

Jeff Davis and his Confederate cabinet then appealed to England, a supposed neutral nation, to acknowledge the "Southern Confederacy," as an independent government. Queen Victoria was on the throne. The English cotton mills looked largely to the southern states for their supply to keep the factories running. The blockade had made it impossible for any merchant ocean-going vessels to leave or enter the southern harbors. England had never gotten over the loss of her American colonies, that had become a Union, forming a mighty people, causing the mother nation to look with jealous eyes toward her growing competitor. Seeing the Union divided and engaged in mortal combat over the slavery question, the Queen listened to the siren voices of some of her poor advisors, and the importunings of representatives sent by the rebellious government to England, who assured her Majesty that the opportunity had arrived to rob the United States of her power and prestige by allowing the friends of the Confederacy to build, equip, and send out on the high seas, from the English ports, armed vessels to destroy the merchant ships going and coming from our northern ports. While the English Parliament did not go on record, sanctioning the recognition of the Confederacy as an independent government, the Queen did accord the right to the would-be destroyers of the Union, to build ships in her ports, knowing in her own heart the purpose to which they were to be put. It will be remembered that for a time, in the darkest days of the rebellion, the English government was being importuned by the workers in the closed cotton mills, closed for the lack of material caused by the southern blockade, and also by thousands of others, whose dollars were being affected by the same cause, to openly recognize the rebels, so-called Confederacy as an independent government, which would, had it been accomplished, caused a severe blow to the North, as then all the international law rights between acknowledged governments would have to be lived up to or we should be at war with England. At this critical moment, Henry Ward Beecher, pastor of "Plymouth Church," Brooklyn, New York, the ablest impassioned orator in America, visited Mr. Lincoln in the White House, and tendered his services, gratis to the government, to go to England on a speaking tour to see if he could not stem the rising tide sweeping the British Isles for recognition of the Confederacy. The great and distracted President gladly accepted the offer. Mr. Beecher sailed at once. His fame as a great orator had long before preceded him. As he arose to deliver his first speech in the City of Liverpool, he faced not only a great throng, a majority of whom had not only come to see how he looked but had firmly resolved they would heckle him so severely that he could not go on, and if that did not work, mob rule would be resorted to. His government had by the blockade closed their mills and thrown them out of work. He was no friend of theirs. He had no sooner begun to speak, than the questions poured in from all quarters. It was an open air meeting. Seeing they were determined to not hear him, he stopped. Then swept his marvelous eyes over the turbulent audience and said: "Evidently you do not want to hear me, for my cause, how would a good story go?" "Story, story," came from all quarters. The master of assemblies rose to the occasion with a story that made the maddened men forget what they had come for, as they broke out into a laugh, so contagious that the audience went wild in a delirium of delight. Story followed story, ending with paying tribute to them and their government in the abolition of slavery under the British flag. He described how the downtroden black race of America was being held in cruel bondage, by the very people now asking them to be a party to their iniquitous treatment of the poor slave, selling him from his wife and children, and driving him under the lash of the taskmaster, that they might live in great mansions on unpaid toil. Raising himself to his full height with flashing eyes, in that voice that only Beecher possessed, he said, "The only refuge these suffering bondmen have, from their tormentors is under the British flag. Are you going to deny to these millions in chains the liberty you possess, by assisting those responsible for their misery? Is that the blood of an Englishman?" "No, No," cried the multitude. Beecher had mastered them. Multitudes followed him wherever he went, not to mob, but to sit under the spell of the orator, as he pictured the wrongs of the black man. Recognition of the Confederacy, organized by men sworn to defend the Union, who were then trampling our flag in the dust, and shooting it from the mast heads, utterly failed from that time henceforth. After Mr. Beecher had mastered the situation, in one of his addresses, a newcomer in the audience said, "Mr. Beecher, may I ask you a question?" "Certainly," replied he, "what is it?" "Did not you Northerners tell us Englishmen when the war first commenced, that if we would keep our hands off for ninety days you would whip the rebels back into line, and here it has been two years and you haven't done it, why haven't you?" "Shall I answer the gentleman," asked Mr. Beecher. "Answer it," came from a thousand voices. "Very well. Yes," replied he, "we did so promise, and two years have passed and we have not done it. The only reason why is those rebels are Americans and not Englishmen." Only this master of men could have made that answer. The wit of the reply, and the manner of putting it, so captivated the crowd that they cried, "Hurrah for the great American." I have given some space to the Rebellion, to more clearly give the situation of affairs when Mr. Metcalf's ship was sent up in flame, as will more fully appear. It was because of the assurance on the part of the Queen, that she would not disturb any person who might see fit to build merchant ships on her territory for the Southerners to use in carrying on their trade with her, so long as they could not leave their own ports with vessels built there. Along with this assurance went the further unwritten understanding, that her government would not keep too vigilant an eye on the character of craft being built if they could keep their mouths shut. This encouragement at once caused the Confederacy to commence ship-building of vessels made to destroy our merchant ships on the high seas. Havoc soon commenced. The one that wrought the greatest destruction, was called the "Alabama," before she was finally sent to the bottom in a fight with our gunboat.

She had sunken or burned sixty-three merchant vessels, of the value of many millions. All told several hundred ships were destroyed by these pirate vessels, winked at by the English, totalling a loss of approximately fifty millions. As these outrages occurred from time to time our government protested to England and demanded reparation, but to all our entreaties and demands the Queen turned a deaf ear, claiming ignorance, without lifting a hand to stay the injustice. But thanks to the Creator of all good, the Confederacy utterly failed and the Union was preserved, to save the world, and Mother England was called upon by Uncle Sam to make reparation, in dollars for her iniquity. The outcome was an agreement between the two nations by the terms of which it was mutually agreed that their dispute should be left to five arbitrators, one to be chosen by the Queen, one by the King of Italy, one by the President of the Swiss Confederation, one by the Emperor of Brazil, and one by the President of the United States (who was General Grant). They were to meet at Geneva, Switzerland, on a certain date, to hear the evidence of all claimants, who lost shipping by the pirates, or claimed they were losers in some way, by their depredations. A majority vote was to determine the validity of any claim.

Mr. Metcalf's claim was among the rest. Anticipating the future, Mr. Metcalf had gone up and down the New England coast and secured the collection of a large number of like claims from people who had interest in the destroyed vessels, by which he was to have a certain percent of all he might secure for them, he to hold them exempt from any expense in the prosecution of the same in Congress or the courts as the case might be. By the terms of the agreement the arbitrators were in no way to determine the rights of the claimants, as between themselves or the amount each might be entitled to out of the award should one be made, such matters were left to the United States Government to decide. They were to fix a lump sum, England was to pay if they found against her, to be paid into the treasury of our government, in gold, which was to be in full of all demands of any citizen of the United States, so that whether they found in favor of a claimant or not, did not matter, he would have to look to the award fund for satisfaction if he received any. The arbitrators awarded our government fifteen and one-half millions, which England paid. This fund is known in history as the "Geneva Award of the Alabama Claims," because the Alabama destroyed so many more ships than any other destroyer. With the award paid the battle of claimants began to get compensation out of the same. Here Mr. Metcalf's fight began, not only for his one claim, but for all he represented. There was not enough into many millions to pay all claims, if the insurance companies who insured the vessels that went down, were to be reimbursed. Hence the real battle was between the insurance companies, represented by the attorney, William M. Everetts, mentioned, and Mr. Metcalf, as he led the way followed by those who represented other vessel owners.

CHAPTER XXXII

IN THE career of E. W. Metcalf we now come to the history of his intellectual contest in Washington, lasting for twelve years, as stated in the previous chapter. Before entering upon the subject, the most important event of his life came to pass in his marriage at twenty-six to Eliza Maria Ely, one year his senior. She was the daughter of Rev. William Ely, of Massachusetts, and was a highly educated lady, then teaching in Williston Seminary at Easthampton, that state.

It came about in this way. Feeling the sore need of more education, after he had entered business for himself, he spent a year at this institution, where he became acquainted with her, while a student in one of her classes. He so much admired her intellectuality, modest demeanor and Christian character that he made bold ere long to tell her what was in his heart.

In due time, having convinced her that he could make her happier by sharing his lot, and allow him to become her sole and life-long pupil, at better wages, she accepted the proposition and the two were made twain, one flesh on the 6th day of April, 1856. If it is true, that matches were made in heaven in those days, theirs should be counted among the number.

General Robert E. Lee, at the head of the Confederate Army, surrendered April 9, 1865, thus ending the Civil War. In October, of that year, Mr. Metcalf, wife and their four children moved to Elyria, where they resided, brought up their family and lived until their pulseless forms were laid away in the new part of Elyria Cemetery. Residing at Toledo in 1871, the year the arbitration proceedings were had between England and the United States, described in the previous chapter, there resided one of the noted lawyers of America, Morrison R. Waite. He was sent by the United States to Geneva in that year as an attorney to represent this government in that controversy. There he made a national and international name as a lawyer by the service he rendered our government. He was counted the ablest attorney in their deliberations. Soon after the award in favor of our government was made and the fifteen and one-half millions in gold had reached the United States treasury, Mr. Metcalf secured a conference with Mr. Waite in which he sought to secure his services in the prosecution of his claim and those he had secured on a contingent basis, who had lost their ships through the pirate vessels. After listening to the facts as claimed by Mr. Metcalf, who was ready to pay him a large retainer, he said, "Mr. Metcalf, I am afraid I could not in honor accept your retainer, and act for you, as the people and my government might think I was making profit out of any prestige I may have gained at the Geneva arbitration in assisting in securing the award. I can see no legal reason for refusing to act for you but, to avoid the very appearance of dishonor perhaps I should not. However, I will think it over and let you know in a day or two."

Not long thereafter he wrote Mr. Metcalf that on reflection he had concluded he could not accept the retainer and he would have to look elsewhere for counsel. As an instance of high honor, it should be an example to the profession. Did it pay the distinguished citizen? Three years later President Grant named him Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the nation, the greatest judicial position on the face of the earth.

Mr. Metcalf sought to secure a hearing before the Congressional "Ways and Means Committee" of the House, but without avail. As stated, in the previous chapter, the real battle was between two classes of claimants. Those who had suffered loss of vessels, through the pirates and the insurance companies, who claimed they should be reimbursed because of the losses they had to pay for vessels destroyed by the same outlaws. The position of Mr. Metcalf was that the vessel owners to the extent they did not secure enough from the insurance companies, if they were insured, to make their losses good, they should be reimbursed out of the award fund.

That the insurance companies were not entitled to any portion of the fund, as they raised the premiums because of war risks, and this should bar them from being participants. The noted, William M. Everetts, as stated heretofore, represented the insurance companies. He, of course, brought to bear his great prestige and influence with members of Congress. If there was a lawyer in America in his day who could make the worse seem the better cause and by the most subtle sophistry beguile men from the truth and lead them astray, it was William M. Everetts. So powerful was his influence in the United States Senate, that ere long he secured the passage of a bill in that body in favor of the contesting insurance companies, which had it been sanctioned by the lower House and signed by the President, would have consumed practically the entire award of fifteen and one-half millions. The battle was now on in good earnest, Mr. Metcalf endeavored to get a hearing before the Ways and Means Committee time and again without avail.

Year after year, he refuted the claims and arguments of Everett's, by way of letters, pamphlets and dialogues he had printed in copious quantities, and mailed to the members of both the Senate and House. Year after year he pleaded for a hearing before the committee with the hope that he might ultimately have an opportunity to prove the justice of his position.

Each session of Congress many new members, of course, appeared in both branches, which made it difficult, as he had to go all over the same ground with them he had already covered with others. When he opened headquarters in Washington, he took Mrs. Metcalf with him to act as his clerk. While there they lived in plain, but respectable quarters, as had been their mode of life, and ever was thereafter. She wrote a very neat, legible hand, which he utilized in preparing his documents and letters.

The insurance companies, with unlimited means, maintained a powerful lobby in Washington, pulling every string possible, while he had no men counted high and mighty, to look after his interests. He depended solely on the justice of his claims. In his first argument in pamphlet form, he started with the following question: "Does anything deprive Congress of the right to do right? If not, the question before you is, 'What is right?' "

"If we have suffered wrong from which our government was under obligation to use due diligence to protect us, and our government for a consideration of value to itself, (meaning the award received) had condoned that wrong, (meaning with England) and thereby deprived us of our remedy against the wrongdoer (meaning England), is it not right that we should be indemnified by our government?"

The literature by way of argument he published from time to time, during the twelve years' battle, is interesting in the extreme. His logic is unanswerable. His reasoning like unto Socrates. Nearly twelve years had elapsed, after he opened headquarters in Washington, when he chanced to meet Major Congressman William McKinley, who had recently become a national character, because of being chairman of the "Ways and Means Committee."

After the usual salutations, Mr. McKinley said to him, "Mr. Metcalf, how long have you been here looking after your claims?" When he replied, "Nearly twelve years, asking a hearing before the committee and have always been denied." "Well," replied Mr. McKinley, "you are a resident of my state. You come up to my room tonight at the hotel as I want to know more about just what you claim." Said Mr. Metcalf, "I was there on the moment of the hour named." The conference ended with the assurance that he should have a right to be heard before his committee. As they parted, McKinley said, "The insurance companies should have the same right."

Mr. Metcalf replied, "Certainly, let everybody who thinks he is entitled to any portion of the award fund be heard!"

Then came the first opportunity Mr. Metcalf had secured to be heard in person before a committee. It was a great day, for the humble layman from Elyria unlearned in the law, but he was equal to the occasion. Many arguments were made by lawyers on behalf of other claimants, having lost vessels by the pirates. In behalf of the insurance companies, the great Everetts talked before the committee for three hours, answering Mr. Metcalf's reasoning. Mr. Metcalf had five minutes only in which to reply to him. The committee took the evidence and arguments under consideration, and after some deliberation, held with Mr. Metcalf in his contention. The eastern papers stated that it was admitted on all sides that "E. W. Metcalf of Elyria, Ohio, made by far the ablest argument before the committee." It was reasoning the committee could not ignore and do justice. The bill was reported to the floor of the House, recommending its passage. It passed by a good majority. In the Senate, strange as it may seem, Senator Edmonds made an argument in favor of the bill, which was but a repetition of Mr. Metcalf's reasoning before the House and Senate committees, although he had told Mr. Metcalf, as it will be recalled, when he asked him his opinion twelve years before, that there was no law or precedent for paying such a claim, and he would spend his time in vain about Congress trying to get relief. It passed the Senate, was signed by the President and became a law.

The insurance companies went down to defeat. This brought into Mr. Metcalf's hands a large sum of money, for his clients, and to pay him for the destruction of his ship. He then went up and down the New England coast and distributed the share going to his clients. His good wife said she thought it one of the happiest times in his life when he was able to make glad the hearts of so many who had lost nearly all in the destruction of the vessels in which they were interested. If they were in sore need of means he kept out nothing for himself.

When Mr. Metcalf came to Ohio he invested largely in cheap frontier lands in the west, which rose in value, making it possible for him to sell them from time to time to meet his Washington expenses and support his family. His twelve years' contest in Washington brought him ample means which, with the profits in real estate, enabled him to turn his attention to carry out the work he had long anticipated; in securing legislation to make Ohio, like the State of Maine had ever been, saloonless. About this time Howard H. Russel came from Kansas City, where he had been preaching, to Oberlin and Elyria, to consult with friends of temperance, looking to the organization of a league of some sort to abolish the saloons, in which all persons, regardless of their party affiliations or church creeds, could unite. The outcome of the matter was, the organization known as, "The Anti-Saloon League."

It was formed soon thereafter in Oberlin with a few Oberlin and Elyria friends of the cause. Mr. Metcalf was one of the prime movers. The second public meeting of the league, after the organization, took place in the old Elyria Opera House, when speeches were made and plans laid for the future. This league was the parent of all "Anti-Saloon Leagues" organized in every state in the Union. Mr. Metcalf was, of course, very active, especially in raising funds. Mr. Russel was sent to Columbus to secure legislation, where "Anti-Saloon" headquarters were opened and never closed till victory came in the state. Into this movement he threw himself, with as much enthusiasm as he prosecuted his claims in Congress. Sore discouragements arose ere long, by persecutions from the liquor interests and professional politicians. The lack of funds to keep Russel going, meeting printing bills, and hiring assistants, discouraged many. Mr. Metcalf said, "The saloon must go in the state and ultimately the nation." No person ever heard him utter a faltering word as the battle progressed. He employed several stenographers at his residence on Washington Avenue, that stood on the spot now occupied by the brick residence of T. T. Robinson. It was a plain Gothic wood structure, one of the first dwellings to be erected on the avenue. In this old home arguments for local option and prohibition were put on paper by the score, by Mr. Metcalf, ready for the printer. The expenses of the typists were met by him, for many months.

As the years passed in the contest Mr. Metcalf spent much time soliciting subscriptions to meet costs piling up at Columbus.

I very much question whether the league would have survived the struggle had it not been for the efforts of Mr. Metcalf and his financial aid, for he made up the deficits when there was no other way out, and never tired of pushing the work. His indefatigable industry, in the prosecution of the movement, was the subject of comment on all sides. The most important thing in the beginning, was the drafting of a County Local Option Bill to offer to the legislature. He drew the one that ultimately became the law, known as the "Haskell Local Option Bill," as it was introduced by the Honorable J. T. Haskell of Wellington, then a member of the Legislature, one of the bravest and noblest citizens Lorain County ever produced, still living, in possession of his powers, beloved by all who know him, and honored over the state for the able part he played in securing the passage of the bill. He made a speech in its favor that will be remembered so long as there is a being whose privilege it was to have heard it.

The time Mr. Metcalf spent in getting this bill in legal shape will never be known. It stood the test of the Supreme Court, and was copied by most of the states of the Union later, that adopted prohibition by local option. Having been active in the State of Maine in the temperance cause, before coming here, he sent for copies of their prohibition laws there, and corresponded with many other state authorities over the country, asking for copies of their temperance laws. Out of all the information he completed his draft of the bill, then submitted the same to Judge W. W. Boynton of Cleveland, Judge Wildman of Norwalk, and the writer, the Antisaloon Judiciary Committee. The number of thousands of dollars he put into the contest will never be known, as he was a firm believer in the Biblical doctrine, that we should not make our gifts to be seen of men. His motto was "Serve God and do good." This he ever and anon repeated where he found the friends discouraged in the battle. If any man in Elyria lived up to the Divine injunction, "live humbly, righteously, and godly in this present world," it was E. W. Metcalf. No ostentation or pretense was ever in either him or his noble companion.

Their benevolences were many, and distributed among the needy with their own hands as they went about doing good. As an example of his humility, and to prevent any display at his own funeral, he made this provision in his will, dated December 21, 1891, which is on file in the Probate Court of this county. It reads: "For an example to others, I request that my funeral should be conducted without ostentation, with the least possible expense. That not more than twenty dollars shall be expended for my casket." Another provision of the will reads: "I regard the possession of property as a sacred trust, involving duties and responsibilities, never to be used merely for selfish purposes, but to be held for such uses as Providence shall indicate to accomplish the greatest good."

By another provision he turned it all over to his three sons, as trustees to the family, to administer the same in accordance with the foregoing belief. That they have lived up to the confidence reposed in them, no person acquainted with the family will question.

CHAPTER XXXIII

OUR previous chapter told of the successful outcome of the efforts of Mr. E. W. Metcalf in his twelve winters in Washington, appealing to Congress for compensation for the loss of his and other vessels through pirate ships, built in English ports, that destroyed many merchant vessels out of which United States was awarded by arbitration at Geneva the sum of fifteen and one-half millions. He was the first loser of all those who had their ships sent to the bottom of the sea to advance the doctrine, or theory that won for all vessel owners, compensation. In his preparation and investigations preparatory to the presentation of the claims he represented, he gathered a large number of books and documents, referring to the whole subject of the treaties with England, bearing on the Geneva award. The theory Mr. Metcalf advocated from the beginning of the controversy was: "That, the forty-nine marine insurance companies who claimed most of the award of millions, were entitled to nothing unless they could show actual loss above war premiums received." This theory, as stated, was finally adopted by Congress, thus making it possible to pay from the award all actual losses caused by all the Confederate pirate cruisers for which the losers, whether Mr. Metcalf represented them or not, had received no indemnity. The outcome of the contest in Washington by Mr. Metcalf was far-reaching in its results for many people. It is an example of indefatigable industry and determination, contending for justice against great odds, worthy of emulation by any young man in the legal profession or out, who aspires to succeed in any field of endeavor. There was another legal battle fought out by Mr. Metcalf in the face of the opinions of so-called able attorneys, that was of great service to many poor, as it involved the title to a large tract of land located in Marathon County, Washington, on which emigrants had settled. It came about in this way. He had purchased for himself a large portion of the land that another party later insisted he owned. This claim caused great commotion among the emigrants whose farms were involved, who held title by the same kind of deeds.

Soon the disputer of Mr. Metcalf's title began an ejectment suit to oust him. The very question involved, if decided against him, would make the titles of the emigrants worthless. Our National Constitution provides that when a person is a non-resident of a State in which suit against him is brought, he may, on application to the court in which the suit is pending, have the same removed for trial to the United States Court of the district in which the suit was filed, which he did. The trial resulted in a decision against Mr. Metcalf. The grounds on which he asked his attorneys to contend for his rights they utterly ignored. They were discharged. He then called on United States Senator John C. Spooner, in Washington, with the view of retaining him to prosecute his case to the United States Supreme Court, but was told by him that his time was all taken up in his duties in the Senate. Mr. Metcalf requested him to suggest the name of an able attorney. The Senator reflected a moment, then said, "The ablest lawyer I know is my father out in Wisconsin, but he is out of practice, and has a broken heart over the death of my mother. If you could get him interested in your matter, he could do you more good, in my judgment, than any lawyer I know, but I am afraid you cannot get him to act." Said Mr. Metcalf, "I will see your father." He then took a train for Wisconsin, called on Attorney Spooner. He found him in the condition the son had represented. He had hard work to get him to listen to his troubles. But E. W. Metcalf was a man who could not be turned down when he thought he was in the right. Before the interview ended, he had the noted jurist not only interested but deeply so.

After he heard Mr. Metcalf's reasoning, he was so deeply impressed by his abilities and clear manner of statement, and the apparent justice of his position, and the effect such a decision, if left to stand, would have on all the poor people occupying lands involved, that he forgot his troubles, and ere they parted was deeply enthused, and told Mr. Metcalf he believed he was on the right track if he could win at all. Said he would act for him, and give his best thought to the subject and then let him know his conclusion. Thereupon Mr. Metcalf said, "When you have formed your opinion, whether it shall be for me or against me, I want you to come to my home in Elyria and tell me in person." This Mr. Spooner promised to do by a certain date. Before many days the Metcalf doorbell rang; Mr. Metcalf chanced to respond to the call, when lo, there stood Mr. Spooner, the old jurist, with a smile on his countenance, which, "When I saw it," said Mr. Metcalf, "encouraged me to believe he had come to my way of thinking, and so it proved to be." In due time, on the theory advocated by Mr. Metcalf in which his discharged lawyers would not agree with him or argue in the lower court, where he was defeated, Attorney Spooner won the case in the Supreme Court of the United States.

The emigrants were made happy who reaped the benefit of the decision without expense to them. In this fact, Mr. Metcalf was made to rejoice that he had been able in his own suit, without expense to the struggling foreigners of saving their farms. To the credit of Mr. Metcalf, there stands still another very important case, that reached the United States Supreme Court, in which he was defeated in the lower courts, involving the sum of $35,641.99. The history of the case is interesting; it involved questions of law of great benefit to the whole nation. It happened in this way. Many years ago there was a boom incorporated city in Wisconsin, christened by the promoters "Watertown." It turned out to be rightly named, as it proved to be like so many private corporation stocks, mostly water. Debts were contracted galore, and bonds issued with no available assets to meet them when pay day came.

One of the victims, in 1866, sued the ambitious city to recover what he had put into it, and secured a judgment, which, with its interest, amounted then to $10,207.86. The town was then bankrupt, so far as having any available means to satisfy the same. In some land deal of Mr. Metcalf's in Wisconsin, this judgment came into his hands. More than ten years had then elapsed since the judgment was entered in court. He began to make inquiry of the Watertown authorities why it was not paid, and was told that others had sued the town on like claims and got judgments and later undertook to make the town pay but failed, as there was nothing out of which to pay them. That the town refused to make any levies, looking to their payment. That when anyone having a judgment, had commenced suit to enforce payment, he had been beaten on one ground or another. When Mr. Metcalf came to be the owner of the judgment the town had become a prosperous place, amply able to pay its debts. He reasoned "It was an honest obligation, why should not the city pay it?" He began suit and the town plead the statute of limitations, the court held against him. From this decision he prosecuted error to the Supreme Court of the United States. Here he was at first defeated, but by a divided court, which entitled him to have a rehearing, that ended in his reversing the lower court giving him a judgment with its interest, making a total of $26,809.23. Then arose a question of more interest which had to be litigated, and resulted in his favor also, making the final amount paid Mr. Metcalf on the judgment $35,641.99.

To get up the proper papers for carrying on the suit and prosecuting the case, he employed a young attorney just commencing practice in Milwaukee, by the name of Charles Monroe. He is a son of Prof. James Monroe, of Oberlin, who represented this district in Congress in the days of James A. Garfield. He was a graduate of Oberlin College, read law in the C. W. Johnston's law office in Elyria, and on admission to the bar settled in Milwaukee, where he now resides. I began my sketch of the life and character of E. W. Metcalf by classing him among the able men of America, and by counting him a great lawyer, although he was never admitted to the bar. Was I justified in my assersion? The facts stated show that everything for which he contended came to pass. The three battles in Congress and the Supreme Court were decided in his favor. The law for prohibition has resulted as he prophesied it would, and is now written in the National Constitution, to remain so long as the government shall stand. Not only did he accomplish his purposes in these matters, but he and his noble companion raised and gave to society and the world a family of whose record, any parents or community in which they were raised, may be justly proud. There are five of them, three sons and two daughters. Let me call the roll. Rev. Irving W. Metcalf, of Oberlin, a well-known prominent man of the county and high-class citizen, was raised in Elyria, graduated from Oberlin College and its Theological Seminary. Held important pastorates in Cleveland and Columbus in Congregational Churches, was trustee of Oberlin College for twenty-five years. He has been and is a very busy man, given to benevolence, and entrusted by many with settling large estates. He married Henry E. Mussey's daughter, Flora B., a graduate of Wellesley College. They have two children, a daughter Edith, graduate of Oberlin College and Wellesley, a teacher, and Harold, a graduate of Oberlin College and the Western Reserve Law School; is practicing in Cleveland. The next child of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Metcalf is Mrs. Lucy Upton, a graduate of Oberlin College, married Rev. A. G. Upton, a Congregational minister who preached for the Windermere and Wakeman Churches, and also in Syracuse, N. Y., and was superintendent of home missions in that State. Then became librarian of Colorado College. He passed away some years ago. Their daughter married Professor Brehaut, a graduate of Harvard College, now professor in Colorado College. The third child of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Metcalf is Edith. She also graduated from Oberlin College and Wellesley. She never married. For a few years she did library work, but for the past thirty years has devoted her life and means her father left her to philanthropic work among the very poor children in the city of Chicago. There she built a commodious home where she has maintained, at her own expense, a free kindergarten, caring for the poor children's education, morals, and spiritual welfare. She purchased and owns the old farm home in Royalston, Mass., where her father and her uncle, I. S. Metcalf (already written about), were born. It contains eighty-five stony acres. On an adjoining twenty-five acres she has set out forest trees, grown from seeds of her own planting, that are from twelve to fifteen feet in height. A more humble, quiet, unpretending person never lived than she. Hundreds rise up in the world to call her blessed, for the lift she gave them when they were numbered among the poorest of the poor, for the instructions she gave them, and the characters they possess, she created within them.

The fourth child is Prof. Wilmot V. Metcalf, of Oberlin. He was Professor of Physics in Whitman College, State of Washington; Carlton College, Minnesota; and Fisk University. He took post-graduate work in Johns Hopkins University and Leipzig, Germany. He and his noble wife have two children, son and daughter. Rachel is the wife of Prof. Walter N. Hess, of Hamilton College. Both are graduates of Oberlin College, and she the mother is also a graduate of Wellesley, where she taught Greek for ten years. He, the son, is now connected with the Bureau of Standards in Washington employed by the Government. The fifth child of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Metcalf is Prof. Maynard Metcalf, a graduate of Oberlin College, now professor in research work at Johns Hopkins University, from which institution he holds a Ph.D. degree, and also holds a degree from the University of Wurtzburg, Germany. He was the head of the Zoology Department of Goucher College, Baltimore. Has served on the National Research Commission, and is the author of textbooks in his field of research, used in many schools and colleges. His wife, a fine lady of culture, is a graduate of Oberlin College. Their daughter, Mrs. Beetham, of Boston, is also a graduate of Oberlin College.

If the greatest product of any city is to be found in her citizens raised within her borders and sent out into the world, should not Elyria feel a commendable pride in the two families, the children of I. S. and E. W. Metcalf, who were born on a farm in Massachusetts? Left fatherless when children, dependent upon a widowed mother, who raised them on a farm in Maine. Everyone of these great families, save one, and he a splendid citizen and successful business man in Kansas, are graduates of colleges, their companions by marriage all graduates of collegiate institutions. Their grandchildren, securing college educations as they grow up. All busy in the world's work, each standing for the highest ideals in morals and many of them teachers in colleges or practicing professions. All benevolent and true patriots. For the great results attained, we must look back to that wonderful mother, who fought without complaint, in spite of her poverty, the battle of life in that far-off pioneer State. where she instilled into the minds of these two great sons from childhood the teachings of the One who spake as man never spoke.

It was line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little there a little. They were taught that it cost more to be bad than to be good. That they must be useful in life, and kind to the unfortunate, and never neglect the church. They were taught that the liquor traffic was a great evil to be hated. The seed thus sown in the hearts and minds of these brothers, brought forth the harvest for the common good as evidenced by these families.

Near the southeast part of the new part of the Elyria Cemetery lie the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Metcalf. The spot is marked by a granite rough boulder, taken from the farm on which the brothers were born at Royalston, Mass., to which is fastened a bronze plate telling the dates of births and deaths. Just below are the words, "Trust in the Lord and do good." The motto he quoted many times as the years multiplied.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE subject of this sketch, Martin Webster Pond, was a Connecticut Yankee, born in the "Nutmeg State," in 1814, one hundred and fifteen years ago. There flowed in his veins, on his mother's side of the house, the blood of the noted lexicographer, Noah Webster, the author of "Webster's Unabridged Dictionary." At the age of nine, he came to Elyria with a married sister, Mrs. Lydia Pond Adams, to reside, and here spent his long, useful, and active life as a pioneer, becoming one of the most prominent men of the town, reaching the age of eighty-three before he was gathered to his fathers. He was in youth, poor in purse, but rich in character, with a burning ambition to count for something in the world's work. His education was secured in the Elyria schools. The town had been founded but eight years when he reached here. At sixteen, he entered the employ of his brother-in-law, Ezra S. Adams, as an apprentice, where he learned the trade of making saddles and harnesses. At twenty-one, with the trade learned, he worked at a like business for two years, in the cities of Cleveland, Detroit, and Wheeling, then returned to Elyria and conducted the business with B. F. Robbins, Waterman Morse, and William Doolittle, as partners till 1852, when the lure to dig gold with his own hands out of the California mountains seized him. The success of the "Forty-niners," three years previous, after gold was first discovered in California in the stream at "Suter's Mill," in that then far-away State, started fabulous stories that were being told in stores, blacksmith and shoeshops, newspapers and firesides, that unsettled the minds of thousands all over the country. Young Pond was among the rest. He had married at twenty-one, Eliza J. Sayles, of Maysville, Chautauqua Co., New York, and had several children, all of whom he left in his quest for gold.

If he reached his "Eldorado" by way of the plains, "great American Desert" and Rocky Mountains, it was to encounter savage Indians, outlaws, and hunger. If by the isthmus there was no canal to convey him to the Pacific in a floating palace with every whim gratified as now, while passing through the wonder cut. Bidding good-bye to family and friends, he turned his footsteps southward for Panama, where he was laid prostrate from fever, delaying his journey three weeks. M. W. Pond was a man who having once put his hands to the plow never looked back. Feeble as he was, he wended his way through the jungle and took ship on the Pacific for San Francisco. He was two months and five days in reaching his destination. There he endured the hardships of the miner's life, for one year, only to learn the sore disappointments through which thousands had passed, then made his way back by the same route, to discover he had run away from the very thing he supposed was to be found easily in the hills and mountains of California. His bitter experience taught him the truth, hard for us mortals to understand that our opportunities are where we are nineteen times out of twenty; we are like the farmer in Pennsylvania before coal oil was discovered in that State, who lost all interest in the old home farm and sold it for comparatively a song to go to Canada to bore for oil, where the hole in which he sank his money turned out to be a duster, while the purchaser of his neglected acres, in watering his horses in a spring on the old place, noticed a scum that he had to push back, before the animals would drink, a thing the seller had done for lo, many years. The newcomer sent some of it to a chemist in Philadelphia for analysis, who put it through his test tubes and reported back "It is coal oil." That was the beginning of the great industry in the "Keystone State." The oil pumped out of the hills of the forsaken farm by the owner brought him great wealth. The same scum had been for twenty years regarded by the first owner as a great nuisance. The young saddle and harness maker again entered upon his forsaken occupation with a zest that promised success, convinced that if he could not count for something here in the world's work his life would prove a failure. At the end of five years fire destroyed his building, in which he had conducted a prosperous trade. Nothing daunting, he at once caused to rise, Phœnix like, out of the ashes of his disaster a much finer structure, in which he continued business which renewed energy. It occurred to him one day that he was following a beaten path in the conduct of his affairs, and noticing there was no harness pad being made that was satisfactory to the trade, he set about it to overcome the defects. It resulted in so improving the article that he was granted a patent. Out of this invention such an income began to flow his way that it encouraged him to study for further things lacking in harnesses. The result was, he soon brought forth the first successful tug buckle in the harness industry. So profitable did his new invention prove to be, that he gave most of his time to its introduction, till 1870, when he retired from the saddle and harness business, one of the wealthy men of the place. Soon thereafter he invented a truss for the unfortunate, that brought great relief to large numbers. On the north side of Broad Street still stands the "Pond Block" across from the bank building with the name inscribed, thereon the property of his cultured daughter, Lizzie Pond Bowen, who, with her widowed daughter, Mrs. Garfield, reside in the old "Pond Homestead" on the east side of West Avenue at the corner of Fifth Street, a charming old place with its inviting, well-kept lawn and beautiful trees. Mr. Pond was a striking figure. Stood nearly six feet in height. Wore full whiskers, save a mustache, in keeping with the times, and was ever becomingly dressed. He was a man of culture. Read the best in books, and possessed a character above reproach.

His eighty-third birthday, in 1897, was made an event by his numerous friends with whom he had lived his life in Elyria. The following account of the same appeared in the local newspaper:

"Our venerable citizen, Mr. M. W. Pond, of West Avenue, reached the eighty-third milestone of life's journey on Friday last. During the afternoon a large party of friends and old acquaintances called to pay their respects and offer congratulations, and the afternoon was most enjoyably spent in discussing old times. It was a most remarkable gathering of septuagenarians and octogenarians, a large number of these being included in the company. Mrs. S. H. Bowen and Miss Helen Bowen, daughter and granddaughter of Mr. Pond, assisted by Mrs. Searles, served luncheon during the afternoon. Among those who called were Messrs Frank Rockwood, Levi Dickinson, H. E. Mussey, G. D. Hayward, H. M. Parker, S. A. Cary, W. H. Park, W. F. Wooster, R. W. Pomroy, Edwin Hall, M. A. Elder, Dr. O. T. Maynard, F. S. Reefy, J. W. Hulburt, Jerome Manville, J. C. Hill, John H. Boynton, John Hannan, John T. Houghton, A. H. Smith, Dr. C. F. Cushing, Levi Morse, M. D. Galpin, S. B. Wolcott, I. S. Metcalf, Dr. W. F. McLean. Dr. Charles H. Cushing, and Mr. Frank Rockwood, who was the oldest visitor, being eighty-eight years of age. Mr. Pond received his guests in his well-known cordial and hearty manner, and all were glad to again give him friendly greeting and enjoy a few hours of social intercourse in his company."

Of the twenty-eight named above not one is left to recount the event. They were all able strong characters, whose names had been for many years, household words. As the guests appeared in a body, Mr. Pond quoted, "Shall old acquaintance be forgot." He did it in so impressive a manner as to deeply affect the company. Mrs. Pond had passed away at seventy, May 31, 1887. She was a cultured lady, beloved by all who chanced to know her, an exemplary mother, and true wife. Five sons and one daughter were born of this marriage. The daughter, Mrs. Bowen named, is, as stated, residing in the old home. The sons have all passed away, leaving no descendants. The daughter married December 5, 1877, Samuel H. Bowen, the son of a prominent family in Newport, N. Y. He was twelve years a business man in Elyria, and twenty-one in Cleveland.

He departed this life February 17, 1917. To this marriage were born two children: Helen, the widow of the late John M. Garfield, of Cleveland, of the law firm of Tolls, Hogsett & Gin. To this marriage were born three grandsons: John, Scott, and Samuel. Scott Bowen after leaving college became a newspaper reporter on the Cleveland *Leader.* Then engaged in advertising. When the call came in the World War for college boys to enlist in aviation, he was among the first. He received his technical training for the same in Austin, Texas, and then was sent to San Diego, California, for flying, then was commissioned second lieutenant and assigned to Langley Field, Hampton Roads, Virginia, as teacher of new devices in aviation. After the Armistice was signed, he moved to New York where he is engaged as advertising agent for a publishing house. He married Maude Clement, of Rutland, Vt. They have three small sons of promise: Scott, Frederick, and Roger.

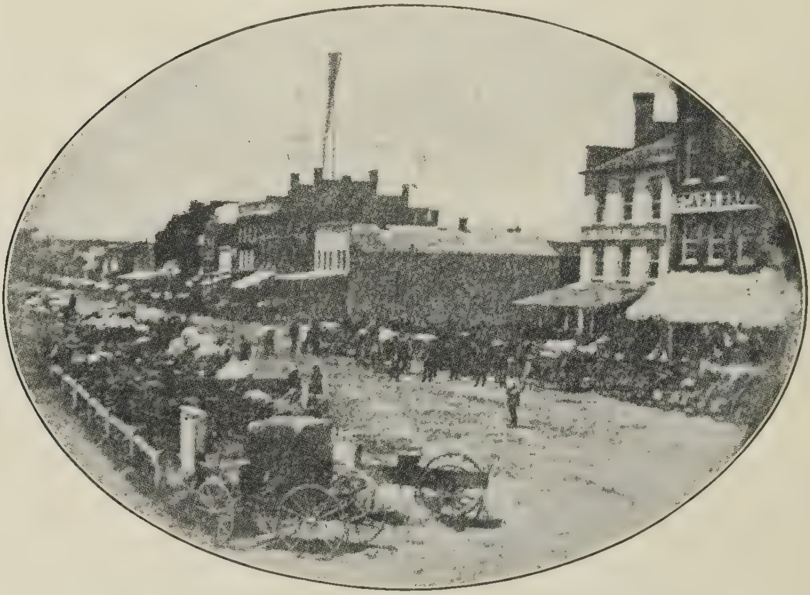
The Bowen house, mentioned on West Avenue, was built ninety-nine years ago, and became the home of Mr. and Mrs. Pond in 1840. Five generations have found a home under its hospitable roof, a very uncommon thing in Elyria. Mr. and Mrs. Pond ever stood for the best in church and state matters. They were exemplary in their lives, benevolent and kind to the unfortunate. They left a good name, which has ever been and ever will be a legacy to their descendants. Of the numerous characters whose lives I have recounted in this series of articles, gone to their reward, pioneers in building up and shaping the character of Elyria's citizenship, everyone came from either the "Pine Tree State" of Maine, the "Granite State" of New Hampshire, the "Green Mountain State" of Vermont, the "Bay State" of Massachusetts, the "Empire State" of New

T. L. Nelson

Pioneer merchant. First president of savings bank and one of the best and most useful citizens of the city. Very active in temperance work

York, or the "Nutmeg State" of Connecticut. Not one was from a slave commonwealth. All arrived soon after the "Western Reserve" was formed. They and their good wives stood for the best things, looking to the common weal. To this number, I will now add the name of Thomas Lathrop Nelson, known to the public in Lorain County for forty-six years as "T. L. Nelson." He was born in Lyme (Grafton County), New Hampshire, January 11, 1823, one hundred and six years ago. His father passed away, leaving the wife and small children destitute.

Necessity required him to make his home with his grandfather, Gilbert, in Vermont, where he had but poor school advantages. Being ambitious for knowledge, he eagerly devoured such books as came within his reach and attended an academy a few months. At nineteen, he became a dry-goods clerk in his native town. At twenty-one, he turned his footsteps toward Oberlin, where he had an uncle, by marriage, "Deacon" Peter Turner. He landed with one dollar in his pocket and a small bundle of clothing, ambitious to attend college, but adversity for the time, drove him to seek employment elsewhere, as jobs in the village were scarce and dollars few. Mansfield, Richland County, was reported as a place of opportunity for those who wanted employment. Not having the wherewith to pay stage fare, and the highway being free, he walked the fifty miles, only to find jobs as hard to get in the embryo city as in the college village, for he tramped for days and went hungry before he found a position, then he clerked in a dry-goods store for six months, then resolved to make Elyria his home. Here, at twenty-two, he entered as a clerk in the firm of "Baldwin and Laundon," and later became partner, creating the firm of "Baldwin, Laundon & Nelson." This company opened a large store in Wellington. It continued for fifteen years, when he withdrew and helped organize the first savings bank in the county, the present "Savings Deposit Bank and Trust Co.," now located on East Broad Street, and was made its president, a position he held for nineteen years, and until his last sickness incapacitated him. The bank was a success from the start, and for fifty-seven years has held the confidence of the people. It was opened in humble quarters in the Ely block, and is now housed in its own home in one of the most beautiful bank buildings in the State. Mr. Nelson was an ideal president, as he was pos-



Broad Street in the Early Fifties

sessed of such a charming personality and bore such a high Christian character, that he drew people there to entrust their savings in his hands. He was called by the directors and employees, the "Sunshine of the Bank." While his day and generation was in the saloon period, he never flinched in his efforts to have the same abolished. He was always present at temperance meetings, ready to talk and act for the doing away of the liquor traffic.

His personal habits were perfect. No youth was ever led astray by his precepts or example. He was not only a member of the Congregational Church, but lived his Christianity, and was ever ready to testify to the faith that was in him. He was kind to the poor and never oppressed the widow or fatherless. For thirty-one years he was a member of the school board and eighteen of that time its president. For twenty-five years he was on the Board of Trustees of Oberlin College, in which time the institution was in the great battle for the abolition of slavery, an institution he abhorred as he did the legalized saloon. He was in person one of the most courtly, striking figures in the county.

His home was the place now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander T. Hill, the first house north of the residence of Mrs. David Troxel, on Washington Avenue. He was a lover of horses, for carriage purposes. He delighted in driving his own team. This was before the days of the automobile. He never sought political office, but without asking, was made mayor of the city. He was thrice married. His first wife was the daughter of Judge Churchill, of New Hampshire, by whom he had one child, a daughter, who married Rev. E. P. Butler, of Mass. His second wife was Mary L. Moody, by whom he had three daughters. One is the wife of Hon. A. L. Garford, a lady of culture. To them were born two daughters, one the wife of James Thomas. She is a musician and talented as a writer. Her husband is a classical graduate, whose rare gift with his pen is well known. No man in our city stands higher than "Jim" Thomas. The other daughter is married and resides in Los Angeles. Mr. Nelson's third wife was Miss Fanny Sanford. Mrs. Alexander Hill is her niece. Mr. Nelson was gathered to his fathers at the age of sixty-eight, leaving behind him a good name, that will never cease to be honored by the lips of those who knew him. He entered the town a young man unknown, with no dollars, possessed of a high purpose to make for himself a name among men, for sobriety and integrity, believing that by adherence to correct principles he would succeed. From that purpose he never wavered. Any young man who to-day will follow this example, has a better opportunity than had T. L. Nelson, to mark high in some honorable calling.

CHAPTER XXXV

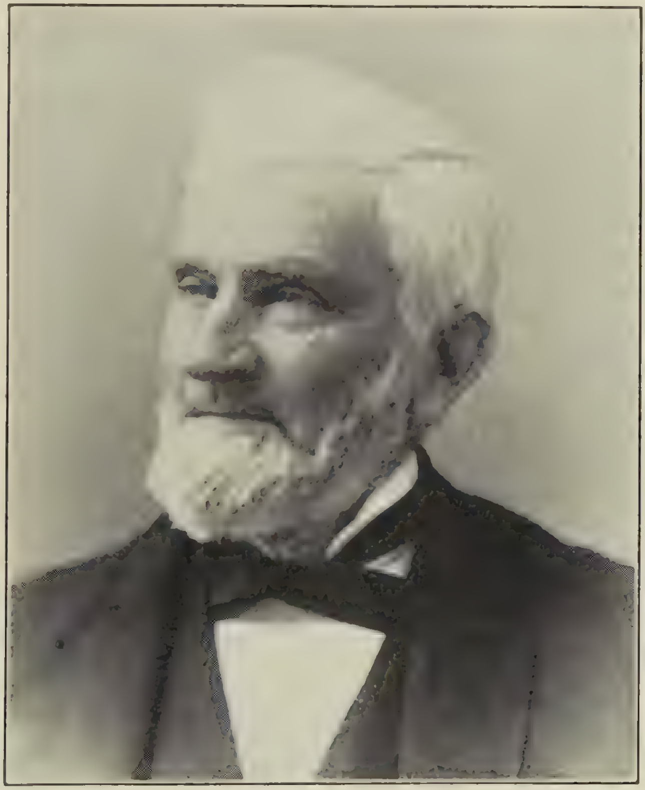
UNTIL great wagon and buggy factories began turning out vehicles by machinery, they had been made, "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," piece by piece in the little wagon shops by the wayside, scattered over the country, and then "ironed off," as the saying was, by the village blacksmith. This primitive method of building wagons and buggies led many young men, mechanically inclined, desirous of learning a trade, to become wagon makers. Among the number in Lorain County was John W. Topliff. For many years and, until about 1871, he owned and operated a wagon shop, located on the south side of West Broad Street, on the spot now occupied by the "Odd Fellows' Block." His residence was then, and had been for many years, the brick dwelling still standing on the northeast corner at the intersection of Fifth Street and West Avenue. He had a brother, Isaac Topliff, then residing in Adrian, Mich., who was conducting a like business in that place. About that year, 1871, Isaac telegraphed his brother John that his shop had burned, leaving him penniless, asking him to come to Adrian. As any good brother should, he responded. When he arrived, Isaac brought out at his residence a model of what he called a "Tubular Bow Socket" for carriages, and said to John, "This is my hope for the future. I want to go to Elyria and have you go in with me and manufacture it. I have been working on this device for a long time. I believe there is a chance to make a lot of money out of it.

"Large factories are springing up making carriages by machinery, there will be a great demand for them. "To this generation an explanation is necessary. Until this bow socket was placed on the market, all the bows that held up the top were of wood, covered with leather. If a bow got broken it made an expensive thing to replace it. The Topliff bow is iron, hollow and japanned, and can be easily replaced. The result of the conference ended in Isaac and family coming to Elyria. Hon. George H. Ely was then a young man, a recent graduate from Yale College, anxious to engage in manufacturing business of some character. The result of the whole matter was that the three entered into a contract, by which Isaac was to get his idea covered by patents, and John and Mr. Ely were to manufacture the article, under the name of "Topliff & Ely Co.," and Isaac, the inventor, was to go on the road selling the manufactured produce. Each was to have one third of the net profits, if any resulted. The company then erected the brick buildings, still standing on the bank of Black River, now abandoned for factory purposes, located just south of the "Highgate Plant." The power for driving the machinery was a water wheel. A dam was made at that point across the river, long since washed away. Later steam power was installed, and more buildings erected and the brick chimney now in evidence, with the words, "Long Wear Rubber Co." painted thereon a few years ago, when an attempt was made by many citizens to manufacture rubber goods in the buildings. While the Topliff & Ely Co. had a hard struggle to convince the carriage makers of the country that their "Tubular Bow Socket" was the one that should be used, the time came when they were, and wealth began to pour into their coffers at the rate of about thirty-five thousand dollars a year to each one. The industry came at a time when the town was in sore need of something to give employment to men. By reason of this opportunity many people were able to purchase homes. The industry continued for about twenty years, within which time John Topliff erected the mansion, still standing on the west side of East Bridge next to the river, now owned and occupied by a religious society.

He also erected the "Topliff Hotel," now called the "Newell," and had his face cut in the keystone where it is still visible. This building stands on the spot on which was located a brick hotel in which, after it was abandoned for that purpose, was used for some years to house the first Y. M. C. A. in the city. Out of the "Tubular Bow Socket" business, Mr. Ely was able to erect the most beautiful and costly mansion ever built in Lorain County, the structure on West Avenue, called "The Taft Home for the Aged." The name is in honor of an elderly couple residing in Lorain, who made a contribution of forty thousand dollars toward the same home. Where is the person who will come to the front and do likewise for the new structure, just erected, and have it bear his or her name, and live forever in the hearts of the unfortunate as well as the public?

Isaac Topliff made his home after a time in Cleveland, where he had another factory of like character erected. The oldest daughter of John Topliff married the late Walter E. Brooks, who for some years was a hardware merchant in Elyria and later was connected with the "Topliff & Ely Co.," and later manufactured other articles in the buildings, until they ceased to be used for factory purposes. There are none of the Topliff families left in the city. John and Isaac have long since gone the way of all the earth. The automobile came along and drove the carriages off the streets and highways, and with their disappearance went the "Tubular Bow Socket" industry.

Probably no man in Lorain County in his time was so universally known as the late John W. Lersch, the merchant. His life is another interesting story of American opportunity, worthy of emulation by every young man ambitious to succeed in the business world. He was born in Germany, July 25, 1841, eighty-eight years ago. On his tenth birthday, his parents boarded a sailing vessel for New York. For forty days they endured the storms and inconveniences incident to crossing the deep in that early period of ocean travel. No "Goddess of Liberty Enlightening the World" then lifted her torch to greet the emigrant. No skyscrapers were in evidence. No bridges spanned the rivers surrounding the city. No tunnels or tubes for transportation under the earth. No electric cars or lights. Little did the ten-year-old lad, not able to speak a word of the American language, dream the time would come when his name as a man of affairs would appear in the commercial reports of the great Eastern cities and to be known by the wholesale houses as worthy of any credit he might ask. Nor did he suspect that ere many years he would annually, and often semi-annually, visit the great cities, to pay out fortunes for dry goods, as head of one of the largest country stores in Northern Ohio. So soon as the customs officers and emigration officials had ended inspection of the Lersch family, they made their way by the modes of travel in that time to Cleveland, then a good-sized village. For six months this was their home, when they moved to Mansfield, where they resided for one year, then to North Dover, where the father purchased a small farm about thirty miles east of Elyria. Farmer Lersch did most of his trading for the family in Elyria. On one of his trips his son John, then twelve years of age, with the mother, accompanied him. There was then a mercantile firm doing a large general business known as "Mussey & Co.," of which Henry E. Mussey, whose life story has already been told, was its head. The father had occasion to make a purchase at this store. One of the clerks of the firm was Peter Bishop, who was struck by the lad's bright eyes and apparent interest in all that was going on as he waited on the father. Whatever the article being purchased was, it had to be measured. The price was two dollars and sixty-three and one-half cents per bushel. Bishop turned to the boy and asked him how much so many bushels would come to at that price. Without hesitancy the answer came. Bishop thinking perhaps the boy had chanced to guess the correct answer, put the question, "Are you sure?" He hesitated, whereupon the mother said, as he looked at her for assurance, "Tell him if you really know." He again answered, "Yes, my answer is correct." Whereupon Bishop turned to one of the partners, a Mr. Gallup, and said, "Here is a boy we want."



HENRY E. MUSSEY

Pioneer merchant. Banker. Opened and operated for many years the large "Mussey Stone Quarry." Interested in all that was for the city's good, and was on the School Board for forty years

The matter was then talked over with the parents and by the head of the firm and resulted in making a contract, by which the boy was to enter the company's employment on a thirty days' trial. It was a great event in the life of the farm boy. The thirty days soon passed. He was the first one in the morning to show up for business, and remained in the evening, so long as there was anything for him to do. His conduct was so satisfactory that at the expiration of the thirty days' trial, papers were drawn with the parents consent, by which he was to work for three years, for the sum of forty dollars the first year and his board, the second year he was to have fifty dollars and board, and the third the compensation was to be seventy-five and board. Should he remain a fourth year, the pay was to be one hundred and seventy-five and board. He remained the four years, when the company sold out to a new firm called "Baldwin, Laundon and Nelson." He continued with this firm, having his wages increased from year to year, till 1872, when the firm sold to a new firm called "Baldwin and Co.," of which he was the junior member. By this time he had been so frugal of his wages that he was able to purchase a worth-while interest in the business. This relation continued for eight years, when in 1880, he was able to purchase the business and building, and then with his sons organized the firm of "Lersch & Co.," which has continued for fifty-nine years. Soon after Mr. Lersch became the head of the business, he conceived the idea of forming a syndicate of dry-goods stores in Northern Ohio, by which they were to pool their cash, and deal directly with the manufacturers of the goods they handled, so far as it was possible, thus saving paying the profits of the middle man. The three firms of Frier & Schuele, of Cleveland; B. C. Tabor & Co., of Norwalk, and his own, constituted the same. This was found to be very profitable.

He married Miss Parmela Boynton, daughter of Joshua Boynton, head of one of the prominent families of Elyria. She was a teacher in our school and one of the finest ladies in the city. William Maddock says, "He attended, as a child, when she was teaching in the little brick schoolhouse, still standing on Chestnut Street, just north of the Stevens homestead." She lately passed away at her home on Washington Avenue, at the age of eighty-six. He reached the age of seventy-eight. The following children were born to them: Carl Robert; Louise, now Mrs. Goby; Charlotte, now Mrs. Cherry; Walter, Arthur, and Harwood. Arthur has passed away. The others are all splendid citizens, actively engaged in the world's work. Robert was twice sent to the Ohio legislature. For attention to business, allowing nothing to interfere with its prosecution, counting the period of time covered, John W. Lersch never had a superior in the county. He was a great commoner, and knew how to touch the hearts of his customers and hold their trade. No man ever questioned his integrity, nor was there ground for so doing. People, especially farmers in the many years, brought their families to the store to trade, and ever found in him a friend who knew how to welcome them from the parents to the smallest child. He was not only interested in their welfare, but he so lived toward them that they knew he was, and counted him their friend. He seemed to be everywhere in the store. If he was not in sight when the old customers came, they made inquiry after his whereabouts.

He possessed a striking personality. Was never cross but under all circumstances seemed to be master of himself. He was one of the best generally informed men in the city, and had accumulated a splendid literary library in which he found great delight. His ideal among great men was Abraham Lincoln, of whom he never tired talking. His habits of life were perfect. No young man was ever led astray by his example or conversation. He was interested in every good cause and ready to contribute toward its success. For forty years he lost only four days in not being at the store, in which time he was sick. He never took but one vacation, a trip to the Fatherland and Europe in 1882. He could always be found at the store or home. His business ambition was, as he often expressed it, to give the people the best goods for the least money possible, and live and save something for old age and leave a good name. He certainly accomplished his purpose. His genial face and words of wisdom will remain so long as there lives one whose privilege it was to have known him. When his father and mother grew feeble and needed care, he and Mrs. Lersch took them under their own roof and treated them kindly till they went to their reward full of years. John W. Lersch lived up to the doctrine he preached. He always regarded T. W. Laundon, one of the old firm, in his early years as the one to whom he owed much, and often said he regarded him as one of the best merchants he ever knew. Laundon retired from business with ample means, long before the allotted time of man, and took things easily in his commodious home on the southwest corner of Third Street and West Avenue, now occupied and owned by A. G. Bean, the well-known manufacturer. His daughter married Blake Johnson, of Cleveland, now deceased, one of the able attorneys of that bar, who was born and raised west of Elyria. T. W. Laundon of the well-known firm of Warden & Laundon, surveyors and civil engineers, is a grandson of the old merchant.

CHAPTER XXXVI

AMONG the outstanding characters and useful men who had much to do in building up the city of Elyria in her formative period, shaping her morals, looking after her schools and religious welfare and carrying on her business, was Edwin Chauncey Griswold, better known as E. C. Griswold. He was born in Farmington, Conn., May 18, 1827, one hundred and two years ago. He graduated from Wesleyan University of that State, and then entered the service of the "People's Steamship Co." on the Hudson River, where he remained four years, then worked for "The Methodist Book Concern," in New York City, till he came to Elyria, in 1854, when twenty-seven, and opened the first book store in the village in the building now occupied by Oscar Hasersodt's Jewelry Store, which he conducted with success for twenty-four years, until 1877, when he disposed of the same and turned his attention to organizing companies of various kinds; among them was "Lakeside," west of Sandusky, for the furtherance of the "Chautauqua" cause. He became its president, and was for years the prime mover in taking it through the formative period to final success. There would not have been any "Lakeside" had it not been for E. C. Griswold. Who is able to measure the good that has come to the world through the hundreds of thousands who have attended the summer sessions of "Lakeside" and listened to the lectures, songs, and teachers of national reputations who have been called there to instruct great audiences? The breadth and depth of many things can be ascertained by the yard stick and plumet, but not the influence for good of such an institution. He served many years on the school board and as township official, and for a long time was a member of the Board of Trustees of Baldwin University. He was one of the pillars of the Elyria Methodist

Church and ever a staunch advocate of temperance. He was a strong abolitionist. Voted for Lincoln, and was very active in supporting, with the leading men of the community, prosecution of the Civil War, to save the Union. He married Miss Anne Sweetland, of Hartford, Conn., by whom he had four children; two daughters and two sons. All were college trained and splendid citizens. All have passed away. The daughter, Ella, married the noted scholar, Rev. Lucius C. Smith. Immediately following the marriage at the Griswold home on the east side of Middle Avenue, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, they went to South America as teachers and missionaries, where he, by reason of his marked ability learned the Spanish language in a few weeks. Edwin Chauncy Griswold, a grandson of E. C. Griswold, married a daughter of Rev. Endley, of Elyria.

The part Elyria citizens played in the noted "Oberlin-Wellington slave-rescue case" that shook the nation from ocean to ocean, and from the saltless seas on the north to the Gulf of Mexico, has been told in a previous chapter. The rescue took place in the fall of 1858. Arrests and indictments followed in the United States Court at Cleveland against twenty-four Oberlin people, and thirteen of the Wellington citizens. The trials lasted till the 6th of July the following year, 1859, less than two years before Fort Sumter was fired upon. The acquittal it will be remembered came about by the prompt action of the Lorain County officials, and the influence of the best citizens of Elyria, among them E. C. Griswold. When Lincoln entered the White House, several Southern States had already gone out of the Union. At that time Elyria had only about thirty-five hundred inhabitants. While she was short on numbers she was one-hundred-per-cent patriotic, as on April the 18th, six days after Fort Sumter was fired upon, the following agreement, four feet in length, was signed by one hundred and nineteen Elyria citizens.

Nearly every person of whom was relative of someone still living here. The heading reads as follows: "Elyria, April 18, 1861. We, the undersigned, hereby agree to pay the sum set opposite our names, for the purpose of paying expenses of the military organization of Elyria and such other purposes as the occasion may require. Said money to be paid in such sums and at such times as the finance committee shall direct. Signed:

S. Burke, $500; H. E. Mussey, $500; C. A. Ely, $1,000; R. G. Horr, $200; George G. Washburn, $200; T. L. Nelson, $200; W. F. Wooster, $300; E. H. Bronson, $300; M. S. Hitchcock, $125; H. C. Emmons, $100; H. E. Fisher, $200; C. H. Doolittle, $200; N. E. Burr, $200; D. S. Wright, $50; S. B. Wolcott, $100; J. N. Boynton, $200; John Lersch, $25; C. C. Northrup, $25; Abner Groat, $50; O. Bowen, $50; N. B. Gates, $100; Clayton Johnson, $50; F. A. Wilbur, $50; J. H. Faxon, $50; A. G. Hollister, $50; M. Gallup, $50; E. McLaugher, $50; C. B. Clark, $25; L. D. Griswold, $50; H. B. Weast, $50; J. Houghton, $25; John V. Coon, $200; E. C. Griswold, $50; L. Beeze, $10; H. Brush, $100; F. Dickenson, $50; John Kelly, $50; M. Spitzenberg, $50; T. W. Laundon, $300; Sylvanous Earle, $15; D. Redfield, $50; H. C. Starr, $300; G. R. Starr, $100; I. S. Cole, $100; Thomas H. Linnell, $25; A. C. Fisk, $25; Wm. Marlett, $10; C. C. West, $25; A. C. Penfield, $50; R. W. Pomeroy, $25; J. R. Finn, $25; Thomas French, $25; A. A. Bliss, $50; C. W. Johnston, $10; M. W. Pond, $50; H. M. Redington, $10; J. C. Potter, $5; Heman Ely, $500; J. Manville, $50; A. Wooster, $50; J. W. Hulbert, $25; R. C. DeWitt, $20; J. W. Elliott, $10; W. C. Catlin, $5; W. W. Laundon, $10; W. W. Boynton, $50; J. Boynton, $50; W. Morse, $30; S. G. Badwell, $10; Elmer Adams, $15; A. G. Starr, $50; A. C. Boyatts, $50; J. Myers, $20; L. G. Byington, $50; H. Beebe, $25; E. DeWitt, $50; D. C. Baldwin, $50; L. L. Jenkins, $20; Festus Cooley, $300; John M. Vincent, $200; Richard Day, $100; Aaron Higgins, $5; I. S. Metcalf, $200; N. H. Manter, $25; Berry Upton, $5; E. S. Carter, $75; B. F. Starr, $100; J. Strong, $100; Isaac Raymond, $25; P. W. Sampsell, $50; A. Beebe, $250; A. Braman, $100; A. H. Bullock, $25; Arthur Lane, $10; R. B. Bullock, $50; W. O. Cahoon, $50; James Reive, $25; J. W. Rockwell, $10; Freeman Parmley, $5; G. W. Cotton, $50; Abram Tuttle, $10; John Booth, $10; William Patterson, $25; Hiram Hall, $50; Clark Eldred, $30; S. W. Parmley, $25; H. J. Brooks & Co., $50; William Clark, $50; Willard Lial, $50; J. Smith, $5; S. W. Baldwin, $500; P. Bliss, $100; S. Boynton, $50; Wm. Phelps, $25; John Childs, $50; Joseph H. Paddock, $50; L. A. Sheldon, $300; Thomas Childs, $10."

All of the above-named signers have gone to that undiscovered country we see only by faith. The heading of the petition is in the handwriting of Attorney Stevenson Burke, who one year later became the first Common Pleas judge in Lorain County, and later moved to Cleveland. He was born in the State of New York, in 1826, and was raised in Eaton Township on a farm in a hut. Attended the Elyria schools, then for a time went to Delaware College. Read law with H. D. Clark of this bar. During his second term on the bench he resigned, and spent the rest of his life practicing in Cleveland. There he rose to great distinction as a corporation lawyer and railroad magnate. He was regarded when eighty as the ablest lawyer in that line in Ohio. His picture hangs in Elyria court room. He had been president of four railroads, one the Big Four, and left an estate of three millions. When he commenced practicing in Elyria, his preceptor made him a partner. He had something of an impediment in his speech which he never fully overcame. He was so aggressive at the trial table when he began that some of the members of the bar dubbed him "Clark's Fool." The old and able attorney overheard the remark and rebuked the slanderers by saying, "Call him fool if you please, I tell you the day will come when you fellows will have to reckon with him, for he is always in the office when I reach there in the morning, and there when I leave. He burns up all my candles."

One of the best-known bankers in Northern Ohio for many years was J. C. Hill, so long president of the Elyria Savings and Deposit Bank, of this city, already written about. He was born in Berlin Heights, Erie County, ninety-two years ago. Graduated from Antioch College, Ohio, when the noted educator Horace Mann was its president. Read law in Cleveland where he met John C. Hale, who later became Common Pleas judge of this county. When they were admitted to the bar they came to Elyria in 1861 and formed the firm of Hale and Hill. The first six months they took in the sum of five dollars as fees. At the expiration of three years, Hill forsook Blackstone and the life of contention at the bar, and entered into a partnership with William Braman in purchasing live stock, a business they followed with marked success. He then engaged in the nursery business, in which he built up a large trade. There being no bank in the county paying interest, he, with others, as heretofore written, started in 1872 the savings bank. He was its cashier from the beginning and remained such till the death of its president, Mr. T. L. Nelson, when he was appointed to fill his place, and held the position till eighty, when sickness disqualified him. In addition to banking he was always ready to assist in the building up of factories in the city, venturing liberally with his dollars. For years he was a member of the school board and most of that time its president. When Judge Hale moved to Cleveland, in 1883, he purchased his residence on Washington Avenue, now occupied by his grandson and family, Frank Hill. While in college Mr. Hill met Etta M. Wilson, a student in the institution, and married her. To them were born five children; four sons and one daughter. The sons are all dead. The daughter, Mrs. Edith Mortimer, was educated in our high schools and in a seminary in the city of Washington. The oldest son, Frank, graduated from Oberlin College.

The grandson in the old homestead married Miss Van Housen at Elyria, a lady of character and refinement. They have three promising children. He is an active business man in the affairs of life and a good citizen.

Among the men who have had much to do in moulding public opinion in Elyria and the county was Frederick S. Reefy, known for nearly a half century as "Professor Reefy." His birthplace was Switzerland. While he was a babe his parents came to reside on a farm in Wayne County this State. From his youth he was a diligent student of books and men. His ambition in early life was to be a successful teacher. This he began early to follow, anticipating having an institution of his own. To that end he moved to Roanoke, in northern Indiana, where he organized the "Roanoke Educational Society," by which he was able to found the "Roanoke Seminary," of which he was the head, and it became one of the finest and most popular schools in the State. In it he contended for manual labor and kindergarten work. His health failed at the end of eight years. Later, health being restored, he organized a graded school at Bluffton, which he superintended, till he moved to Elyria, in 1872, and became editor and proprietor of the *Constitution*, a Democratic organ, published in a small building located in the rear of the brick block, now occupied on Cheapside as a jewelry store. It later was rechristened "Elyria *Democrat*." The county being strongly Republican, it puzzled people how he could make the income meet expenses. The query was, "If it is all a Republican paper can do to make both ends meet, how can a Democratic sheet survive?" Only the rigid economies the professor knew how to practice, learned from German parents and in his own struggles for an education, made it possible to keep the paper alive.

He had a large family to support, but fortunately he had no bad habits and brought his offpsring up to work and save. They were all on the ways and means committee. He never failed to have his paper out on time. With his own hands for years he led the way, not only in writing the editorials and the important events about town and in the county, but with his children set most of the type, and did the hard things necessary to make the publication a success. Little outside help was hired as possible. He was a great admirer of Benjamin Franklin and his wise sayings. Among them was "A penny saved is a penny earned." He never indulged in billingsgate or personalities. He lived in a time when to advocate the abolition of the saloon, or to challenge the liquor traffic was not only unpopular but often dangerous. Regardless of public opinion on the subject, he never showed the white feather, but with a courage born of conviction, that the traffic was an evil and an evil only, he took his pen in hand, when occasion demanded, and told the truth concerning it. When public meetings were called to fight the enemy, he was on hand ready to express his views, in language that was understood, as he was possessed of no mean ability as a speaker. He led the way in advocating a new water system for the city by going to Lake Erie (with our intake). At once strong opposition arose by denunciatory editorials in a Republican paper. Nothing daunting, he followed up the argument with reasoning that turned the tide. Having a newspaper, his efforts without doubt brought success. He built finally the two-story block to house his paper next to the Elyria Hotel. As we contemplate what would have been the result had the city relied upon Black River for its water supply, we marvel that any person should have thought going to the inexhaustible fountain for water, which, when filtered, makes the inhabitants nearly immune to typhoid fever, so prevalent when the old system was in vogue, when wells had to supply the drink, and the river water was too filthy for a bath. Where would have been our multiplied factories had the voice and pen of Professor Reefy not been listened to?

He was the most interested person for years and until his death, at seventy-seven, in calling attention to the wonders of "Cascade Park." He spent many hours yearly studying its rock formation, and wrote ever and anon, interesting articles about its beauty and birds. Advocated for years the construction of drives and paths through the same, so the people, young and old, could more fully enjoy its charming spots. There should be a tablet to his memory placed against one of the great boulders paying him homage. When Grover Cleveland entered the White House, not many moons waxed and waned before he

Cascade Park

A portion of picnic grounds, showing table rock and cliff overhanging Indian camping grounds named the professor postmaster for Elyria, just reward for his party fidelity and courage to stand for temperance when the Republican paper was silent on the great question. Every Republican rose up to say, "If we must have a Democratic postmaster, the professor is the man"; in so high regard was he held regardless of party. About as many Republicans took his paper as Democrats. He discharged his duties well. His noble and cultured companion, now eighty-seven, is still with us, residing with her daughters at the old homestead. They had five children; four daughters and one son. Rollin T. Reefy who, with his wife, Blanche Reefy, a cultured lady, so long a resident of Elyria, beloved by all who knew her, reside in St. Petersburg, Fla. The daughter, Alice, is a very successful physician in New York City, and has been for twelve years. Ada is the well-known music teacher. Alta and Eva care for the mother, and are very active in the things making for the betterment of the city. Rollin has ever been exemplary in his character and successful in his business undertakings. Professor Reefy and his family have striven and lived for the best. All hail to the memory of the grand old man who fought a good fight and was true to the flag. His cultured brain is made manifest in his family.

CHAPTER XXXVII

ONE of the strong and interesting characters whose business life was spent in Elyria and long since gone to his reward, was Moses Herner Levagood. If the name our doting parents bestow upon us has anything to do in shaping our lives, then a boy named by his sire "Moses" should possess leadership. The origin of his second and surname remain a mystery, as neither can be found in dictionaries or encyclopedias. He was the first and last man whoever resided in the city bearing the name "Levagood." His natural modesty was such that he never spoke or wrote of himself as "Moses," but signed his name, and was known by everybody as "H. M. Levagood." While he was born under the British flag in Wilmot, Ontario, Canada, February 2, 1845, yet when he swore allegiance to the Stars and Stripes it was from the heart, as well as the head, as from then henceforth he was a real American. From his youth he was a lover of good books and believed in a clean life. At eighteen, having received a good literary education in the town of his birth, he made his way to a business college in Detroit, from which he graduated with honors. He readily found positions at bookkeeping, but being ambitious to enter the industrial world where he could load up with responsibilities as proprietor, he entered the service of an automatic machine factory, located in the city of Cleveland, which was soon moved in 1874 to Elyria and located in a then pretentious four-story brick structure erected for it, still the main one of the present great plant, and was christened "The Western Automatic Machine and Screw Co." Young Levagood was then but twenty-nine, a stockholder and its bookkeeper, also a director.

The panic of 1873 had commenced the year before and was beginning to be felt all over the country. Because of it the new industry, in which many Elyria people had invested, with the hope of not only benefitting themselves personally, but the whole community as well, went down in the common ruin. Young Levagood found himself penniless. The time had come to test his abilities and metal, when the wheels no longer turned. Orders ceased to come in warranting operation and the creditors demanded payment. He rose to the occasion and resolved that come what might, he would stand by the proposition till the storm blew over. He reasoned, "There is the building and there are the machines. In time there will be a demand for the goods. Times will surely improve." It was simply a matter of weathering the storm when the ship would right again. Every morning he was in the office the same as though the institution was a going concern. Some orders came, ever and anon, but there was no money to pay the help to fill them. Angry stockholders pounded on the office door and were admitted, where they met a cheerful smile and advice that the only thing to do was to stay by the guns. That factories in all lines over the country were in trouble. All letters were answered as they came in, assuring the houses they would be "killing the goose that laid the golden egg" if they were too savage. In short, Levagood's good nature, optimism, and staying on the job from day to day, was for the time being what saved the institution being scrapped and turned over to the moles and bats. The writer, who came here two years later, heard him say he had no money, that he was buying his groceries on credit and wearing patched clothes, determined to save the institution.

When some of the irate creditors demanded that he vacate and turn over the books, he locked them up and refused to yield. This situation lasted for months. At this time there was a young man in Hartford, Conn., by the name of Richard DeWitt Perry, who for some years had been learning from the ground up, in the Hartford Machine Screw Co., how to manufacture automatic machines. He had become so proficient in the mechanical end of the business as to be counted an expert in that line. He also gave evidence of executive ability. The heaviest creditors of the Elyria factory resided in Hartford. The outcome of the matter was young Perry, at the age of twenty-six, was sent here to take charge of the institution as manager in connection with Levagood. It being the largest factory at the time in the town of any character, his coming as manager attracted general attention. His youth in the minds of the wise ones, was against him. They shook their heads. "What, send such a young fellow as this, a mere boy to manage the works? It is a mistake." Like young Levagood, he was there from early morning till the moon came up and away into the night, if necessary, studying the problem. It was soon discovered that the machines should be replaced by later ones to produce the best goods. This was done. The old ones had turned out much poor material that came back.

The second year after Perry came the late Willis W. Fay, a young attorney who had just commenced practicing with his brother, W. L. Fay, tired of Blackstone and litigation, walked over to see Levagood and Perry, with the view of going on the road to sell their product. He put the matter to them in this way: "I propose that you send me out on the road to sell your goods. If I find I cannot make it go you will owe me nothing, save my expenses in making the trial. You are anxious for orders. I believe I can get them if you will let me have my way of securing them." His proposition was accepted. Grip in hand with samples, order book, and change enough in his pocket to get there and back and not go hungry, he purchased a ticket for Chicago, the then best market for their product. On reaching the city he called on the purchasing agent of the largest house using such goods, who abruptly turned him down without so much as permitting him to show his samples. Said they had placed an order before with the Elyria concern that turned out badly. "But," said Fay, "we have in new and the latest and finest machines that make the best kind of goods; give me an order, as you say you are in need of screws." "No, could not think of it." Fay had now reached his test. Should he go home and call it a failure? There came to him as he sat in a hotel lobby in the great city, a piece he remembered when a lad was in his school reader, "If at first you do not succeed, then try, try again." Rising from his meditations, encouraged by the wise saying, he canvassed every place where such goods as he had in his grip were handled. He secured a few small orders, enough to meet his expenses. Whenever a rebuff came, he quoted again and again to himself what the wise man said. On his next trip to Chicago he was passing the great building where he was turned down so abruptly, and cogitated for a time whether to go in. It resulted in his making a resolve then and there that brought success ever after. It was this: "I shall call on every customer who turns me down till I have made a friend out of him, and if my factory makes the best goods possible it will bring me in time, orders." With this idea born on the sidewalk, he boldly entered the office and said, "I was in the city selling my goods and felt I could not leave without calling on so fine a fellow as you are, just to say how are you." He never mentioned goods. Was asked to be seated.

Fay was a past master in meeting people wherever he went, for he was a gentleman and had a personality that drew men toward him. As he rose to leave, the purchasing agent said, "Fay, call again, I like to talk with you." He called many times on his Chicago trips. He made it a point to do so at a time when he could invite the fellow out to lunch or to attend some entertainment. The time came, he expected would come, when the friend said, as he arose to go, "Say, Fay, do not be in a hurry, stay a while longer." He replied, "I must be looking up customers; I have not been able to find one in you." The purchasing agent replied, "Say, Fay, I guess I haven't treated you just right; I believe I will venture a small order." Thereupon he asked how much his company would make certain screws for. Fay made the price so low he knew there would be a loss of a few dollars. He said, "Send the goods and I will see what kind you are making down there." Fay wrote to the company with his order to fill it just as he had agreed he would, regardless of loss.

On his next trip to Chicago he called on the new customer, who was delighted to tell him that the goods were excellent. A large order followed, and still larger as the years passed away. By this policy of manufacturing friends, so to speak, Fay secured orders galore, and made a host of friends scattered over the country who never forsook him. The results of the efforts of this trio of young men, who gave their best to building up the Elyria institution, commencing fifty years ago, are the present two automatic plants, "The Western Automatic Machine Screw Co." and "The Perry-Fay Automatic Screw Co.," in which factories thousands have found employment to support their families and build homes. These three men have ever been high-class citizens, standing for the best in the city. They were all poor boys, who laid the foundation of their careers by sacrifice, ever willing to do the hard things necessary to success without which no boy can accomplish.

Mr. Perry remains still active and at the head of the one he and Mr. Fay years ago founded and built up after selling out their interest in the first. To come back to the life of Mr. Levagood, he has left an impression on this community for good works that will never die.

His residence was on the west side and still stands. He was the leading citizen in that part of the city at the date of his death. He was twice mayor. During his administration the Lake Erie Waterworks were built. He was very active in the contest securing the same. He was deeply interested in several lodges, organized to look after the widow and fatherless. Was an outstanding member of the church and an enemy of the liquor traffic. His picture hangs among the ex-mayors of the city in the City Hall. Mrs. Levagood was a lady of refinement and intelligence. Their home was one of hospitality. No finer families have lived in Elyria in the last forty years than those of Levagood, Perry, and Fay, whether parents or children. All have been educated and all are believers in Christianity, and live their pretensions. Mr. Levagood was a member of the school board and vice-president and director in the savings bank. He was a commoner, given to benevolence. No young man was ever led astray by these men by precept or example. The first of said automatic factories made possible by said three men, has been giving employment to the laboring man, longer by far, than any other institution in the city. One of the evidences of opportunity it has so afforded is to be found in the chance it gave Carl Dunton, the dwarf, only three feet in height, who recently passed away at the Memorial Hospital. For more than fifty years he had been, because of his diminutive size, a conspicuous figure on the streets. He was given an opportunity to operate a machine for many years. Out of his wages he not only supported his widowed mother, but because of his correct habits of life and ability to save, left an estate of eight thousand dollars. His mother passed away not long since. His comfortable home was located on the north side of West Broad Street. He is a striking example of what even an unfortunate by birth may accomplish in this country, in spite of his handicap. No cleaner citizen lived in Elyria than Carl Dunton. For practicing economy, minding his own business, and habits of industry, we all may with profit emulate his example. Then he was a man of intelligence, and stood boldly against the liquor traffic. His kind treatment of his aged mother will ever remain a monument to his credit. If all lived the correct life of Carl Dunton, no police would be necessary, and a criminal court would be unknown. The city of Elyria is better because of his life.

For forty years the name of John W. Hart was a household word in Elyria and surrounding country. Less than thirty years ago his large pretentious residence stood on the knoll at the bend on the west side of East Avenue with ample grounds. He had a dynamic personality. Everything about him had to move or get run over. He employed men making it possible for them to support their families during the eight years of the panic of 1873, when others hung to their dollars. He was rightly named for when jobless they came to him with the story that their children were without bread, he could not turn them down, though he knew that it meant financial loss. He owned and operated a planing mill, located on the south side of East Broad Street, on the southwest corner of that street and the alley. He also owned several hundred acres of land in Grafton Township, just west of the stone quarry, north of the village, on which he had horses and cattle. He opened a quarry also and was a contractor and builder. He began life a penniless boy in a livery stable in Grafton, which he later owned. He was for a long time on the city council. His name appeared on every subscription paper for the benefit of the city and benevolences. For constant driving power, he was a study. Mrs. Hart was a lady beloved by all with whom she was acquainted, for her manifold kindnesses. Mrs. Tucker, a cultured lady, the wife of our ex-mayor, Chas. Tucker, is their daughter. They had a son, that went west, who possessed many of the characteristics of his sire.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

FOR many years, the name "Bela Rawson" was familiar to the inhabitants, not only of Elyria, but the surrounding country as well. He was among the pioneers who developed the "West Side" of our city, as an employer of men, in the conduct of the foundry that was operated on Lodi Street. His ancestors were American Revolutionists. The earliest known was Edward Rawson, born in England on the 16th of April, 1615, five years before the landing of the "Pilgrims." He married at the age of twenty-one, a relative of the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and then sailed with his bride to Newbury, Mass. Here he became one of the outstanding men of the colony. The oldest encyclopedias in our libraries have this to say about him: "Edward Rawson, born in England, settled in Newbury, Mass., in 1836. Represented the town in the General Court for several years, was clerk of that body, and secretary of the Massachusetts Colony. He published The General Laws Concerning the Inhabitants of Massachusetts." He had a large part in laying the foundations of the town, was a fine penman, a man of marked ability, and highly respected. He had a family of twelve children. He was ever a zealous Christian. His family Bible, over two hundred years old, is in possession of a Massachusetts relative. He was deeply interested in education. His son, Grindel Rawson, graduated from Harvard College. Was a classmate and friend of the noted Colonial historical character, "Cotton Mather." He was a minister of repute.

Later Cotton Mather said of him, after his decease, "We generally esteemed him a truly pious man and a very prudent one, and every way qualified for a friend that might be delighted in."

Like his illustrious ancestor, he had a family of twelve children. One was Edmund Rawson, named after his grandfather. He was a tiller of the soil in Umbridge, Mass. Married Elizabeth Howard. He, like his ancestors, was deeply religious. Was many years deacon of the church. He had three sons; Edmund, his namesake, married Martha Allen. They had five children. One was also named Edward. He was a Revolutionary soldier, and fought among the immortals at "Bunker Hill." He settled at Montague, Mass., ran a hotel, and owned a large tract of land. Later he moved to Wilma, New York State, where he died in 1823, leaving a family of six children. One was named Bela Rawson, who married Polo Coro, by whom he had seven children. One son, the subject of this sketch, was named after his father. Bela Rawson was born in Watertown, N. Y., June 18, 1824, one hundred and five years ago. When a child his parents moved into the wilderness of Pittsfield, this county. The journey was made all the way from the State of New York by oxen and a covered wagon. In 1846, at twenty-two, he married Harriett Nichols, of Elyria, whose parents were born in Connecticut, and whose ancestors were Puritans. They were married the same year Elyria was founded in 1817. Their Puritanical bringing up remained to the end with Ashael Nichols and wife. Sunday commenced Saturday evening, after which no work, save that of absolute necessity was done till Sunday evening. They reached Elyria in a covered wagon. They purchased for ninety-two dollars the lot, the founder of the town Heman Ely owned, on the northwest corner of Lodi and West River, where they built quite a pretentious Colonial house. He was a stone mason and took contracts for stone structures. Ten children were born to them; six boys and four girls.

Coming back to the subject of our sketch, Bela Rawson, at twenty-five, left his young wife in his lure for gold and joined the "Forty-niners." For three years he endured the hardships in crossing the plains and hunting for the precious metal in the bowels of that far-away State, only to meet with disappointment, as he returned nearly as empty-handed as when he left. He then purchased sixty acres of heavy timberland in

Pittsfield, erected a log house in which he resided for twelve years, then moved to Elyria and purchased the foundry on Lodi Street, mentioned, that his brother had conducted, and here spent the remainder of his life manufacturing plows and agricultural implements. He not only professed Christianity, but lived it in his daily walk and conversation. He was a Methodist, and his household was a place where prayer was wont to be made. He never used tobacco and hated liquor. He remembered the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. He saw to it that his sons all learned a trade. Samuel, who became a noted telephone man, was a tinner; Arthur learned the moulders' trade; Orry that of a baker, and Bird became a candy maker. Here they spent their lives. One daughter married the late Frank Root, of Pittsfield, one of the cultured prominent men of the county. She still lives on the fine country home farm in the township. Her daughter, a refined lady, an only child, married H. L. Worcester, of Elyria, a well-known contractor and builder, and one of our best citizens. They have a promising family growing up. Another daughter is Mrs. Frances Bath, a beloved character. She is on the board and has been for years of the "Home for the Aged," is a D. A. R., and ever a faithful member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She married John W. Bath, of the city, the son of pioneers, Giles Bath and wife, who were among the best citizens of the city, standing for the common weal. John W. Bath was one of the fire inspectors for the State for many years, till made postmaster by President Roosevest, a position he held with much credit for two terms, when he entered the employ of the National Tube Co., as salesman of road material.

They had two daughters. One, Marjorie, married William Adams, now holding an important position as State man for the Logan Gas Co. They reside in Columbus. They have two daughters. The other, Jean, married Lawrence Webber, attorney of Elyria, who has been city solicitor and prosecuting attorney. They have two daughters. From the earliest-named ancestor of the Rawson family, in Colonial days, three hundred years ago to the present time, not one has disgraced the name, but on the contrary, all have been patriots and lived lives of honor and usefulness, and had much to do in building up our civic life.

It would probably be a fruitless search in America to find a town of five thousand inhabitants in which somebody named "Jones" does not reside. People bearing this designation, in numbers, are like the sands of the sea. But numerous as they are, nevertheless, it is an honorable name, according to the historian, as the standard encyclopedias tell of twenty who have achieved distinction, the most illustrious of whom was John Paul Jones, the greatest noted sea fighter on record. It will be recalled that President Roosevelt sent a convoy of battleships to Paris, where he had been buried one hundred and forty years, to bring his remains here. The return trip was accompanied by a like fleet of French vessels. His sacred dust now lies buried in Annapolis, marked by the most pretentious monument ever erected to the honor and memory of a naval officer on our soil. One of Elyria's early citizens was Robert I. Jones, born in Utica, N. Y., October 13, 1825, one hundred and four years ago. Came to Elyria in 1855, when thirty years of age, and established a bakery on the spot now occupied by the Parsch planing mill. In 1861 he listened to the siren voice and closed the bakery to search for gold in the region of "Pike's Peak." This delusion lasted nine months, when he concluded he could find more of the precious metal in conducting a bakery on Cheapside, in the little town of Elyria, than hunting for it in the Rockies. The First Savings and Loan Co. now occupies the spot on which, for many years, he successfully served the public to the staff of life. His hand-made crackers were for years in great demand, not only at retail, but wholesale, as well. "Jones Bakery" was a household name for many miles, and for many years, until he disposed of the same to open a wholesale and retail grocery on East Broad Street on the spot now occupied by the Niesner Bros. Five Cents to a Dollar Store. At threescore years and ten he was gathered to his fathers. He was born with a smile that never wore off, which remained a benediction during the forty years he spent in the business life of Elyria. No customer ever entered his mart of business that did not bring away with his purchase something that money can't buy, a feeling that it was good to be there. He was never known to talk pessimism, but Lincoln-like, was ever ready with a story that made the heart glad and drove the clouds away. He was short in stature, given slightly to corpulence, possessed of eyes one would never forget. His counterpart, in build and looks, are to be seen in his grandson, our enterprising citizen given to good works, Dr. Agate, who certainly inherited the ancestral face and burning eyes. Robert I. Jones was a man of honor and high character, whose word was never questioned, and whose hand was ever ready to assist in the alleviation of distress.

His noble wife reached nearly the age of ninety. They had two children, our well-known townsman, "Jude" Jones and Mrs. Agate, the doctor's mother, who resides on East Avenue. Mrs. Agate's other two sons are Harold Agate, the merchant-tailor; and Robert, the automobile man. All are good citizens, an honor to their ancestors. We need more such spirits like Robert I. Jones to cheer us on our way.

One of the earliest pioneers in Lorain County was John Day, who entered the Sheffield woods in 1816, the year before Elyria

Cheapside in 1860

was founded. Among his descendants was Sumner B. Day, who for thirty years was one of the most active and prominent business men of the city. His earliest-known ancestor was Robert Day, one of the founders of Hartford, Conn., who came from England. Sumner B. Day, the subject of this sketch, was the seventh generation in line from the first ancestor named. He was born on a farm in Sheffield in 1842. At the age of forty-three he moved to Elyria; he was the owner of several hundred acres of land, on much of which the Tube Mill Plant is now located. He also owned for many years previous, what was known all over the county as Day's water mill, in Sheffield, in which he turned out lumber from the heavily timbered forest he owned. It was the first dam on Black River above navigation. This made the stream just below the dam the finest fishing ground in the county, as the lake fish, endeavoring to go upstream, in consequence of the dam, could not pass, and gathered in great numbers just below. When the old busy mill was finally abandoned for the lack of timber, the water wheel that had charmed for years so many who watched its revolutions, rusted in its bearings, and piece by piece, in time, fell into the pit below, till the last vestige of old faithful succumbed to the tooth of time and decay, leaving only a memory of its splash and foam in the minds of those who fell under its spell.

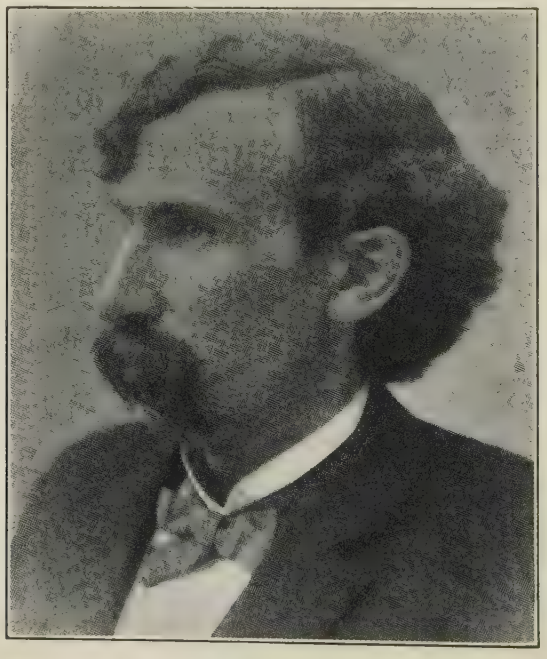
The primitive dam that had, since pioneer days stayed the rushing water, fell into neglect, with no hand to stay the disintegration, and piece by piece the relentless waters tore out its ribs, till there was nothing left to tell its story save a fragment of the overgrown race. The happy fisherman who watched his bobber disappear in the deep pool, has gone to his reward, while a few rods away rise the smokestacks of one of the mighty industries of the earth, belching forth her ceaseless flame, turning iron from the bowels of the earth into millions of tons of steel, giving employment to unnumbered multitudes as the years come and go. Sumner Day, as he was known, saw when he came to Elyria, the unoccupied vacant territory, now covered by fine homes, bounded on the north by West Second Street and on the east by West Avenue, on the south by West Third Street, and on the west by the banks of Black River. It was the land occupied at one time by the fair grounds and circuses.

For years it has been a common where children played and cows were tethered. It remained for Sumner Day to see its possibilities, for he purchased the same at pretty nearly his own figure, platted it, and put the same on the market. "It won't sell," said the pessimist, but it did, at a handsome profit. This was the beginning of other allotments by the Sheffield pioneer boy.

Other men then took courage and had their faith strengthened in the future growth of the city, when they saw before their own eyes, what they did not believe would come to pass. They came to believe that whatever Sumner Day put his hand to would succeed. This man from the lumber woods, farm, and running a pioneer water mill, surprised the wiseacres in his ventures. He helped organize the Lorain County Bank & Trust Co., was its vice-president, and then its president. He was the prime mover in building the electric line from here to Grafton and its president. He helped organize the Elyria Lumber and Coal Co., of which Charles Crehore is now the head; was also a director in the Perry-Fay Co.; was trustee on the board of the Lorain County Children's Home. He had large timber interests in Kentucky and other places. Men had implicit confidence in his judgment and integrity. He could have conducted a system of railroads, with marked success, or any large enterprise. He married Miss Sue Maria Knox, of Russell, N. Y. To them two children were born; Lee Day, of Bradentown, Fla., who has made a great success in handling real estate and raising citrus fruits. He was elected last fall to the legislature of that State, against a Democrat, the first Republican who ever made the goal in the history of the county. He is married and has a fine promising family. He was a member of our bar for several years, but abandoned the profession for a business career. He is, and ever has been, an exemplary citizen, a close student of the problems of the government, and is a thinker of marked ability. The sister married Asaph Jones, our former worthy mayor, so well known in Lorain County, whose residence is in Bradentown, Fla., where he has become an outstanding citizen, a credit to any community, and has a splendid family. Among all the generations of the Days not one has disgraced the name.

CHAPTER XXXIX

ON THE 2d day of January, 1844, eighty-five years ago, there was born two and one-half miles east of Belden, this county, just across the township line between Grafton and Liverpool, Medina County, one of the most gifted men who ever spent his life in Elyria, by the name of George P. Metcalf, whose abilities as a trial lawyer have never been surpassed at the Lorain County bar, though he passed from the earth at the untimely age of forty-three. Those whose privilege it was to have heard him in the conduct of a trial, still delight in recounting his talents and battles against the relentless disease of rheumatism, that wasted away and distorted his six-foot athletic body, in spite



HON. GEORGE P. METCALF

Was a soldier in the battles of Lookout Mountain and Gettysburg. Was a brilliant trial attorney. Stood at the head of the bar in spite of his infirmities that brought him for years to crutches and a wheel chair. He passed away at the age of forty-three, mourned by thousands of which he never surrendered till the inevitable came. He was a pioneer farm boy. His father and mother began life in a hut on the spot on which the house in which he was born stood. They were farmers, who, with the help of their five sons and three daughters, made the wilderness blossom as the rose. His early schooling was three months in the winter, such as the country schoolhouse afforded. Nine months of the year were given to hard work, incident to that period, till he was seventeen when the Civil War broke out, that stirred the blood of the American youth all over the loyal North. At this time he had never been twenty miles from home and had not ridden on a railway train. Early and late, since he was old enough to bring in wood for the household, his life had been one of ceaseless toil. His noble parents were Baptists, who never failed on Sunday morning to have the farm team hitched to the old carry-all, with the ten members of the household loaded in, to be at the Sunday school and church in Columbia Township, this county, eight miles away.

In recounting the events of his childhood in after life, he said we children called the old vehicle "the Ark of the Covenant." President Lincoln had issued the call for seventy-five thousand men to put down the rebellion. He had dreamed as all farm boys did in those days of sometime becoming a man of affairs in a far-off town. He wanted to be a trial lawyer, although he had never seen an attorney. Four miles north from the Liverpool home, for two winters, there had been held in the evening a debating society free for all comers. This gathering had for him such a charm that he never failed each week to be one of the number, regardless of the labor of the day, and the fact that he had to walk there and back. No organizations throughout America have conduced so much toward giving the participant a chance to discover his latent powers of speaking ability as the debating societies held in the little schoolhouses of the pioneers. This is the testimony of nearly all the men who came to be known as public speakers, whether lawyers or ministers. Till he was seventeen, the farm, little schoolhouse, church, and debating society had constituted his world. Now and then the monotony of farm life was broken in upon by a runaway slave seeking shelter, food, and protection under his parents' roof, as they were Abolitionists, and their home one of the many "underground railway stations." When George was but seventeen, a man of no principle came to him as he was starting to school, and asked him if he did not want to enlist. He assured him he did, providing his parents would give their consent, as he was not old enough. He said you sign this paper and I will see them and get their signatures. If they will not agree to your going it will not hold you. With that understanding, having implicit confidence in the man, he signed the document.

He not only did not go near the parents, but told the boy shortly thereafter he would have to go to Fremont where the regiment was quartered, when he would be released. He obeyed, only to find he had been deceived, and was told by the scalawag after he arrived, if he ran away he would be arrested. He disappeared that night for home. Some weeks after he was working with his father in the woods, when three men showed up and charged him with desertion and arrested him. He assured them he was not guilty and told the story of the deception. They were rough-looking fellows, with whiskey on their breath and tobacco in their whiskers. His father went along with them to Grafton Station, where they were to take the train for camp. On the way he began to figure how to escape his tormentors, the self-appointed officials as they were. He borrowed eight dollars from his father. The train did not leave for Cleveland for several hours. The father returned home and the trio took their prisoner into a nearby saloon to regale themselves. When the train came in the evening it was dark. The three were somewhat intoxicated. Metcalf noticing their inattention to him, boarded a coach in the dark while they were not looking, just before the same stopped. After it came to a full stop they looked for their prisoner; he could not be found. Thinking he had escaped in the darkness, they began to hunt about. The train started and left them. His native keenness at once helped him out. Anticipating they would telegraph ahead to have him arrested, thinking perhaps he boarded the same, he feigned asleep when the conductor came through for tickets, and when aroused he said he boarded the train at LaGrange and paid his fare from that point. His surmises came true; he heard the station agent at Berea ask if a young man got on the train at Grafton. The conductor replied, "No," said "one did at LaGrange, but not Grafton."

Before reaching Cleveland he concluded to go to the State of New York, where he knew his father's relatives resided, and he had cousins named Metcalf. Before reaching his destination, he resolved he would change his name, to avoid detection, and let them into the secret and have them call him by his new name.

When he reached the little village among the hills where the Metcalfs did their trading, he asked the merchant if he had seen any of the Metcalfs about there that day, as he was looking for a ride out to their farm, when the vendor of goods said, "Is your name Metcalf?" This made the roots of his curly hair creep, as he then thought his tormentors had sent word ahead, but when the good man said, "You look like them," his pounding heart assumed its normal beat. He soon discovered a cousin in the town, when they made their way to the farm. Here he worked till August of that year, after he had reached his eighteenth birthday, when the call came from President Lincoln for three hundred thousand more men. On reading it he resolved to enlist, and did, with one of the cousins on the 22d day of August, 1862, in Co. D. 136 N. Y. V. I., and marched away to the front. There he remained till the close of the war, a period of substantially three years. He did not see home for two years, when sickness overtook him and he was granted a furlough, to go to his Ohio home. While he was gone, his people had sold their farm in Liverpool and purchased one in Pittsfield, this county. He was not able to return till the fall of that year. During the two years' service, he had been in the battles at Chattanooga, Tenn., and Gettysburg, the greatest fought in the Civil War. While he was at home, his regiment marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. With the war ended, he found himself of age without an education and impaired health. While on his furlough he was one day in a store at Liverpool, now called Valley City, when a "Copperhead" of the community, who had been in the service a few months, claiming to have been discharged, began to say bitter things about Lincoln and the whole Union Army, whereupon his loyal blood boiled, and he knocked him down. Arrest followed. He was fined $7.50 for assault and battery. As he was wondering where he could find the money the loyal villagers raised the amount to pay the fine and costs, and satisfied the demands of the magistrate, and thanked Metcalf for the good job he had done. Within a week an officer of the Government appeared and arrested the fellow as a deserter, after which he was never heard of again.

Metcalf's ambition to become a lawyer now seized him. It was discussed in the home in Pittsfield pro and con. The outcome was he was to go to Oberlin College and board himself, on such provisions as the farm afforded. For months he had hard work to concentrate his mind on his studies. Then his lack of education and schooling for three years made it a problem whether he could ever get his mind down to business.

Boys much younger were able to far outstrip him in getting lessons. But his determination to win turned the tide in a few months, when he found himself. The next year he was able to secure a certificate to teach school. He taught in his own neighborhood and later in LaGrange. At the expiration of three years, at the age of twenty-four, he concluded to read law. He became a student in the office of Attorney C. W. Johnston, of Elyria. While reading he taught school now and then to supply the wherewith. In the fall of 1869, he was admitted to the bar. The question then arose where to open a law office. To him it seemed as though there was no opportunity North. That the place to go was South. He borrowed one hundred dollars from his father, filled a small trunk with his earthly possessions, and started. It was, of course, in the days of reconstruction. The Southerners who fought in the Southern ranks or were in sympathy with the rebellion to destroy the Union had no right to hold Federal offices. The liberated slaves did. The "Klu Klux" organizations were riding over the country, striking terror to the hearts of the colored people and Northerners who had gone South to make homes. Then the "carpetbaggers" were holding the offices. Money was a curiosity and the black man had no justice meted out to him. He soon discovered it was no place to grow up with the country, and he had better be getting back while the getting was good.

His one hundred dollars had melted away, till it was a question whether he would have enough to land him at the LaGrange depot. By taking a steamboat to Cincinnati, he saved several dollars. He then discovered that if he carried his trunk from the steamboat landing to the "Big Four" depot, he would have just enough to pay his railroad fare home. He started with it on his back up the streets of Cincinnati. The urchins called out as he trudged along, "Shoot the trunk," and other words to attract the attention of the passer-by. Within a few days he was back in the C. W. Johnston law office without means, and in debt to his father to the sum of one hundred dollars. He secured a country school and earned the amount and paid the father. That paid, he was taken into partnership by Mr. Johnston, for a sum sufficient to pay his board and purchase clothing. He succeeded his partner as prosecuting attorney of the county. In the conduct of the office he began to show his marked ability. From that time, for the following fifteen years, his rise as a trial attorney, in spite of his bodily infirmities that were drawing his six-foot frame out of shape and wasting his body, became the talk and admiration of the whole county.

About the time he was elected prosecutor he married a LaGrange girl, Miss Sarah Stroup, a school-teacher, a sister of the late Judge Lee Stroup. When about thirty-three, he was compelled to carry a cane; at thirty-five, crutch and cane; at thirty-seven, two crutches. Then came a wheel chair, as he could no longer walk but a few steps. Within two years he could not climb stairs and had to be carried up to his office and court room in a chair. For several years before his decease, at forty-three, he was not able to stand on his feet before a jury to argue his case, but sat on the edge of the trial table, leaning on his crutches. He had wasted away to a mere shadow of his former self. Wracked as his body was, and suffering as he did night and day from rheumatic pains, that ossified his knee joints and gnarled his hands and tipped his head forward, he never lost his courage or keenness of intellect. His power over juries was uncanny. He would take a few facts developed in the evidence, and build up an argument that astounded the listener and convinced the judgment. As he was being wheeled along in his chair, the friends were solicitous as to his welfare, and naturally would ask after his health. If one asked, "How is your constitution, George?" he would reply, "That has been gone a long time; am running it on the by-laws." An opposing attorney in a trial, feeling nettled by some remark Metcalf made, arose and cried out: "Metcalf, which side of this law suit are you on, anyway?" whereupon he replied, "There is but one side to it," in such a way that court and jury roared with laughter. The year previous to his decease, he dictated his life from childhood till he began to practice law to a stenographer, who put it in type. He had it bound at a book bindery. It is one of the most interesting autobiographies ever written. The friends who have read it express but one opinion concerning it, and that is, when they start reading there is no stopping place till the end is reached. There are 456 pages.

People who suffer from rheumatism grasp at every suggestion they think might alleviate their pains. When asked what he had done to get rid of it, he would often go over the list of the remedies that had been suggested to him from time to time. Such as carrying a buckeye in your pocket, or a potato, nailing a horseshoe over the door, etc. The one he never tired telling about was given him by the philosopher of the city, heretofore written about, Albert Ely. It came about in this way. Mr. Ely had for several years been carrying a pair of crutches, which he did not use, but had them under his arms as he walked along the sidewalks as though he were using them, holding the ends about an inch from the walk. When asked why he carried them without using them, his answer was, he might need them; he wanted them ready. One evening Mr. Metcalf was sitting in his chair with his crutches handy by, when there was a rap at the door. Mrs. Metcalf opened it and found Albert Ely standing there with his crutches. She invited him in. When he was seated, he started the conversation by saying,

"Mr. Metcalf, you have the rheumatism." "Yes, I certainly have." "Well," said Mr. Ely, "I have come in to tell you how to get rid of it, as the remedy cured me." "What is it?" asked Metcalf. He responded, "It is the principle of counter irritant." "What do you mean?" asked Metcalf. Ely thereupon stripped his pants leg and said, "You see, I wear no stockings in lieu thereof; I wear sawdust in my shoes," and sure enough, there was some in evidence. "You see," he said, "it sets up a counter irritation to the pain and drives it out." "Well," said Metcalf, "my trouble is not in my feet, it is mostly in my knee joints, where it would be hard to use sawdust." "Well, as for the knees, use coal oil, pour some on and touch a match to it, the fire will flash up for a moment and it will kill the pain." Metcalf said, "I am afraid the remedy would be worse than the disease."

"Well I must be going," said Ely, "I thought I would tell you, now do as you are a mind to," as he disappeared in the darkness.

His widow, a splendid Christian lady, resides in the residence in which he suffered and died, the second dwelling on the right over Washington Avenue bridge, known as Mrs. Fulton, the widow of Rev. Fulton, a Baptist minister, as she married again. George P. Metcalf stood for the best things in life. Was a kind husband, true friend, and upright citizen, who fought battles against pain that would have crushed most men, and never lost his cheer. He was beloved by a host of friends, most of whom have, like himself, passed over the river. I loved him as a brother. The last nine years of his life we were partners. I am glad to tell this generation, who knew him not, that such a brilliant soul lived and won against disease and poverty. He certainly meant much to the weal of the county. Though he has been gone in body thirty-eight years his great spirit goes marching on.

The late Charles A. Metcalf, attorney, was his youngest brother. They were cousins of the noted humorous writer "M Quad," who made years ago the Detroit *Free Press* famous by his stories of the "Lime Kiln Club," whose characters he created. Their mothers were sisters. His real name was Lewis.

Charles A. Metcalf was an able attorney and useful citizen, and one of the organizers of the Anti-Saloon League.

CHAPTER XL

THERE was born on the 14th day of March, 1849, at Mt. Gilead, Ohio, a child destined to become internationally known, and one of the most conspicuous men in the World War whose life was spent from childhood till he gathered up his feet in death in Elyria. His name was William Graves Sharp, called by the people generally, "William G. Sharp." In his career is strikingly exemplified the oft-repeated saying that "America is a land of opportunity." His paternal father and grandfather were among the early newspaper men in central Ohio. The father died in his youth, leaving two infant sons, one of whom was the subject of this sketch. His grandparents on the mother's side, Mr. and Mrs. Graves, then took the boys to bring up. George and William, as they were known by the people of Elyria. The grandsire was a harness maker, who spent his life in the city following his trade in the various shops manufacturing the goods. To the rearing of these two children, he and his good wife gave their strength and earnings, each reaching a good old age, who in their declining years were tenderly cared for by William, who never forgot the debt of gratitude that was theirs, due from him. William G. Sharp, was from childhood, one of the most ambitious boys in Elyria. He early resolved to secure an education, come what might, and was possessed of an ambition to mark high in the affairs of men. To that end he spent no time in places of amusement, nor did he ever contract any bad habits. Dollars, he had none, save as he earned them here and there during his schooldays. He haunted the "Ely Library," in quest for the best books on travel, science, and the biographies of men who had made their way from poverty to success. During his school days he was seen coming out of the library with more books under his arm than any youth of his time who walked our streets. They were books filled with knowledge that brought success in after years. When he was through with high school he entered as a day laborer the naptha department of the "Topliff & Ely Bow Socket Works," to earn the wherewith to pay expenses through the law school of Michigan University. The old building still stands on the bank of Black River, just north of the New York Central depot, in which he labored unceasingly with blackened hands from the nature of the work till he had saved enough, which, by practicing the most rigid economy, he figured would take him through the institution.

The morning he left for Michigan, Hon. George H. Ely, one of his employers, taking an interest in him, having watched his industry and habits of life, handed him a hundred dollars as a present and wished him success. He never forgot to tell of this incident of unsolicited kindness whenever Mr. Ely's name came up. He was as studious in the great school of law as he had ever been, and graduated with honors in the class of 1881. After doing a little newspaper work in Dakota, he returned to Elyria to spend his life, as a lawyer, where he opened a law office for a short time, when a desire to accumulate dollars faster than the exacting profession warranted, seized him to visit South America, where it was said golden opportunities awaited Americans to make quick fortunes in the mining field. He turned the key on his office and sailed for that far-away country, only to find that it was torn by revolutions so badly that he was glad ere long to escape with his life. He then tried the Southland to get a footing in his profession, over which the armies of the rebellion had lately marched and laid waste, only to learn it was no place for a Northerner, and returned to Elyria, satisfied later he had been running away from the very things for which he had ambitions.

Again his legal sign was hung out. While he had political aspirations he realized that in a Republican county like Lorain, with its two thousand majority over his party (for he was raised a Democrat), election to an office was out of the question. At this time there were troubles brewing within the ranks of the Republicans. The question as to who should be first in the kingdom of leadership was in the air. Then nearly all in the party had voted the ticket straight since Lincoln was elected, regardless of whether the nominees were sober or given to drink, but many were demanding sobriety, and the abolition of the saloon. The outcome of the quarrel was that after the writer of this book was nominated for prosecuting attorney in 1884, by the Republicans as an anti-saloon and anti-boss candidate, the defeated leaders of the opposition, who believed the other way, organized a bolt, and to make every bolster's ballot count two, voted for Sharp, whom the Democrats had nominated for the same office. The campaign lasted for months. The country was flooded with literature. The streets were strewn with it and the mails burdened by extra publications. The printing presses of the county were not able to meet the demands so that much of the work had to be done in Cleveland. It was known as the "Sharp and Webber" campaign. Great bitterness was engendered among neighbors. All the livery horses of the county were worn out, and many of the farm dobbins, in distributing literature and canvassing the electorate. People forgot their business to take a hand pro or con. Newspapers came into circulation. Cartoons appeared. The leading men in Wellington were at the head of the great cheese industry, the greatest at the time in the United States, known as the "Horr-Warner & Co." They were for the Republican candidate as was Oberlin, while the old Republican war horses of Elyria were nearly all for the bolt.

Lorain was then but a small village. One of the cartoons representing a great cheese, in which the Republican candidate and his Wellington supporters were pictured as skippers, and all who were not for Sharp, were dubbed the "Cheese Ring." The bolt succeeded, for when the ballots were counted out in November, Sharp had won. Three years later the writer was overwhelmingly nominated and elected for the same office. Sharp made a good prosecutor for the three years he held the position. He then became ambitious to accumulate wealth, to that end he joined his stepfather, who was engaged in making wood alcohol in the wilds of Michigan and Wisconsin. It was at the time when the great iron deposits of the Northwest were being opened up, and the wood alcohol industry was assuming large proportions. Sharp was one of the prime movers with others in utilizing the charcoal, a by-product in making wood alcohol, in smelting pig iron out of the ore. Success attended his efforts, and as profits accumulated he became ambitious to do something in building up his town, and the result was he purchased the property then covered by some old wooden buildings located where the "Sharp Block" now stands, and erected the present structure bearing his name and now owned by his widow and occupied below by Conrad-Baisch Kroehle Co. furniture store.

Later he erected two brick business blocks at Lorain, and the apartment on Washington Avenue, Elyria, known as the "Terrace." He became owner of stocks in industries in Tennessee and elsewhere. He organized iron and chemical plants in not only Michigan but Wisconsin and Canada as well. In 1908 he was nominated by his party for Congress, in this Fourteenth District, that was Republican by a large majority. The writer was then in Congress and a candidate for renomination, but because of his activities against the liquor interests was defeated for renomination and another Republican named in sympathy with the liquor interests, which aroused the temperance Republicans to bolt the nominee in such numbers by voting for Sharp, that he was elected by a good majority and took his seat.

He was again nominated by his party after two years, and because the nominee of the Republicans was like the former one, in league with the liquor interests, the temperance Republicans again voted for Sharp and returned him by an increased majority. Sharp was ever true to his convictions. When the Democrats nominated a fiat money candidate for President against McKinley, he not only voted for McKinley, but took the stump against his party candidate. Then he was ever an anti-saloon worker, and its supporter, and lived his convictions on that subject. Because he did, thousands of Republicans turned to him when they saw fit to name a man for congressional honors who was looking to the saloon vote and influence to elect him. His diversion from business and congressional duties was astronomy, in which he took great delight, and on one occasion delivered before the congressional body, a lecture on the subject of the heavenly bodies that astonished the law-makers, and gave him the name of being the astronomer of that body.

Early in the development of the flying machine, he became deeply interested, and made a strenuous effort to get Congress to make an appropriation to encourage its development, prophesying the time would come when it would be of great service to not only the industries of the world and commercial relations, but the government as well in mail service. Sharp had the spirit of the pioneer and ability to look ahead. His prophecies have been verified concerning navigation of the air. He turned his attention to travel after he had the means to gratify his ambitions in that direction, and visited nearly all the civilized countries. His seat in Congress while Wilson was President, brought about his appointment as Ambassador to France during the "World War." His responsibilities were great, but the Elyria high-school boy rose to the occasion and met every emergency during the greatest war of all history. The strain was more than human flesh could bear. When the struggle was over he returned to Elyria with a shattered constitution that eventually ended his life at the untimely age of sixty-three, when he passed away at his beautiful residence on Washington Avenue, now occupied by his widow. No scandal ever touched his good name. He was a fine speaker and a great student of the best in literature. He had nearly completed his autobiography at his decease, which it is hoped will yet be published.

He married in 1895 one of Elyria's finest young ladies, Hallie M. Clough, the daughter of the well-known Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Clough. She had much to do in bringing success to her husband. Her gracious ways and cultured mind made her a fitting person at the head of the great embassy, and in all positions her husband was called upon to fill. Five children were born to them, three sons and two daughters. So long as life shall be mine, I shall cherish his friendship as one of the bright spots along the way. He was a true husband, kind and indulgent father, and exemplary citizen, interested in all good works, and a firm believer in the Christian religion. I shall never forget an incident that showed faithfulness to his convictions.

We had William Jennings Bryan here for a temperance address after Sharp returned from France. He invited six of his Democratic and six of his Republican friends over to meet Mr. Bryan at his residence. After dinner was over, as we were about to retire to the sitting room, he arose and, picking up his water glass, said, "We will now arise and drink a toast to our distinguished guest of honor, Mr. Bryan," whereupon all responded, and each sipped from his tumbler the liquid that cheers but does not inebriate.

His funeral was one of the largest ever attended in Elyria. Many notables were present from Washington, Cleveland, and a multitude of old friends in the city and county came to pay their respects to his worth and memory. Before his grandparents passed away, he had built the largest mausoleum in our cemetery, to receive their bodies as well as his family. Therein lie their pulseless forms by his own, to await the resurrection when all must come forth, to answer for the deeds done in the body, to be judged by the One who is no respecter of persons. William G. Sharp was ever true to his city and county. Wherever he chanced to be, he was proud to say, "I hail from Elyria, Ohio." He was passionately fond of children, and never forgot to remember by frequent visits the elderly ladies who were his teachers in the public schools. His mother reached a mark far past eighty, and passed away in her Elyria home on Harrison Avenue recently. She was a bright lady, beloved by all who knew her and tenderly looked after by her illustrious son while life was his. His brother George was an attorney, practiced but little, and was for a time engaged in manufacturing in Michigan, where he was sent to the Michigan Senate.

He spent the last years of life in Cleveland and died a few years ago. When they were boys here they were called by their school associates, "Big Jib and Little Jib," as they were constantly together, and looked alike, save William was larger and taller.

CHAPTER XLI

LORAIN COUNTY was organized in 1822. At the expiration of seventy-five years, it still remained in the rural list of the eighty-eight. Lorain was a lake port where coal was shipped up the Great Lakes, brought in by the then C. L. & W. Ry., the place where iron ore was dumped to be sent to Pittsburgh and other steel centers down the road. Then there was a small swing bridge, turned by a father and son, ever and anon, as a craft chanced to enter the harbor. The marts of trade consisted of a small grocery and a little notion store located at what we call the "Loop." On the corner now occupied by the office block, as you turn onto the great bridge, then stood a wooden hotel, kept alive largely by the sailors who patronized it, owned and run by Conrad Reed, a pioneer, who succeeded in gathering in enough shekels from the public, as the years came and went, to keep the county treasurer from selling him out for back taxes on his "Black River bottom swamp lands" and a strip along the bank, that it was regarded as a joke to own.

He believed in the future of Lorain's natural harbor, but like Abraham of old, died before the "Promised Land" was reached. Country fish mongers farther south appeared in the spring for the early catch, to peddle among their neighbors, while an occasional steam tug or scow was being launched by the old pioneer boat builder, H. D. Root across the stream from the now great American Ship Building Co. plant. Hope revived among the faithful when the brass works came, that Lorain was yet destined to come into her own. There the prospects ended after the boom and the works ceased to operate. The only public means of getting about was by a "dinky" one-horse car with its tinkling bell, that made uncertain trips up and down Broadway over a track that was at times lost in the mud.

All the territory now occupied by the great Steel Plant, Thew Shovel Works, foundry, lumber yards, and various industries, and thousands of fine homes, with miles of pavement and marts of trade, called "South Lorain," was then covered with underbrush and second-growth trees, haunts for jack rabbits. Elyria was yet a village, with unpaved streets, depending upon the filthy waters of Black River to supply her few industries. Our young men as they came to man's estate, finding little here to furnish employment, were drifting to the larger centers for work, when rumor had it that Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland, a capitalist, had with other men of means purchased hundreds of acres of the Sheffield cut-over and useless farming land bordering the west bank of the river, were going to lay out a city, build a steel mill, and connect Elyria with the enterprise by an electric trolley line.

It seemed too good to be true, but ere long an army of men, numbering a thousand, appeared with teams, axes, grub hoes, and steam shovels, to lay the foundations following the blueprints of the engineers. The blowing out of stumps on the right of way to Elyria for the trolley tracks commenced in good earnest and continued unabated. Soon the cars were running when a demand for houses and lots in Elyria multiplied and the city began to grow, and has since trebled in population, making it possible for her inhabitants to spend millions in securing sewers, pavements, lights, and a never-ending water supply for not only multiplied industries, but domestic purposes and that of the purest kind. That was the beginning of Elyria's prosperity in the industrial world, since which industries have multiplied, until we have about thirty-five thriving manufacturing plants, nearly all of which have had a steady growth, giving employment with the Lorain Steel Plant and Thew Shovel Works to thousands, resulting in the building of hundreds of beautiful homes and the erection of the best office and bank buildings of any city of its size in America, which with our churches and hospitals, library, a Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. make the city the pride of all the surrounding country.

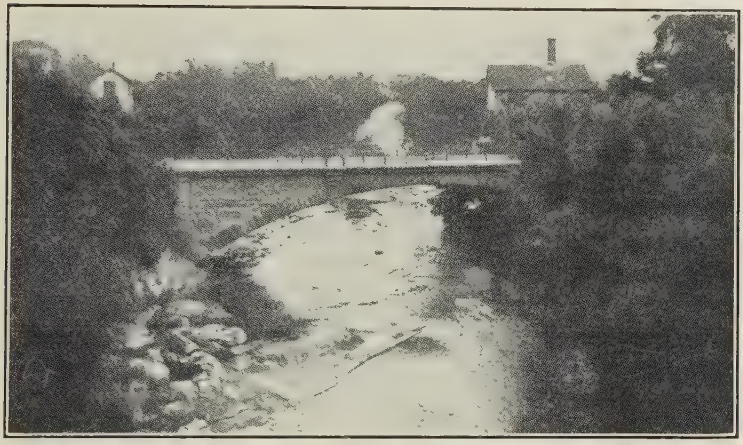
Our natural park is second to none in Northern Ohio, and is being improved to make glad the hearts of all comers, an unalloyed joy to the youth of the city and county. I have given this brief background of our wonderful development to better pay homage to a great man, who gave his talents and energy so many years to the development of the now world-wide noted "Tube Mills" that have meant so much to us. His name was Max M. Suppes. From the beginning, his guiding hand was in everything, from the laying of the foundations for the ponderous machinery to the finished product and the sales end.

The organization was made up of A. J. Moxham, president; Tom L. Johnson, vice-president; Max M. Suppes, general manager; P. M. Boyd, secretary; and W. A. Donaldson, treasurer. The first steel blown in the mill was April 1, 1895, thirty-four years ago. Dark days overtook the institution. In the beginning only twelve hundred men were employed. The only one of the five promoters named who never forsook the ship was Max Suppes. When the foundations were being laid and the buildings going up, he was in his saddle from early morning till the shades of night came on. He seemed to be everywhere. He was a perfect dynamo of energy. In fact, he appeared to be the whole thing. This remarkable man was born in Johnstown, Pa., on the 18th of February, 1856, seventy-three years ago. His father was a pioneer merchant who helped lay the foundations of Johnstown in 1840. He secured his education in the public schools, then entered the employment of the "Cambria Iron Co." of that city in the machine shop department, determined he would become an expert mechanic and master the business and later conduct an institution of his own. He needed no time clock to check the hours he spent in the works. He was not a clock-watcher. He was that kind of a character the thinker had in mind when he wrote, "The heights by great men gained and kept, were not attained by sudden flight, but they, while their companions slept, were toiling upward in the night."

His evenings were spent in studying books bearing on inventions to see what improvements could be made in steel production. Mechanical drawing was prosecuted with renewed zeal. While he was yet a youth he was counted as the head in his department. His wages were saved, and ere long he became proprietor of a well-equipped machine shop in his native city that proved a success. "The Rensselaer Iron Works," at Troy, N. Y.. were in sore need of a master mechanic who understood the business from the foundations up. In casting about for the right man, young Max Suppes was the one, who, in the judgment of men who knew him, towered above them all. He was induced to dispose of his business, and ere long his great abilities and skill took him to the superintendency. While connected with the works he invented an automatic rail-mill roller for producing "T" rails that revolutionized the industry. At the end of ten years he severed his connection with the Troy works and returned to Johnstown to join Tom L. Johnson and A. J. Moxham and act as master mechanic and manager of the rolling mill department of the "Johnson Steel Rail Co.," that was later moved to Lorain, and was the beginning of the present works. The blast furnaces at Lorain and the great ore docks connected with the plant, were all built under the supervision of Mr. Suppes. He was the inventor of many safety devices and improvements in producing steel products. Later he had charge of the construction of the buildings and machinery when the tube mills were added, that have developed into the largest tube mill known. Many of his devices are being used in the steel mills of the world. Max M. Suppes was a great commoner. He never forgot the human touch. Thousands had been under him as superintendent, many of them for twenty-five years, some of whom he knew as a boy with himself in Johnstown, who followed him to Lorain.

He was "too big to be little and too good to be mean." They all loved him from the least to the greatest. Such was the devotion of men who came under his management, that there were never any strikes at the mills, though several outsiders made the attempt. Several years ago, there occurred an incident that proved his strength of character and belief in the doctrine, that we should be brothers toward each other, regardless of our station in life. Some clerk in the office department, who resided in Elyria, took it upon himself to circulate a petition in the office among those residing in Elyria, petitioning Mr. Suppes to use his influence with the street-car officials to give them a special car to reach Elyria, in which the mill workers residing here could not ride. The paper received quite an array of signatures. A committee was sent to Mr. Suppes' office to present it. The promoter made his speech, on handing it to the man at the head of the great plant, who adjusted his glasses, and, after reading it, replied, "Gentlemen, I deem it an honor to ride in the same car with any man who has done an honest day's work in any department of this plant." He thereupon tore it to shreds and threw it into the waste basket and returned to his desk as they marched out, wiser than when they came.

Realizing the advantages a Young Men's Christian Association would be to Lorain for the families of the employees, it was through his efforts that the building went up in which night classes are taught, fitting the youths and those of older years, who desire to improve their minds for better things. He was very active in securing recreation grounds for the men and children. He was ever ready to assist in any enterprise in Elyria or Lorain, calculated to bring a better condition in any field of endeavor. He was a stockholder in banks in both cities and other factories in the two places. His residence was on East Bridge Street, Elyria, till his untimely death, March 27, 1916, at the age of sixty. Out of respect to his memory and the high regard in which he was held, the county commissioners closed the offices, the judge adjourned court, and the stores and factories of the two cities shut down during the funeral hour. The responsibilities he carried in the conduct of a business employing at that time seven thousand men, and the strains he had been under in the previous years, no doubt hastened his



THE EAST BRIDGE STREET BRIDGE

This bridge enjoys the distinction of being the boldest structure in the world. It has a span of 150 feet with a rise of only 22 feet. Its skew-backs are hewn out of solid rock provided by nature death. If ever a man gave to the limit, his nerve and fiber to make a great industry go, it was Max Suppes. If he ever took a vacation it never got into print. With him it was home and the great mills. His noble wife for some years before her decease was a helpless invalid from rheumatism. His tender solicitude for her, and kind ministrations to make her more comfortable, showed the great heart he possessed. His hand was ever open to assist the needy and speak words of comfort to all who came to him with their troubles.

Six children were born to them, four of which grew to manhood and womanhood. Their daughter, Florence, a cultured lady, beloved by all who knew her, a graduate of Wellesley College, is the wife of Earl W. Brown, of Elyria, who after graduating from Yale College in 1903, obtained employment with the National Tube Co., where he has risen to hold the important position of superintendent of the ore-receiving docks and coke plant. He is held in the highest regard in Elyria by all who know him. The son, Max, Jr., after graduating from Yale University, was for a time employed at the National Tube Co., but is now vice-president and treasurer of the large "Fox Furnace Co.," of Elyria. He married Florence Wick of the city, a graduate of the "Dow School for Women," in New York. The daughter, Clara Suppes, is also a graduate of the "Dow School," mentioned. She married Scott Gillmore of this city, whose father was the late Attorney Gillmore. He graduated from the scientific school of Yale College, and holds the position of managing advertiser of the Colson Co. of the city. The son, Chester Suppes, graduated from the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College. He is engaged in experimental gas testing at the Tube Mills. He married Mary G. Sholes, of Geneva, N. Y., an estimable young lady held in high esteem.

Every member of the Max Suppes family, whether of his blood or related by marriage, are people of high character, holding positions of trust and confidence in the industrial world, possessed of college educations, and making good in the world's work. Back of this family of children was the poor boy, who not only had a purpose in life, when he began his career in Johnstown, but held steadily to the end, thereby giving employment to uncounted thousands by which they have been able to rear their families and build homes. Max Suppes' advent into our community, with his great abilities to organize and successfully conduct the great industry, can hardly be appreciated as it should. His life is another striking example of what a boy in America may make of himself by adhering to right principles. The plant he fostered and brought to success has grown to now give employment to more than ten thousand people. All hail to his memory. His monument is to be found in the great factory that moves on like a mighty river, sending its product into the farthest corners of the universe, and the opportunity for the multitudes to secure homes and bring up their families.

When he was a boy in Johnstown, he had an associate of marked ability, who did not choose the road of sobriety. They began with like opportunities. Max spent his evenings in study, while his friend finally chose the haunts of the dissipated, against the advice and protest of friends. The time came when the misguided companion of Max Suppes youth, was an employee in the Lorain works, with a life of dissipation back of him. When he died at Lorain, he and the boys purchased the coffin in which he was buried and paid the funeral expenses. Unhonored and unsung he passed out. Young men, which example are you following?

CHAPTER XLII

ELEVATED far above the surrounding factories immediately north of the New York Central passenger depot, in Elyria, stands a great water tank, on which thousands of passersby on trains and the whole city and visitors as well for lo many years, have read in great white letters the words, "FAY STOCKING FACTORY." Just why men went to the expense of erecting it and sending an artist up there to paint those conspicuous words is an interesting story.

In 1848, eighty-one years ago, there was born on a farm in Clarksfield, Huron County, an ambitious lad named W. L. Fay, to whom tilling the soil did not appeal as a life's work. Believing that his way out, and into a more congenial business, lay in securing an education, he was diligent in the little red schoolhouse in prosecuting his studies. His objective was Oberlin College where he matriculated as a student and remained till he had learned how to study. While there he was at times forced to teach country schools to secure the wherewith to remain in the institution. Having secured a good mathematical education and diligently studied the languages and delved into science, he resolved to become a student of Blackstone. To that end he entered the law office of John C. Hale, of Elyria, who later became Common Pleas judge, and finally removed to Cleveland. His studious habits and natural legal mind secured his admission to the bar, in due time, when he opened an office in Elyria in 1870, fifty-nine years ago.

Not being disposed to contest matters for litigants, he resolved on an office practice, and the organization of corporations for manufacturing purposes. He had a penchant for mechanics and enjoyed the study of patent laws, in which he became the acknowledged attorney in that field in the county. He was the inventor and patentee of the "Fay Sulky Scraper," manufactured here for some years, that was supplanted a few years later by the relentless steam shovel. He next invented the noted "Fairy Tricycle," for ladies, children, and cripples. He was instrumental in erecting a factory in Elyria, to turn out the product. In his ads he assured all cripples the world over, that if they would send photographs of themselves and describe their crippled condition and what limb of the body was still in commission he could build a tricycle for them in which they could propel themselves along.

After he built up a large and profitable business that sent its product all over the world he then sold his plant, for a large figure for those times, and entered the building and grindstone field, with quarries and mills at Grafton. Out of the tricycle industry he started has grown the great Colson factory with its distributing houses in all the large centers. For his second wife, he married the daughter of a minister, who was brought up, as all clergymen's daughters had to be in those days, to practice strict habits of economy. Six children were born of this marriage, every one of whom was as hard on clothing as all restless children naturally are.

It occurred to the mother one day as she noticed they needed new underwear, that there was a great waste in discarding the upper portion of stockings of the grown-ups when only the feet wore out, as the portion covered the limbs on discarded stockings remained intact. At this point is the beginning of our story;

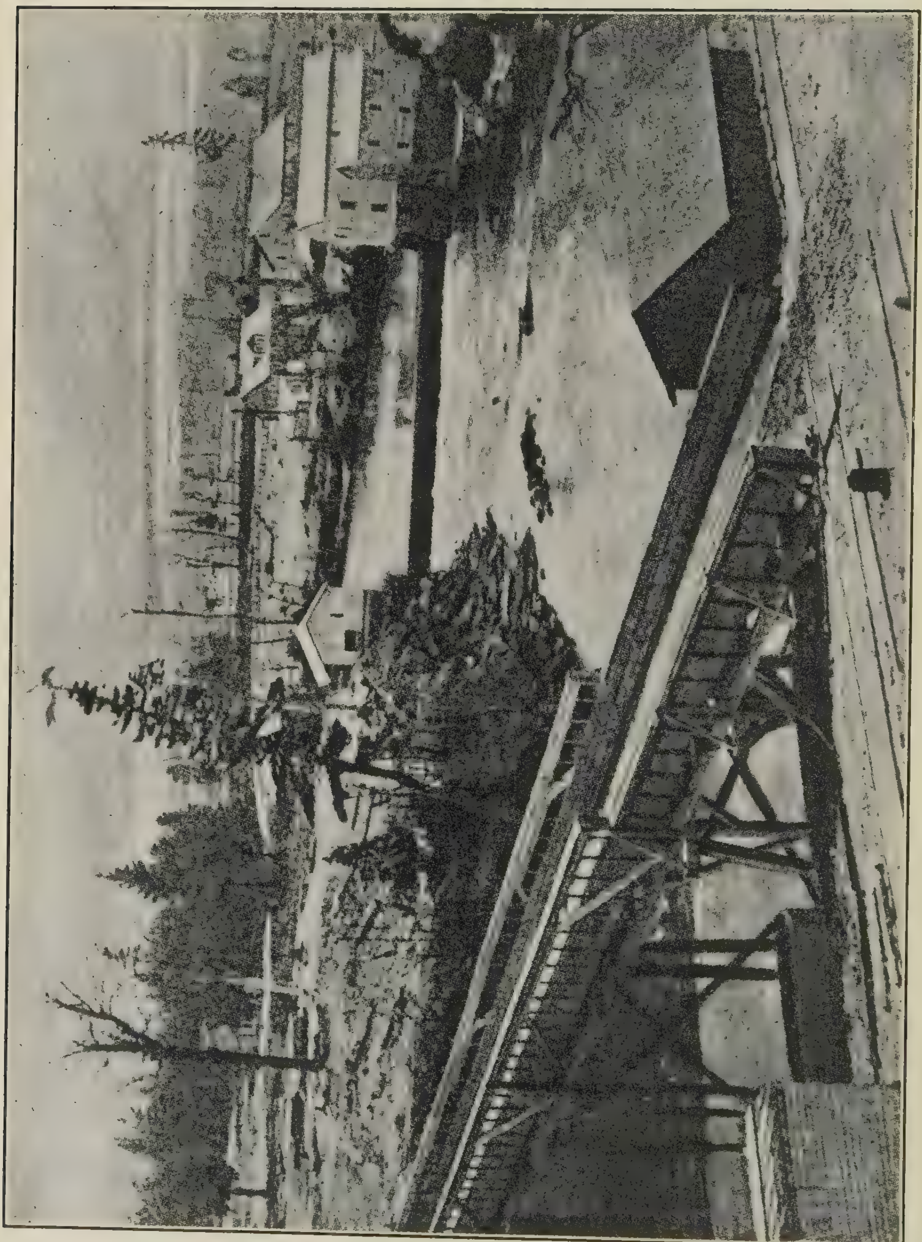
the mother conceived the idea of using the upper part of her own hosiery after cutting off the worn feet, to fasten to the children's short stockings, making the combination answer for underwear. It was so successful that she called her neighbors' attention to the same. Then came a demand by those who followed the experiment for a child's stocking that reached to the waist.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay secured a patent on the idea, and ere long he organized a company to manufacture the same, securing knitting machines to that end. It was advertised in the magazines as "The Fay Stocking," and from that day till the present, it has been in demand all over America. This accounts for the large factory that runs night and day on the river bank, while the mothers passing through on trains read the big sign and say: "Look, there is the place where they make the 'FAY STOCKING' I have used in bringing up the children."

The father of the invention, because of his marked organizing abilities and inventions, giving employment to thousands and his stand for temperance and the best in Elyria, became one of the moving spirits for many years. He passed away not long since at his residence on Washington Avenue, where his widow, a cultured lady given to good works, resides, with two unmarried daughters. One daughter married Dr. Jaster, of Elyria. One a prominent banker in Roanoke, Va. One Milton Wilcox, a fine young man, holding a good position in the Tube Mills. One unmarried daughter is employed in the office of the private secretary to the president of Baldwin-Wallace College, and one is teaching in an institution near Warren, Ohio. The two sons are business men. All of the children were college trained.

Surely the ambitious, dreaming farm boy in Fairfield, Ohio, left his impress on the community life in Elyria by the industries he founded. His integrity and morals were never questioned.

Every dwelling on Washington Avenue, save six, was originally built and owned by a man born and raised on a farm, somewhere in United States. The ambitious lad in the country, laboring in the field far from the marts of the city or large town, has dreams the town boy knows not of. The boy born and reared in the congested center, sees daily all classes and conditions about him by reason of which he does not feel that awe of people and things making up town life, experienced by the country



First Bridge to Washington Avenue

youth. No greater truth was ever uttered than that "distance lends enchantment to the view." Sixty-five years ago there was born on an ancestral farm in Wayne County, that was settled by his grandfather in 1826, one hundred and three years ago, David Troxel, whose restless nature and inventive mind, with burning ambition to enter the great business world, remained faithful to the parents in the conduct of the farm, till he attained his majority, when he became a clerk in a country store. There he had opportunity to listen to the talks of traveling men, "knights of the grip," who ever and anon visited the place, giving glowing accounts of the opportunities of the "far West." Bidding adieu to kith and kin in 1889, he resolved to visit Denver, Colorado. Before starting he took an inventory of his mental equipment and wisely concluded that he needed a better business education than was his, so entered an Ohio commercial school where he fitted himself as a bookkeeper. On reaching Denver he secured a position as such in a hardware store. Not long thereafter he engaged in the business on his own account, which he followed for nine years. About this time the country had gone crazy over bicycles, everyone of which had to have a saddle. The owners and riders of the new fad, he noticed, were making more complaints about the hard seats of the new means of locomotion than any other part. Believing he could improve the situation, he worked out and had patented the noted "Troxel Saddle," that can be found in every dealer's store where such goods are sold.

The history of its development is one of those stories of an American youth rising from obscurity to affluence and power, all delight to read. Believing Ohio was a more inviting locality in which to manufacture his article, he chose Elyria as the place in which to build up an industry. With him when he landed money was a scarce article. For a little time he employed others to make his saddle. Finding it not in accordance with his judgment, he rented a small space in the then "Ely Power Block," now a part of the Troxel Building, where he struggled for a footing in the markets. Discouragements for a time overtook him, but his native persistency and abilities carried him through the manifold difficulties until success came in great abundance.

Orders multiplied so rapidly that incorporation was necessary, resulting in the organization of the noted Troxel Manufacturing Co. While the rage for the bicycle was in vogue for years till the auto largely succeeded it, ninety per cent of the saddles in the trade of United States were made by this company. The building was finally purchased and greatly enlarged till it stands to-day one of the most important industries in the city. The "Troxel Building," with its offices and elevator service, is one of our best structures. As wealth poured into his coffers, he began to erect apartment houses. One is the Colonial, on Third Street, and one, the large pretentious one on Middle Avenue. He also purchased the Terrace on Washington Avenue. He became the owner of the Ely mansion on West Avenue, now the "Taft Home for the Aged." He was ever philanthropically disposed. In selling the property to the Methodists for a home for the aged, he made a contribution in the sum of ten thousand dollars in the transfer to assist in the great work. He was twice mayor of the city.

The bicycle seat he invented in Denver, Colorado, through his abilities to manufacture and market it, has given employment to thousands, and the busy Troxel factory of to-day, sending its products of various kinds to the ends of the earth, keeping employed a large number, stands to his credit in the industrial world. As other factories and enterprises came along, needing assistance in the city, his hand was ever ready to spend dollars to help. He possessed a striking personality, and ever remained a commoner, in keeping with the spirit of the ideal American. He was fortunate indeed in his marriage in 1897, to Miss Ida Brandt, in Ashland County, whose virtues are those of one who has ever stood for the highest ideals. Domestic in her habits of life, looking well to her household.

He passed away at his residence on Washington Avenue in the zenith of his powers. They have one child, Kathryn, now in college. Mrs. Troxel is given to hospitality and benevolences. She has recently contributed largely to the maintenance of the home for the aged, mentioned, in furnishing rooms and means. As we see the employees from day to day pouring into and coming out of the great Troxel Building, located next to the New York Central tracks, back of the business houses on Broad Street, where they find employment, and we read the name on the elevated water tank, visible for miles with the words: "Troxel Manufacturing Co.," let us remember it would not have been had the unknown farm boy in Wayne County not dreamed dreams and made them come true.

The good Book tells us that "without a vision the people perish." All hail to those who have them in any field of legitimate endeavor.

In 1807 there was born among the granite hills of New Hampshire a child, his fond parents named Baxter Clough, whose native abilities and indomitable will to succeed had much to do in helping build up Elyria. In 1852, seventy years ago, he landed in Amherst Township, where he opened a stone quarry and began manufacturing grindstones in a primitive way, that developed into a large business. With such vigor did he push the enterprise that he was able to construct docks on Lake Erie and build a railroad from his industry to the same to utilize water navigation. Remnants of the dock and evidences of the right of way are still visible. A great demand for building blocks sprang up, that necessitated the water route. He opened quarries in Columbia Township, this county, and Independence, Cuyahoga country.

He married a girl of his native State and had a family of eight children. His seventh child was named Henry H. Clough, born in 1846, the subject of this sketch. Like his father, he was a man of great determination, possessed of marked business ability, venturing in enterprises with a zeal that never abated while life lasted. He was possessed of a large body and moved about with energy.

On the death of his father, in 1872, he, with his brother J. B. Clough, assumed command and soon thereafter moved to Elyria where he spent his business life. He was made president of the Clough Stone Co.

In fitting himself for life's work, he added to his education, received in Amherst, a course of study in Oberlin College. Along with the stone industry he became interested in various other enterprises, one was a large factory in Redkey, Indiana, that manufactured fruit jars, of which he was secretary and treasurer. He became president of two banks, one in Bowling Green, Ohio, and one in DeLand, Florida. His last venture was in promoting and building a suburban electric railroad in Wisconsin, of which he was president.

In 1868, he married Miss Margaret Barney, of Black River

Township, an estimable and refined lady, by whom he had six children, one the highly esteemed and cultured lady, the widow of our former ambassador to France, Hon. W. G. Sharp. She resides in the Sharp home on Washington Avenue. One is Martha B., now a teacher of art in Cleveland schools. One son resides in the old Clough homestead in Amherst. The other two sons are business men in other States. About forty-five years ago Mr. and Mrs. Clough built the stone mansion, located on Grace Court, in which they reared their family. Every child has been a credit to the ancestor. Because of the enterprises set on foot by the father and son in the industrial world, in opening up the hidden treasures of stone, overlooked by the multitude, villages sprang up and thousands have been given a chance to support their families and build homes who, for lack of ability to conduct a business of their own, were given a chance in the world.

Mrs. Clough is still with us, tenderly cared for by her daughters. Her life has been given to good works, in the church and out. Her noble parents spent their last days in their home on the court above named. She is a sister of Mrs. Hale, a well-known resident here, active in the Baptist Church and in all things for the common weal. The name Clough will remain an honored one so long as there survives a person who knew them.

CHAPTER XLIII

OVER in "Sleepy Hollow," in Medina County, on Rocky River, about a mile and a half south of "Hard Scrabble," is the village of Valley City. In the year 1850, seventy-nine years ago, was born on a farm, hard by, a boy, his parents named William Heldmyer. His pioneer playmates nicknamed him "Billy," who was destined to mark high in the business life of Elyria and Lorain County for lo, many years. As a child he rode in ox carts, wore a coon-skin cap made by his good mother, attended the district school summers, barefooted, saw the farmers reaping their grain among the stumps with a sickle, as their only means of gathering the crop and knew the days when the mowing machine was but a dream.

His father died when he was six, leaving the widow destitute.

Young as he was, he realized it was his duty to assist what he could in keeping the wolf from the door. She daily taught him lessons of strictest economy, and brought him up to keep his word and be diligent and kind to everybody. These early lessons laid the foundation of his later success. At the age of twelve he was following the plow and cultivating corn for the farmers. After two years of such experience during the days in which he was building castles in the air, he saw the city folks drive past in liveries and glistening turn-outs. He resolved to become a merchant in some far-off town, able to emulate the high and mighty, and drive his own shiny carriage down the highways of the township of his birth, proud of the fact he could show the boys who taunted him over his poor clothes and poverty, that he had amounted to something.

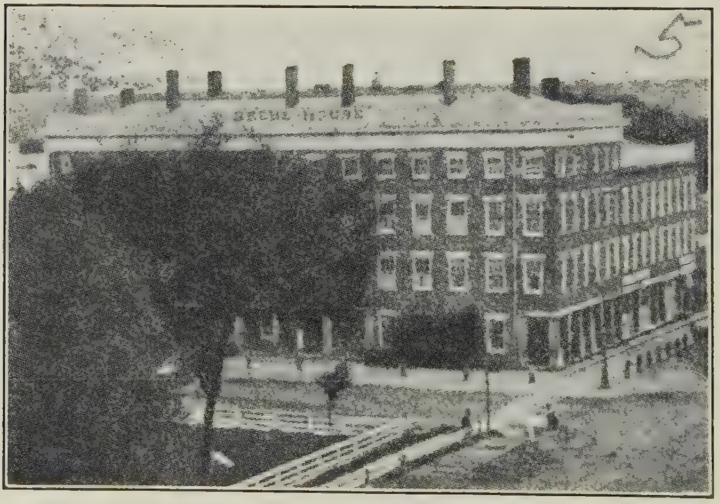
At fourteen he hung the scythe on an apple tree, the hoe in the woodshed, and turned his footsteps toward Cleveland, then regarded as a place of some pretentions. Ambitious to see more than one city before making a choice of location in which to spend his life, he worked in several, until his seventeenth year, when he located in Elyria and found employment for thirteen years with the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, as a carpenter. During this period he practiced the most rigid economies anticipating entering the hardware business. Seeing an opportunity to form a partnership in that field, he began his mercantile life at thirty. Prosperity from the beginning followed in his wake. The same rigid saving and care that nothing should go to waste taught him by his mother, continued.

He possessed a personality that drew men to him. Ere many moons had waxed and waned, he had purchased the stock of two other stores, carrying his line of goods, that were struggling to meet their obligations. Soon he owned the building in which he commenced business. His name as a square dealer began to be talked about over the county. He seemed to know what the farmers needed and how much the trade demanded. His stock multiplied. Everything the customers were likely to call for was kept. He had a wonderful memory and was possessed of an ability to judge men for their true worth, that enabled him to know to whom to extend credit. He was a born commoner. He did not pretend to look after the books, nor did he wear starched linen or study to not soil his hands. He was behind the counter, upstairs and down in the basement, waiting on his customers, making friends by taking an interest in their affairs. If on inquiry into the condition of things at the customer's home, he was of opinion that the article wanted was what he should not have for his own good, he told him so, though he lost a sale.

He was not only "Billy" to the boys in Valley City; he was "Billy" to everybody who knew him in Lorain County. When matters came up among neighbors what was best to do in building or purchasing seed or implements of husbandry, the argument would end when someone suggested, "Let's ask 'Billy' Heldmyer."

Ere many years had elapsed he dominated the hardware business of Elyria, and at his decease was the principal owner of the Heldmyer Hardware Co. and The Elyria Hardware Store and buildings and was a large stockholder and a director in the Krantz Hardware Store at Lorain.

As means came to be his, he purchased several old landmarks on Broad Street and in place thereof erected the four-story Elyria block, now owned by his descendents. He also became a third owner in the Beebe Hotel, now the "Elyria," and president of the company that owned it, and was one of the



Beebe House, Built in 1847
And a glimpse of the park with its fence and hitching posts

organizers of the Elyria Savings and Trust Co., in which he was not only a large stockholder but later became its president. It began in a small room and grew to its present large proportions rapidly, housed in one of the finest office blocks in Ohio. The brick mansion on Middle Avenue, now owned and occupied by Attorney H. C. Johnson, was built by him for a home.

From time to time, in bank meetings, when the character and reliability of customers came up for discussion and loans were asked, he was the one to whom all turned for the final say, as he seemed to possess an unerring judgment, so keen an observer was he of men, and their doings. He organized the Elyria Building Co. His integrity was never questioned. He spoke ill of no one, and was kind and considerate. He had the pleasure of making a happy home for his mother for many years.

In 1874, he married Mary Beese, of Elyria, by whom he had three daughters and one son. Florence J. married Albert M. Hannaford, the successful merchant, at the head of the Elyria Hardware Co. They are active in all the worth-while movements to help along in our community life. One married James Tyler, of Los Angeles, California. They are both splendid citizens, doing their part in the world's work. Alice C. married Willard Taylor, head of the Heldmyer Hardware Co. Both are fine citizens. The son, Harry, is a clerk in the store. From a poor, barefooted father-orphaned lad of six summers, over in Valley City to the leading hardware merchant in the county, bank president, and the builder and owner of the Elyria block, without assistance, but wholly through his native abilities and habits of economy, shows what youth may accomplish in the business world who has a purpose in life and never surrenders.

Young men desiring to succeed in the mercantile world would do well to study his methods.

The large conspicuous sign, "PARSCH LUMBER CO.," so long seen and read by all men, has long been in the city. It came about in this way. In 1833, there was born across the deep, on the River Rhine, a child named Christopher Parsch, who became a citizen of Elyria in 1857, where he landed seventy-two years ago with a set of carpenters' tools at the age of twenty-four, a stranger in a strange land. He was possessed of a strong body, and a disposition to make the best of things, come what might. Ere long he was a contractor and builder, to whom no day was too long or night too dark, to keep things moving. Without means, he obligated himself to pay for property now occupied by that widely known corporation. The wheels have never ceased to turn since the founder started them in an old building on the river bank.

The panic of '73, the worst this country ever experienced, lasting eight years, did not down him, though it looked many times as though the sheriff would sell him out. When pressed by creditors, he would say, "Be patient, be patient, and you will get every dollar; it will do you no good to sue me." There was a candor in his face and determination in his manner that convinced the claimants that in the end all would be well. Then he lived absolutely within his means. Many succumbed to the depression, all about him, but that German thrift and the rigid economies taught him as a child, turned the tide. He lived to raise a fine family, owing no man. At seventy-two he passed away, possessed of a good name and untarnished integrity.

He married Catherine Herbert, by whom he had nine children. The business passed into the hands of his well-known sons who have built it up to its present large proportions. The children were all fine citizens, active in the building up of the city. It was a long and steep trail for the German lad to travel from the banks of the Rhine, in poverty, to the banks of Black River, where he fought out his battle to success. Had he been born on the banks of Black River and gone to live his life on the Rhine he would have spent them in poverty.

All hail to my country, the land of opportunity; let no man raise his hand against her.

For many years there walked the streets of the city a noble lady known to all as "Aunt Mary" Collins, whose life and character had much to do in cheering every person along the way who chanced to know her. She had a smile that never wore off and a determination not to succumb to misfortunes, that remained with her till her tragic death at the age of eighty-six, when she was burned to death in setting fire to some rubbish. She was a childless widow for many years and for twenty-five had not been able to hear the note of a bird, the songs of the singer, or the sermon of the minister, yet she was always in her seat in the church and Sunday school with her smile, listening as best she could, with her eyes. She was highly gifted with her pen. Schooling she had but little, as her lot in her youth was that of a hard-working factory girl in the city of Cleveland when hours were long and wages small.

Her faith in the Bible remained unshaken. Whether in the field of prose or poetry, her pen was versatile. She picked up the art of typewriting after she had reached threescore years and ten. She left manuscripts of her writings that should be published. There are ample to make a volume; every one of merit. She possessed great humility. As an example of her power of observation and ability to tell entertainingly what she saw, I give below a copy of a competitive article she wrote after she was seventy. It came about this way. The well-known firm of "William Taylor and Son," drygoods merchants in Cleveland, in 1920, offered a prize of one hundred dollars for the best write-up of the city in the year 1870, "The Golden Jubilee" of the founding of the store. She won the prize. The judges were: W. R. Rose, of the Plain Dealer; John W. Raper, of the Cleveland Press; and Victor Slayton, of the Cleveland News.

"BY MARY E. COLLINS"

"In 1870 I lived in Cleveland, on the corner of York and Monroe Streets, on the 'West Side,' walking to and from my work in the Atwater Building, at the head of Superior and Water Street hill, taking the short cut through the Flats on Columbus Street where huge piles of lumber towered high in the air, past which I would hurry lest they suddenly decide to come down. At the head of Water Street was the stand for express wagons, while on Bank Street stood a long line of hacks waiting for a call.

"Superior, Water, and Ontario were the business center. E. I. Baldwin, the then leading drygoods firm, with clothing, jewelry, drug, and other stores, also the principal hotels were located there. But very soon objections developed and unrest took place, as one by one they moved to Euclid Avenue for wider fields.

" 'Hotel Weddell' is now occupied by a skyscraper and other buildings have been remodeled or leveled to make room for better improvements. Union Depot, Savings Bank, and the Old Stone Church remain. The police station was on Long Street. A one-horse covered rig, called the 'Black Maria,' and driven by 'Little Christy' hauled the prisoners wherever they went. It was quite easy to get a free ride.

"At 6.00 P. M. Engine House No. 1 would sound an alarm, when people rushed to St. Clair Street to watch the evening fire drill, when horses displayed equal intelligence with men in the maneuvers. In Academy Lane, rear of the Weddell House, was a place of so-called amusement, named the 'Varieties.' Was of low type, and for 'men only.' Ryders Hall was used for concerts, traveling shows, and other events. On Bank Street was the far-famed Academy of Music, with John Elsler and daughter Effie, equally famous and loved by all pleasure-seekers. All gave way for the Opera House at the corner of Euclid and Sheriff Streets. On the Courthouse roof was a high pole with a brass ball that always fell at noon, giving the correct time direct from Washington. The Webb C. Ball's Jewelry Store, corner Superior and Seneca Streets, had a connecting wire that regulated their clocks, and pedestrians would stop at the window and verify their time-pieces.

"The first Sunday paper, a small folder of high moral standard, was printed on Frankfort Street, and later was absorbed by the Cleveland *Herald*. The Public Square was a favorite resort where old folks and children were safe from traffic. To my mind, this, with the removal of Erie Street Cemetery, are among the saddest changes in Cleveland to-day. I cannot give the date, but remember the extension of Superior beyond Erie at its then boundary line. The May property, then used as pasture ground, lay directly across the way, and the heirs were stubborn. Neither can I say how it was finally accomplished, whether by purchase, arbitration, or confiscation, but it went through as things generally do when Cleveland goes after them. The German citizens entered a bitter protest against Lorain Street Railway extension. 'Why,' they said, 'it will be the ruination of our women and children. The women will forget how to walk and the children will never learn.'

"Taxpayers put up a fight against the Viaduct or High Level which is now completely overshadowed by the Elevated Bridge and subway. Euclid Avenue was used as a speedway by the owners of fast horses who often brought along their best girls in winter sleighing. The scene was very gay. Euclid Avenue was also famous for its 'Bob and Nabob' side. One had houses close to the walk, the other had door yards wide and both were lined on 'Gala days' with crowds of every grade, to watch the circus come to town, or the Easter Day parade, and its business corner with buildings high and low, once proclaimed an ancient signboard, 'We are Young, but Watch us Grow.' Watch us grow has been the slogan held aloft that all might see, while Father Time has done his bit in helping make their dreams come true.

"I leave the big things for others to write up, only the lesser ones came under my observation, when a working woman, with the rest of the laboring classes. I gave my time from 7.00 A. M. to 6.00 P. M., a ten-hour working day."

CHAPTER XLIV

SINCE the days of Moses the lawgiver and founder of courts, men versed in legal rules laid down by their governments, by which they were to know the rights of person and property, have been the ones to whom the people turned for counsel and leadership. Moses had a wise father-in-law, according to the Scriptures. His name was Jethro, a resident of Midian, with whom he had left his wife and two sons to be cared for, while he was on his mission, leading the "Children of Israel" out of "Egyptian bondage" toward the "Promised Land."

While still camping at the foot of Mt. Sinai, after the great leader had received the "Ten Commandments midst the thunderings and lightning" of the mountain, Jethro, anxious to see for himself what progress his son-in-law had made in governing his people, made a visit to the encampment, taking with him his daughter, Moses' wife, and her two sons. Finding him spending his time from the rising till the setting of the sun, listening to the troubles and quarrels of the discontents, he said to him, "Moses, you are wearing out your life; I suggest that you provide from among all the people, able men, such as fear God; men of truth, hating coveteousness, to be rulers of thousands; rulers of hundreds; rulers of fifties and rulers of tens, and let them judge the people at all seasons, and it shall be that every great matter shall be brought unto you, but the very small matters, they shall judge, so shall it be easier for thyself, and they shall bear the burden with thee."

Moses listened to the recommendation, and found it worked exceedingly well. This was the beginning of the lower and upper courts, continuing till this day. It logically followed that advocates would spring up, versed in the laws to represent the people.

The earliest known great lawyer, versed in the "Statutes of Moses" to whom the people gladly listened, was Gamaliel of Jerusalem, to whom the Apostle Paul attributed his learning, in these words when in the hands of the mob in that city, "I was brought up in this city, at the feet of Gamaliel, and taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers."

All the principles of the laws of every civilized country rests upon the Mosaic laws. I have given this historic background of courts better to understand the beginning of our jurisprudence in America, and what I shall say about the members of the Lorain County bar, whose lives are a part of our common heritage. We have had thirty-one Presidents of the United States, every one of whom was a lawyer, save seven, and barring Presidents Harding and Hoover, they all reached the "White House" through their military records.

When George Washington came to the Presidency there were but four cabinet positions: Secretary of State, Secretary of the Treasury, Secretary of War, and Attorney-General. To three of these cabinet positions Washington appointed lawyers. They were Thomas Jefferson, named Secretary of State; Alexander Hamilton, Secretary of Treasury; and Edward Randolph, Attorney-General. He named Gen. Henry Knox as Secretary of War.

Patrick Henry, who fired the Colonies by his immortal speech, was a laywer. Thomas Jefferson wrote the "Declaration of Independence." Daniel Webster replied to Haynes. The Gettysburg speech came from the lips of a lawyer. Every Congress and legislature of the States have been dominated by attorneys to whom the members have almost universally looked for leadership.

We shall not have to search very far for the cause why attorneys have ruled the nation. Their work from the start is subjected to the most severe test, for everything a lawyer does, in his profession, has to be in writing or spoken in open court, where any flaw in his papers or wrong contention in his speech or argument is challenged by lawyers and judge, who perchance have spent years at the bar, schooled in the books and rules of practice. The same individual, if he came to the city or town as a minister, would be received with open arms by his parishioners, with a salary agreed upon, knowing no person would dare rise up in the audience while he was delivering his sermon and object out loud to his interpretation of the Scriptures, for if he did he would be bodily thrown out of the building and face a magistrate the next day for disturbing a religious meeting. In the court room, as a lawyer, he would encounter multiplied objections to his questions and arguments, requiring ability to think quickly and to be able to meet at once his opponent. No salary is fixed for him when he hangs out his shingle.

Years are required to make for himself a place at the bar, and that by meeting trained minds in the profession of long experience.

If he chose the medical profession, emergency cases soon bring him patients, but in this field he has it his own way, as those who call him to administer to their perishing bodies, take without criticism medicine according to his directions, with no doctor on the other side of the sickbed to object or challenge his diagnosis or prescribed remedies. Nothing brings out the best in man like being called upon to defend his position at every step; this accounts for the fact that the world looks to the legal profession for guidance in the affairs of government, State and national. All corporations of any magnitude employ their lawyers by the year, to guide them in their legal matters. In the days when Abraham Lincoln was riding over the Illinois prairies, practicing law, following the judges in their rounds holding court, he made some anti-slavery speeches in Connecticut, and the State of New York and Massachusetts. At one of his meetings, Erastus Corning, superintendent of the New York Central Railway, was present. He was so impressed by his abilities that he had an interview with him at the close of his address, in which he said, "I have been authorized by the board of directors of our road to employ an attorney to represent the corporation, with headquarters in New York. I believe you are the lawyer we need. We will pay you a salary of ten thousand dollars a year, will you accept it?"

Lincoln responded: "Ten thousand dollars a year, that is a lot of money; I am afraid it would spoil me and my family. I hardly think I can accept such a position."

The railroad magnate was surprised at his answer and, thinking he intended it as a joke, pressed the proposition, but could get no assurance. Lincoln said he would have to think it over, but was of opinion he could not accept. So solicitous was Corning for his services, that a little later he sent a man out to Springfield, but in vain, as Lincoln would not go.

Coming now to members of the Lorain County bar, known to a few still living, the life of Judge Stevenson Burke, the first resident of the county, who occupied our Common Pleas bench. He was born in the State of New York on November 26, 1826, of Irish parents, one hundred and three years ago. His people moved to Ridgeville when he was eight years of age, where he grew up in a log hut, performing the farm duties of a pioneer lad, attending such primitive schools as the times afforded. He was the only one of a family of boys and girls, disposed toward books. From his early youth he was possessed of a burning ambition to secure an education and follow the law. He was able by closest economy to attend a select school and spend a few months in Delaware College.

At twenty-two he was admitted to the bar after a course of study in the office of the then leading lawyer in the county, H. D. Clark. He was at once made a nominal partner of his preceptor who had a large trial practice. This gave the young man an opportunity to learn the art of conducting a law suit. He was so aggressive in his objections as the trial proceeded and insistent on being heard in argument to the judge over his contention as to what the law was, that his pugnacious disposition and refusal to be squelched by the court without being given an opportunity to argue at length that he was severely criticized by the other members of the bar, among themselves, until one ventured to dub him "Clark's fool."

None was so bold as to let the fighter hear his words of detraction. They wondered why Clark allowed him to take the lead, he seemed to be assuming at the trial table without rebuke. He chanced on one occasion to overhear one of their members speak of him as "Clark's fool." The old barrister, of many legal battles, came to the rescue of his young partner by saying: "You fellows may call Burke a 'fool' if you will, but let me tell you that one of these days you will have to reckon with him. He is one of the most indefatigable workers I ever knew; he burns up all my candles. He is always in the office when I arrive in the morning, and is there when I leave."

Such was his rise, that when he was thirty-six, he had one side or the other of all cases worth while and was then elected to the bench by the urgency of those who characterized him as "Clark's fool" twelve years before.

The judicial district was then made up of Lorain, Medina, and Summit Counties, in all three of which he cared for the business. During his second term he resigned and entered a firm of the leading attorneys in Cleveland. His reputation had preceded him and ere long he was counted the ablest corporation attorney in the city.

The demands for his abilities were so great and from clients of large means that he severed his partnership connection and opened an office by himself. He was soon employed by the New York Vanderbilts to look after some Western interests that brought him very large fees because of his successful handling of them. He then began to take a deep interest in the development of railroads. They had been greatly embarrassed by the panic of 1873. During his professional life in the city, he became a heavy stockholder and president of the five following railroads, which he rescued from their embarrassments: Cleveland and Mahoning Valley Railway Co.; The Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and Indianapolis Railway; and the Columbus Hocking Valley and Toledo Railway Co.; The Central Ontario Railway Co.; and of the Toledo and Ohio Central Kanawa and Michigan Railroad. He was also a stockholder and director and counsel for many other large corporations, several involving copper mines in Canada.

When he passed away at eighty he was regarded as the greatest corporation lawyer in Ohio, if not in the Union. He left an estate of three millions. His habits were of the cleanest. From his youth he was a sworn enemy of the liquor traffic. A life-sized oil painting of the judge hangs on the walls of the Common Pleas Court Room No. 1.

Another distinguished lawyer who grew up in Lorain County was Judge W. W. Boynton. His birthplace was on a farm in Russia Township, north of Oberlin, January 27, 1833, ninety-six years ago. From his childhood he was a student of books and soon became a teacher in the conduct of select schools of such efficiency that students went long distances to be benefitted by his instruction. He was educated in the common schools, and by self-instruction. He served as prosecuting attorney two terms. Was named by the governor to fill the unexpired term made by the resignation of Judge Burke. He served out the term and was re-elected and served two years, when in the fall of 1876 he was elected to the Supreme bench of the State, where he served with distinction until he resigned during his second term and opened a law office in Cleveland. While a resident of Elyria, he helped organize the Savings Bank. Built the house, now the dwelling of J. A. Brandt, on Washington Avenue. He married Miss Betsey A. Terrell, of Ridgeville, who passed away not long since in Florida near the age of ninety.

They had no children. He was recognized at once at the Cleveland bar as the ablest lawyer in that city. His business was largely assisting other attorneys, who came to him with their clients for help.

He built a fine residence on Euclid Avenue. Retired from the bench when seventy and came to Ridgeville to reside, where he erected the brick residence on Cleveland Street, now known as "Alber Villa." When asked why he and Mrs. Boynton left Euclid Avenue for Ridgeville, he replied: "Sentiment. We purchased the old home Mrs. Boynton's people built in which she was born and where I courted her, as we thought we should be happier there than any place on earth. Next to the old pioneer dwelling we built our new one on a part of the ancestral land. Then I had looked forward to the time when we should move back to Lorain County and I would have time to visit the friends of my boyhood in Russia and Amherst Townships, a thing I had dreamed about all my professional life. After we returned here I drove over the old roads and among the scenes of my childhood, hunting for the friends of my youth, and found all but three in the cemetery, and the living ones were so infirm, and we had been apart so long, I found little interest in talking to them. It was a great disappointment to me."

After residing in the Ridgeville home for a time he purchased the place now owned by Chas. Fell, on Washington Avenue, where he passed away a few years later at the age of eighty-three, in possession of his faculties. He led a clean life and took a deep interest in 'Memorial Hospital" and ever hated the liquor traffic. His picture hangs in our Common Pleas Court Room No 1. He was prosecuting attorney of the county in the year 1857, when the heretofore written about, noted, "Oberlin-Wellington Rescue Case" took place, in which so many Oberlin and Wellington citizens were indicted in the Federal Court in Cleveland for violating the "Fugitive Slave Law," in rescuing from a hotel in Wellington a runaway slave and sending him on to Canada. He, with the Lorain County officials, were anti-slavery advocates, and it was through the young prosecutor's advice that the kidnapers of the slave were indicted by a Lorain County grand jury and were about to be sent to the penitentiary when they took alarm after getting two Oberlin men convicted, and asked that they be allowed to return South to their homes. They agreed to have all the indictments in the Federal Court nolled, including those of the convicted ones, if they could be saved. This was accepted and there ended the noted case that had shaken the country from center to circumference.

CHAPTER XLV

OUR last chapter gave an account of the lives of the first two Common Pleas judges of Lorain County, Judge Stevenson Burke and Judge W. W. Boynton, who rose to State distinction in the profession, both of whom were raised on farms in the county. One of their contemporaries was Judge John C. Hale, who was born on a farm midst the granite hills of New Hampshire in 1834, ninety-five years ago. He worked his way through Dartmouth College. Came to Cleveland where he taught school and read law. Was admitted to the bar in 1861, settled in Elyria where, by his industry and abilities he was elected at the expiration of two years, prosecuting attorney, succeeding Judge Boynton, and held the position three terms. In the fall of 1876, when Judge Boynton was elected to the Supreme Court, Judge Hale was elected his successor, and held the position one term and part of a second, when he moved to Cleveland and joined Judge Boynton, whose business had grown beyond his strength to look after the same. The firm soon took into partnership Norton Horr, a Wellington boy, son of the noted business man, C. W. Horr, making the firm of Boynton, Hale and Horr. Judge Hale's residence in Elyria was the dwelling now owned and occupied by Frank E. Hill and family, on Washington Avenue.

He was married, but had no children. The new firm in Cleveland had a large business till Judge Hale was elected to the Circuit bench of this district. He lived to reach ninety, in possession of his mentality, highly esteemed by the profession. His name was above reproach, and his habits the best. When he was on our Common Pleas bench, he was arraigning prisoners to receive their pleas of guilty or not guilty. Among them were several charged with violating the liquor laws. As the criminal docket was being called, including old cases now and then, the prosecutor would say to the judge: "Your Honor, that case may be nolled." One of the indicted saloonkeepers was in the room listening, awaiting his turn to enter his plea. He was a tall, rawboned, ignorant Irish character who thought he knew a thing or two, and how to escape trial. When his name was called, Judge Hale said, "Is the gentleman in the room," whereupon he arose and came forward; when asked by the judge whether he plead guilty or not guilty of selling intoxicating liquors to minors, he said, "Your Honor, that case may be nolled." The crowd broke out in a laugh that shook the windows. Judge Hale, in spite of his attempt to keep sober, joined in with the rest. The sheriff pounded with his gavel in vain, to restore order, till all had exploded to the limit, when Judge Hale said, "I hardly think so." Judge Hale had the highest ideals of life and was held in esteem by Cleveland citizens and bar.

One of the most amusing incidents in our Common Pleas Court took place in the days of the saloon. In the old hotel in Ridgeville was a bar, where the thirsty congregated. Among them was one of the citizens of the township. The law made it an offense to sell intoxicants to a person while in a state of intoxication. The proof introduced by the State showed that the proprietor was back of the bar, and while the fellow was in a state of intoxication, sold him liquor. When the State rested an Irishman was called to the stand, who, in testifying said, he was there and that the man was not intoxicated. On cross examination the prosecuting attorney said, "Do you say, sir, that he was not intoxicated?" "Naw, sir, he was not drunk." "Did he not stagger and reel just before the liquor was handed him?" "Yes, nobody denies that, what be ye talkin' abut, why don't ye ask a sincible question; of course, he staggered and railed." "Well, sir," thundered the prosecutor, "if a man is not drunk when he staggers and reels, when do you consider him drunk?" "Do you want me tist?" "Yes," answered the prosecutor, "what is it?" "Well, sir, when a man goes to the pump to 'lite his pipe,' I call him drunk."

In 1823, one hundred and six years ago, there was born in the State of New York a child named Charles W. Johnston, destined to have a conspicuous part in the civic life of Elyria for many years. He grew up on a farm in LaGrange, where he was educated in the public schools, and on reaching manhood, became a student in Western Reserve Medical College, in Cleveland, from which he graduated, and practiced in his home township for six years. While he was looking after his patients, he acted also as justice of the peace. During a trial, there came into his office a bully in the community under the influence of intoxicants, who began to make a disturbance. Being asked to desist, he became abusive, and proposed to fight the magistrate. He evidently did not realize there coursed pure Scotch blood in the veins of the justice, the fighting kind, as C. W. Johnston was a direct descendent of a noted Scotch klan of Johnstons that contended for human rights among the hills and mountains of that far-away country for several generations.

They possessed the courage of Robert Bruce, of Scottish fame. Well, without going into too much detail, ere the audience attending court was aware, the great double-fisted disturber of the peace had seized the administrator of justice, but before they had time to take a hand in defense of the court, he had so thoroughly whipped the offender that he cried out that he was being killed. It became necessary to pull off the justice to save the bully. It was for the big fellow a bloody affair, that cost him time and means to get healed. To seek revenge, he came to Elyria and had a firm of attorneys commence a suit against the doctor for civil damages. This necessitated making a defense which the justice did by engaging Sheldon and Vincent to defend him. He had felt for some time that he was not happy in the medical profession. Legal matters appealed to him. Here was an opportunity to look into Blackstone, which he seized and began to study the rules that governed his case. He became so deeply interested that he resolved to abandon the medical for the legal profession. The suit against him came off, exciting a great deal of interest, and was attended by a court room full of people. Several days were consumed in the contest, resulting in his complete vindication. If he had any hesitancy about becoming a lawyer before the verdict, that settled the matter. He then gave all his time to fitting himself for the bar, as a student in the office of his attorneys. In due time, he was admitted and at thirty-six opened an office in Elyria. His preceptors were able young men. The Civil War soon came on, into which Sheldon as captain of a company threw himself with great energy and was made colonel, and later brigadier-general. After the war he was appointed governor of New Mexico. Later in life he was named receiver of one of the great Southwestern railways. Was elected to Congress from Louisiana, where he served for three terms, and was one of the electors from that State in the famous political upheaval over the noted "Hayes-Tilden" controversy. He closed his life publishing a Republican paper in California, where he reached a good old age.

Some of his kith and kin still reside in LaGrange. He was born about one hundred years ago in the State of New York, and was brought to LaGrange by his parents when three years old. He was in Garfield's regiment. He was a striking-looking person, nearly six feet with broad shoulders, and was an able stumper in the old days of reconstruction, and discussion of the tariff. John M. Vincent, his partner, mentioned, was born in the State of Massachusetts, came to Elyria when an infant. Was prosecuting attorney and an able advocate, but soon lost his health and died at the age of thirty-five. His namesake and only child is a professor in Johns Hopkins University. Returning now to the life of C. W. Johnston. He began a course of study that remained unabated until his summons came, at nearly eighty-five, up to which time he was as regularly in his office as in youth. He was prosecuting attorney two terms. Built a fine residence on East Avenue, now made over into the Christian Science Church. He owned, at the time of his decease, a place at Avon Point, the spot that projects far into the lake. For many years, he possessed in connection with the place, a large vineyard. While he was in his prime as a practitioner, there was a lawyer known as the wit of the bar, who had come to bear a bad reputation in the county, for having sown to the flesh in all worldly matters. He seemed to take pride in the reputation he bore, strange as it may seem.

Mr. Johnston had built up a character as far above the witty lawyer, as the heavens are above the earth. Probably as witty a sally as was ever pulled off in our court room came from the lips of the lawyer with the multitude of sins. It was on this wise: Johnston was engaged in a jury trial. The attorney on the other side was his enemy, who delighted in saying cuttings things. Judge W. W. Boynton was on the bench. The wit sat about ten feet away listening to the procedure, but not engaged in the trial. The enemy of Johnston said something that might be construed as derogatory to his character and reputation, which brought him to his feet in a rage, in which he proclaimed in stentorian voice, that his good character and reputation had been assailed, that was more to him than the wealth of the world. He called upon the judge to rebuke the slandering attorney and save his reputation. So earnestly did he appeal and with such feeling, that all present sympathized with him. At that point the wit said, "Mr. Johnston, Mr. Johnston, I will tell you what I will do, if you are going to feel so bad about the matter, I will trade my reputation for yours." The sheriff split his gavel pounding for order, all to no avail. Not till the listeners were exhausted did the hilarity cease.

Judge Boynton, sedate as he was, by nature lost all control over himself. The scene was never before and never has since been equaled, for mirth, in our court room. This story has lived more than a half century. Mr. Johnston married Mary E. Fisher, with whom he lived in happy relation, to a good old age. She was one of the best beloved ladies in Elyria, and a devoted member of the Baptist Church. Three children were born to them, as follows: Mary C., a graduate of Granville College, the wife of Attorney J. H. Leonard, a Massachusetts boy and a graduate of Oberlin College and partner of her father. He was a direct descendant of one of the Pilgrims who came over in the "Mayflower." Martha L., the wife of W. C. Barnhart, who is a graduate of Oberlin College, and the secretary and treasurer of the elevated railway in Kansas City; and Carleton F. Johnston, a splendid citizen, a resident of Elyria in the railway mail service of the Government, and has been for many years. He is married and has one daughter who is married.

The Leonards, now deceased, had a son Charles who died while in the aviation service of the government on his way home from China. He left a wife and children who reside in the West. The whole family were and are cultured and splendid citizens. C. W. Johnston ever stood for the best. He never forgot his own. He had a good brother Drew, who, in his young manhood, long before there was a transcontinental railway, started over the plains with a prairie schooner and team, hauling goods to the Rockies. He was not heard from for over forty years and was supposed to have been killed by the Indians, when a telegram came to Mr. Johnston from an out-of-the-way place in Missouri, stating if he wanted to see his brother alive, to come, that he was in destitute circumstances. He took the next train, found him being tenderly cared for in the cabin of poor people. The brother told him he had resolved he would never return until he could come back with a competence, but that luck had been against him and he was reduced to penury. C. W. paid the kind people liberally for the care they had given him, and brought him to Elyria, where he and Mrs. Johnston placed him in the best bed and tenderly cared for him for months, till the end came. Another brother lost his health in the prime of life and passed away, leaving a son about twelve years of age, destitute. He and Mrs. Johnston took him into their own home and sent him through the high schools. He was the same age of their own son, named. They were treated on an equality. The nephew passed the examinations that took him into Annapolis, from which he graduated with honors. He spent his life in the government service, becoming one of the experts in his line. He died in the zenith of his powers. He was a great reader from his youth. While in the uncle's home, he was seen reading a dime novel about the "Wild and Woolly West." His uncle said, "My boy, what are you reading?" He handed him the book. "Well, you should not read such books, they will do you more harm than good. How many such story books have you." He said a whole box full. "Bring them down, I want to examine them." He did so, when the uncle said, "How much money have you paid out for these?" "Five dollars." "Well, you cannot read them any more, they should be burned up. Here are five dollars." The boy took the money. "Now," said the uncle, "the money is yours and the books mine, is that right?" "Yes," said the nephew. "Then I have a right to do with them what I please," and he began to tear them in pieces and feed them into the grate fire. "Uncle, what makes you do that?" "For your own good; you cannot read any more such books while you live here." The flames turned them all into ashes, while the good uncle, one by one, fed them into the flames as he told the aspiring boy what he should read.

C. W. Johnston always bore a good name and was one of the kindest of fathers and a most affectionate husband. He left the world far better for his life. His picture hangs in the law library in the courthouse. His son and daughter alone survive of this once prominent family. No more highly esteemed gentleman walks the streets of the city than "Carl Johnston."

CHAPTER XLVI

NINETY-THREE years ago there was born in a log house on a farm in LaGrange, this county, to Nathan P. Johnson and his good wife, pioneers, who three years before came from the State of New York, a son named Eleazar G. Johnson, destined to become a man of marked ability, possessed of leadership and great ambitions. His father was a strong man and a noble character. He was representative in his day and generation, first as a member of the House, then the Ohio Senate. The son was known from boyhood, till his earthly race was run, by all classes wherever he was spoken to or of as "E. G." In the district schools of LaGrange, supplemented by instruction from the father and three or four terms in the winter months at Oberlin, he obtained his education. Before attaining majority he was teaching country school in connection with farm labor. At the age of twenty-one was elected justice of the peace, a position he held for ten years, within which period he was admitted to the bar, and at thirty was made auditor of the county, to which position he was elected the third term.

At twenty-five, in 1861, he answered Lincoln's call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to crush the rebellion, was made captain, and later colonel. When the re-enlistment came he responded, but was rejected because of poor health. He did not open a law office in Elyria till he was through with the duties of county auditor, when about forty. Realizing that, with a large family to support, and lack of experience in the profession, he had undertaken a hard task, he burned every bridge to retreat, resolved to win, if indefatigable industry in the books would bring results. Probably no member of our bar in his day and generation spent the number of hours he did in his office, day and night, examining authorities, briefing cases, and meeting people. He was at the head of the Republican party for many years, and editor of a newspaper for a long period. He was a dominant force politically for many years. It was during the days of caucuses and delegate conventions, when yearly they came together at the county seat to make the tickets, pass resolutions, and adopt platforms. The period when nominating speeches were made and keynote orators orated. Such was his influence for years, that nearly every candidate for a county office, whose cause he espoused, was nominated. The primary ballot plan has destroyed the old order of things in ticket-making, and robbed any one man of such leadership power. Johnson built up a large lucrative practice until he was acknowledged leader of the bar. He was gifted with his pen. His descriptive articles, that ever and anon appeared, were read with interest. The following is a sample, written for the home paper while on a trip to the old country, describing his visit to the "Leaning tower of Pisa" in Italy:

"After breakfast we started for the 'leaning tower.' It was but a short walk, and yet it seemed a mile, so greatly had our expectations been excited. It did not seem possible we were to set our eyes upon that famous column. I remember hearing my mother describe it, as we sat around the fireplace in the long winter evenings in the log house in LaGrange, which long ago has crumbled into dust. Oh how times and circumstances do change. As she described it and told the story of its history, I thought life would be a failure, unless my eyes could behold it, so I resolved that some day I would go and see it and come back and tell her of my journey. Here I am at the tower, but where is she and where is the happy circle then complete, and those happy days that then seemed eternal' Memory holds them—all else is gone."

His conscience story about himself is the best one on record. Here it is: "Till I was about fifty years old, my body was very slim and thin. I had a cadaverous look that I felt boded no good. I discovered one day a hard lump in the pit of my stomach that alarmed me. None of the Elyria doctors seemed to have any idea what it was, so I called on our old LaGrange family physician, Dr. Underhill, who had known me from my youth up. He was a large powerful man, with patriarchal whiskers, and great good sense. After feeling of my anatomy, on both sides, he said, with his finger on the lump I had discovered in the pit of my stomach, 'E. G., that is your backbone, you better take a trip over the briney deep, as you should have more flesh.' So I sailed for Europe. About a year after my return I had so fleshed up that I weighed 225. Meeting an old friend, who had not seen me since I touched the scales at less than 135, he seemed astonished at my corpulence, and made bold to ask me how it came about. I said it is right you should know the facts.

"After recounting how I came to go to the old country, I said, on my return trip, after we had been sailing about an hour, while I was seated on the deck watching the rolling waves, suddenly I felt the qualms of nausea and made for the rail, where it seemed as though my stomach turned inside out. I looked to see what I had gotten rid of and discovered the breakfast I ate that morning in Liverpool. Resuming my seat, soon worse sickness overtook me, making it difficult to reach the rail. When all was over, I looked again, and lo, there floated the supper I ate in Paris the night before. Weak, I reached my deck chair, exhausted, believing my troubles were over, when once again pains seized me, far worse than before; then I felt the end had come. By superhuman effort, I again seized the faithful rail when, after paroxysms of pain there escaped something from my stomach. I then saw through my blinding tears, floating on the water a little thing that was black and seemed to have tentacles like a star fish. I asked a gentleman standing near, who looked like a doctor, if he was. He said 'Yes.' I said, 'What is that I just threw up?' He adjusted his glasses and said, 'Man, that is your conscience.'

"Since I got rid of that I have been putting on flesh. It does not goad me any more. The old friend looked at me strangely as though he doubted my word."

His residence was the brick mansion on Middle Avenue, now owned and occupied by his son, Hal C. Johnson. He was a political friend in his time of Senator Hanna, Senator Foraker, and in fact most of the prominent politicians of the State. He raised a large family of bright children. Some are dead. The only one left in the city is Hal C. Johnston, mentioned, one of the prominent lawyers at the bar. The oldest son was a lawyer. He passed away years ago. One called "Port" resides in the West, and one called "Tom," as he was known here while practicing, lives in the South. The surviving daughters are scattered over the country. The mother was a LaGrange Gott, a noble woman, given to good works. She has been gone for lo, these many years. E. G.'s picture hangs in Court Room No. 1.

There was born eighty-six years ago in the State of New York, on a farm, a member of the Lorain County bar, whose life was a conspicuous part of the history of Elyria and vicinity for fifty-six years. He was the late Judge David J. Nye. By the members of the bar when he began practice, he was called the "Tall Sycamore of the Cattaraugus," owing to his height of several inches more than six feet, and because he was raised in Cattaraugus County, New York. In stature, from the time he hung out his shingle, all had to look up to him. His education was secured through his own efforts—farming and teaching. He worked his way through Oberlin College. In his student days, the institution was sorely in need of dollars and was occupying the first buildings erected on the campus, all of which have disappeared. Part of the time while there, to keep the wolf from the door, he swept out the buildings and rang the college bell. His last school-teaching was in the village of Milan, as superintendent of schools, the birthplace of Thomas Edison.

He read law while teaching, and was admitted to the bar in Elyria, in 1872. He took Horace Greeley's advice, "Go West, young man," and landed in the town of Emporia, Kansas, when that country was called the "Wild and Woolly West." A few months satisfied him that the land of great distances and few people poor in purse, where wolves howled, was no place to practice law. Back to Elyria he came and opened an office in the Ely block. It remained his business place until he was elected to the Common Pleas bench, eighteen years later. Before this honor was conferred, he had been a member of the city council, school examiner on the board of education, and prosecuting attorney. After he served on the bench for two terms, he was sent as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention at Columbus. In all the positions held, he served with ability and fidelity. His residence was the Gothic dwelling now owned and occupied by his son, Horace Nye and family, located on Washington Avenue. He married in 1880, Miss Luna Fisher, of Cleveland, an estimable lady, by whom he had two sons of ability and character.

Horace and David, both were graduates of Oberlin College, and admitted to the bar. David died in young manhood, leaving a widow. Horace married the daughter of the late Dr. McClure. He is trust officer in the Elyria Savings and Trust Co. The judge reached the ripe old age of eighty-five, in full possession of his faculties, interested as ever in the affairs of life until he was gathered to his fathers. Until within a few weeks of his decease he was at his office transacting business and investigating legal propositions. When you take the "Indian Hollow Road" in going to Grafton, just before reaching the old Miller stone quarry and the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. crossing on the highway, there stands on the west side an old stone two-story house built in pioneer times by the father of a large family out of the nearby jutting rocks on the bank of Black River.

One of the sons was the well-known lawyer, Iral A. Webster, a member of the Lorain County bar from young manhood till his decease, at nearly seventy. He was one of the most industrious citizens in all the surrounding country. While practicing law was his profession, in which he was a diligent student, and possessed a fine library, he was very active in other fields of endeavor. He helped develop a stone quarry near his boyhood home. He was the proprietor of a hardware and farm implement store he conducted through others in Elyria. He was also one of the moving spirits in the running of a factory in Elyria manufacturing shears. He dealt extensively in farm lands and was engaged in agriculture. He built the home on Washington

Avenue, now occupied by his widow. He organized the first building and loan company ever started in the county, located at Oberlin, where he began practicing law. While he was loaded with responsibilities in the professional and business world, he was never too busy to go about the county making temperance addresses. He hated the liquor traffic, and everything calculated to destroy body or soul. He was kind in disposition, and ever kept his credit good. He married Miss Rob, of Olmsted, by whom he had two children: Dr. Albert Webster, who was cut down in the prime of life while a citizen of Lorain, where he had a large practice.

He, the doctor, left a daughter, Charlotte Webster, a graduate of Oberlin College, and now a teacher of geology in an Eastern college, in which field she has won honors. The daughter was Angie Webster, a talented noble young lady, who was ever in great demand as a singer at funerals and in churches. The city mourned when she was taken away in her young womanhood, as she was beloved by all with whom she came in contact. The old stone house and its farm were the birthplace of Mr. Webster.

George P. Metcalf, the attorney, a sketch of whose life I have given in a previous chapter, had a brother, Chas. A. Metcalf, twelve years younger than himself, an attorney at our bar for many years. He was like his brother, born in Liverpool, Medina County. His boyhood was nearly all spent in Pittsfield, this county. He was, as a youth, one of the most timid of beings in the township, easily embarrassed. After gaining what knowledge he could at the country school, he attended Oberlin College several terms. He was so confused and embarrassed the first time he entered the recitation room he fell full length on the floor. Those students who assumed because of his awkward ways, he must lack mental equipment, soon were compelled to reverse their judgment, when it came to getting lessons and reasoning over problems. Ere long he was out teaching successful schools. He read law in his brother's office and for forty years faithfully and diligently practiced his profession. His habits were ever correct. He was an outstanding layman of the Baptists in Northern Ohio, and one of the original organizers of the first Anti-Saloon League formed in Oberlin. For two terms he was mayor of Oberlin, filling the position with great credit, the place in which he made his blunder in trying to enter college.

He was ever a lover of harmless sports, and was for years the acknowledged best quoit pitcher in Lorain County. Every man, woman, and child in Pittsfield, where he grew up, swore by him to the day of his death. Whatever he did was done with all his might. He had a superior legal mind. When he had once investigated a legal proposition and reached a conclusion, it was found that his opinion was almost invariably right. His wife was a beautiful character. They had four children, two sons and two daughters. The sons are both college graduates and as fine citizens as Ohio ever produced. Chas. is at the head of the Y. M. C. A. in Lancaster, this State, and George is an accountant for a large business in Cleveland. One daughter, a fine lady, is the wife of one of our best citizens, Walter Davis. They reside on East Avenue in the Metcalf homestead. The other daughter is a trained nurse in the city, a lady of high standing and character. Chas. Metcalf, the father, had a host of friends in the county. He accumulated a fine property, and left a good name. He was the author of poems worthy of preservation. His grandchildren are full of promise. His life goes to show that a bashful country boy may rise to leave his mark high in the affairs of his countrymen, by strict adherence to the principles that make ever for the common weal. The good seed C. A. Metcalf sowed while here will go on bearing fruit for the best things till time shall be no more.

A few months before his death, at nearly seventy, he visited the "Holy Land." It proved too strenuous for his failing health, and no doubt hastened his death.

CHAPTER XLVII

AMONG the earliest white settlers to enter the unbroken forests of Lorain County were Chas. Smith and family, descendents of the Puritans, who came from Massachusetts in 1814, and settled in Little Beaver Creek, in a log house, about four miles west of Elyria. Neither this township or Amherst had then been organized or named, nor was there an inhabitant in Elyria. They came all the way from the Berkshire Hills, Mass., with an ox team, and covered wagon. It took them and those who accompanied them in like conveyances, five days to cut a road from the spot occupied now by the city of Elyria, to the place of their destination only four miles away.

The distance is now covered over the same route in individual palaces daily by hundreds in fifteen minutes, every rod a joy ride. Marvel of marvels, wonder of wonders, are the devices for creature comfort in this generation. From a trackless forest, traveling less than a mile a day, cutting their own road, drawn by patient oxen, in a lumbering wagon, to great powered machines, the astonishment of kings and rulers of the earth, an American invention by which distance is annihilated and travel an unalloyed joy, is too marvelous for comprehension.

The pioneer was the grandfather of Judge Laertes B. Smith, who was born in South Amherst ninety-nine years ago. This pioneer grandparent was a tailor by trade and served the settlers in that capacity. He was an ardent Methodist, exhorter, in whom his neighbors believed. Many of the class meetings were held in his log house.

To accommodate travelers he opened the first tavern in the vicinity. Young Smith learned the harness-makers' trade which he followed five years and the hardware business five more, when an ambition seized him at twenty-eight to enter the legal profession. Because of his disposition to save, he had enough of this world's goods to tide him through a period of reading. He entered the office of Vincent and Sheldon, was admitted at thirty, and made one of the firm. The Civil War took Sheldon into the service, when he formed a partnership with W. W. Boynton, who later became Common Pleas judge, and then Supreme, as heretofore stated.

In 1871, he was made Probate judge, a position he held for many years when he was succeeded by Judge Hinman. He was possessed of a dry humor and ready wit that never forsook him. While Probate judge some attorney with a large bump of curiosity happening to be in the courthouse when the judge was leaving for home, and observing a young couple come out of the office as he was locking the door, said, "Judge, what did those young people want in your office?" as he saw them disappear down the hall. He replied, as only he knew how, "I just gave them their first divorce papers. The second ones they will probably employ you to get."

While a group of county officials were having a chat together, the judge among the rest, at the noon hour, one of them named John, hearing somebody give an account in detail of something a hot-headed fellow had done, in a moment of anger toward another, said, with eyes aflame, in a high-keyed voice: "That fellow ought to be strung up, and I would like to be one to help do it." Whereupon the judge said: "Now, John, you would not do any such thing, you know you are not that kind of a man." "Well," said John, "he ought to be horsewhipped, anyway." "Horsewhipped, what are you saying, John, you could not be hired to do such a cruel thing as that." "Well, then, he should be shut up in jail a few days to teach him a lesson."

"Say, John, if you had the power to jail him, you know you would not do it, you are not that cruel." John looked worsted, and after some study, said: "Well, I think he ought to be reprimanded, anyway; I won't take that back." Thereupon the crowd joined in a hearty laugh over the comedown.

The judge did not marry till he was forty-one, when he was united with Miss Margaret Smyth, of Ontario, New York, to whom was born Fannie, who was the wife of one of our foremost citizens, the banker, Samuel Squires, gifted as a speaker and given to good works. Her death was deeply mourned by a great circle of friends and the town generally, as she was ever unselfish going about doing good. One is the wife of A. B. Taylor, the well-known banker. She is beloved by everybody. The third daughter is the wife of F. T. Horan, a manufacturer, of the city. Mrs. Horan is like her sisters, held in high regard by all. The well-known newspaper man Bud Smith is a son of the Judge and Mrs. Smith.

The widow of the judge is still with us, residing in the old homestead on the corner of Middle Avenue and Seventh Street, nearing the ninety mark in full possession of her faculties, going about doing good, held in highest esteem by all who know her. She is a woman of strong convictions with the strength of character to stand by them. The judge was an exemplary citizen, ever kind to the poor and considerate in all his judgments. He accumulated quite an estate by his frugality, ever living within his means. The framed marriage certificates issued by him in his long tenure as Probate judge may be found on many walls throughout the country. His picture hangs in the Probate Court room.

The successor of Judge Smith in the office was Judge Edgar H. Hinman, born in Ohio eighty-three years ago, on a farm in Portage County. He was educated in the public schools and Oberlin College. Was a soldier in the Civil War and graduated from Ann Arbor Law College. Thinking the place to locate was St. Joseph, Mo., he turned his footsteps westward where he was made deputy clerk for the Supreme Court of that new State. One year satisfied him that his real opportunity was in Ohio, when he returned and opened a law office in North Amherst. He was not long in securing the confidence of the people. Such was the faith they had in him for integrity and judgment, that his office became the place to which all classes went with their troubles for counsel. He was a peacemaker and was soon made mayor. It was the period in which the town was in the making. Foreigners had flocked there to work in the various quarries opening up. The saloons were numerous and troubles many, but he did not hesitate to enforce the laws regardless of who the offender might be. Out of those days of trouble has emerged one of the thriftiest, most enterprising, and attractive little cities in Ohio, standing for the best. Before many moons had waxed and waned, the good name of Edgar Hinman as a fearless and just mayor had gone over the county, resulting in his nomination and election as Probate judge. So satisfactory was his administration that he was kept in the office for many years until he lost his health.

He married Ada M. Faxon, of Brownhelm, now deceased, one of the best beloved ladies by all classes, young and old, who ever resided in the city. To them were born four children, one a son, who died in infancy; Harold F., a bright young man was cut down in early manhood; Scott Hinman, a traveling salesman, residing here, and Lucille, the daughter, a lifelong resident of the city, one of the best beloved ladies, a talented musician and teacher of piano music. She has been under noted teachers in Germany, and stands among the foremost in her field of endeavor.

One of the able members of the bar was Henry Boynton, a cousin of Judge Boynton, and a son of John H. Boynton, one of the influential characters of the county for many years, having held the position of sheriff and treasurer and for many years leader of the Republican forces. Henry was twice mayor of the city, a position he held with honor and credit. He possessed a fine legal mind and was a wide reader of the best literature. He was a striking personage because of his great size and commanding figure. He married the daughter of Dr. Townsand, one of the strong men in his day in Lorain County, who had much to do in the founding of the Ohio State University, in which he was for years one of the professors. She was a noble character. Three sons were born to this marriage. The eldest, Arthur, has become an important man in the steel industry and is connected with a mill in the West.

Percy took to newspaper work, lecturing, and writing on sociological subjects. He wields an able pen, and reasons on his feet like a Greek philosopher. He is a splendid citizen. Was for a time on our local paper, but now resides in one of the cities.

The youngest, S. H. Boynton, has his residence on Lake Avenue, is married. Has a bright family, full of promise, and stands for the best things in his community. He is connected with one of the industries as an employee.

About sixty years ago there was born in LaGrange, to Silas Stroup and wife, a son they named "Lee," and "Lee" he remained till his untimely death a few years ago. He was ambitious from his early youth to become a lawyer. His education was secured at the public schools and in Baldwin University. He read law in the writer's office and shortly after his admission to the bar, was made the first elected city solicitor Elyria ever had, as there was no such office till then, the city not having the requisite population. He held the position two terms and later was twice elected prosecuting attorney, a position he held with marked success. Later he was elected judge of the Common Pleas Court, and after serving for a few months of his second term resigned to re-enter practice. He was gifted as a trial attorney, and possessed fine abilities as a public speaker. He built the brick residence on Washington Avenue, north of the home of T. T. Robinson.

He married Winnie Finch, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Finch, of Medina, Ohio. She was a sister of the writer's first wife. They had born to them two sons. One died when a small boy, the other is Thad Stroup, an attorney in Cleveland. He is a gifted young man, married to a splendid lady. They have one child. Mrs. Stroup, the widow, resides in Lakewood.

She is a cultured lady, highly gifted with her needle in creating beautiful and artistic things.

Before the Civil War there came to Elyria from the Birkshire Hills of Massachusetts, a lawyer by the name of Nathan L. Johnson, who soon became known as "N. L. Johnson," and by it he was ever after called, till time with him was no more. He was a unique personage, patterning after no one, possessed of the most positive convictions. He was a scholarly lawyer, a graduate of Williams College. He was of the old school, having been trained in the New England ideas of practice, some years before he moved West. Was a Democrat in politics of the Jeffersonian, Jacksonian type, who believed that the government in the hands of the Republican Party would surely go on the rocks. He arrived in partisan days when no quarter was asked or given. Because of his denunciation of those politically not of his faith, Republicans in need of counsel, generally steered clear of his office. The result was he never had a large clientage. Socially, when politics were left out of the conversation, he was an interesting gentleman to meet. He had no use for the saloon and believed in the best of morals. His residence was for many years, and until he ceased to practice law, on the spot now occupied by the Masonic Temple.

He married an Eastern lady of culture. He was a student of the best literature and a kinder husband and more indulgent father could not be found. Four children were born to the goodly couple, three sons and a daughter. The latter is a missionary in India, and has been all her natural life. One son, something of an invalid, lives in the East. The other sons were both graduates of the same college from which their father received his diploma. They were lawyers. Each began practice in Elyria with the father. Curtis, the elder, soon moved to Toledo to spend his life, where he became Common Pleas judge for two terms, filling the position with great credit. He never married. Not long ago he was killed in an automobile accident. Ben remained in Elyria, caring for the father till he passed away.

The mother has been gone for many years. The tender regard and kind treatment the sons accorded the father in his declining years, will ever remain a pleasant recollection of the writer. The true character of the father is best shown in an incident that came under my observation when Curtis was in his junior year in college. The mother had been an invalid for some years, and the family expenses had grown. He asked me if I would be so kind as to stop on my way home at his residence and take the acknowledgment of a mortgage. I assured him I would gladly do so. It turned out to be a second one on the home, all they possessed of earthly means. She read the instrument and remarked: "This is two hundred more than we talked." He replied, "That is true, but come to think it over, Curtis will need it as next year he will be a senior. You know Curtis will never see us suffer, he is a good son." She thereupon affixed her signature.

After the father's decease Ben moved to Toledo and became a partner with his brother. He married and has several children now grown. A few weeks ago he passed away in the prime of life. He was one of the ablest attorneys of the Toledo bar.

The only persons that have thus far been written up in these articles have been those who have passed away, save as a descendant has been incidentally mentioned. I shall leave it to another in the future to take his pen in hand to write sketches of those who shall hereafter go to that undiscovered country.

CHAPTER XLVIII

THERE is no other city in United States situated as Elyria is, at the confluence of rivers where can be found two such waterfalls, one on each stream, equidistant above the point where they junction together. When there is a normal flow and the sun is at the right angle, there may be seen a rainbow at each. The beauty spots of groves, placid pools, and rippling waters on both branches, starting at the upper end of Lorain harbor, and continuing for twenty-five or more miles, can only be enjoyed to the full by walking the banks, as only here and there are they visible from the bridges spanning the same. The great shale banks above Lorain harbor are noted in the geological world, for not only their great height, but especially for the wonderful fossil specimens of extinct life, that have been dug out of the sides, large numbers of which are to be found in the museums of college collections. Then such ledges of rock formations are in evidence in Cascade Park, jutting from the bluffs

Cascade Park

Entrance to Park from Glendale Court, showing natural bridge and stone steps leading to Harmony Hill

Cascade Park
Suspension Bridge, connecting Cascade Street and Harmony Hill

West Falls and Lodi Street Bridge

and banks, adorned by a wealth of trees and foliage, making with the falling waters a picture never to be forgotten.

Any person who has been too busy chasing dollars or the will-o'-the-wisp pleasures in this vicinity and has failed to visit the "Great Cave" at the West Falls, and not followed the streams for miles in May or in the leafy month of June, has missed real spring joy. Whether you go north or south, following the banks of either stream at that time of year, beauty in all her glory awaits you without money or price, and will fill your souls with thankfulness and give to life a new and better meaning. People have lived and died within two miles of these nature charms, who never had interest enough in them to make the effort to behold their grandeur. These very people will drive hundreds of miles to visit Niagara Falls to see the same water that passes over our own cataracts, thus exemplifying the saying that distance lends enchantment to the view. We are too close to our own to appreciate what we have.

Some years ago after the grounds were deeded to the city by the Elys, the authorities thinking to make them more attractive, a landscape gardener was called in. They fortunately employed a gentleman from New York, noted in that field of endeavor, thinking he would advise some very drastic interference with what nature had done. He spent hours looking over the field and, like a great man that he was, not looking for dollars, to their surprise, said, "Keep your hands off, men would spoil it. Any city will give millions to have what you possess. Make your drives and paths passible but go no farther." That advice has been strictly adhered to until the park has become a joy forever to all classes and is noted far and near. The added grounds on the north where games are played and where the beautiful swimming pool is located in which thousands of children each summer learn to swim and grow strong in their exuberance of unalloyed joy, showed wisdom on the part of the Park Commission. There is another thing of which the city may well take commendable pride, and that is her stone and cement arch bridges, spanning the two branches. There are eleven of them, counting the two New York Central ones.

Probably no other city of its size on earth has so great a number of such monumental structures. The original ones built by the pioneers were rude wooden affairs. They were re-

Winter Scene—West Falls

placed by fine steel spans. Then as the traffic became heaver and greater, one by one, they were removed, giving place to the present structures. Only one of the eleven ever gave way. The first stone one on Washington Avenue in the great flood that overwhelmed the city of Dayton, it went down because the foundations in the center of the stream sustaining the two arches was not laid deep enough. Fortunately all occupying it, watching the swirling waters, escaped but by a close margin. In its place the present great one arch cement span was erected. Engineers say there is but one other structure in the world having a longer reach for its height than the one spanning the east branch just south of the New York Central that has recently been widened out. These structures, placed end on end, would be longer than the noted viaduct spanning the Cuyahoga in Cleveland. Everyone will be standing carrying the millions over safely when generations unborn shall have come and gone the way of all the earth.

Who a few years ago dreamed of an elevated steam railroad through the city, costing millions, absolutely doing away with all risk at the main crossings. To this improvement add the new depot, the interior of which is the limit of human skill, and the pride and joy of all. Such a structure makes those who enter it feel that it should ever be "hands off. I must not deface such a place of beauty and refinement."

If there are as attractive and well-kept grounds in connection with the waterworks of any city in America, small or great, as those on the bank of the lake belonging to our city, let the acceptor of the challenge step forward and speak. True, we paid for the conduits that conduct the water to Elyria and the plant, between two and three millions, but what of it; the investment has paid a hundredfold in health and prosperity.

When the State authorities said, "You have become a manufacturing city of note and are growing rapidly, you must keep it sanitary," and ordered us to construct a sewer of capacity, sufficient to conduct the filth of the city for years to come, to a point of two miles north for treatment and disposition, like law-abiding citizens, we claim to be, we went to the ballot box and obeyed the injunction, so that soon the unsightly condition of the streams in low water will be a thing of the past.

There is not a rod of wooden sidewalk in the city and has not been for years; nearly every foot of ours is sawed stone from the quarries of our own county. The trees lining our streets and avenues are the talk of the strangers within our gates.

On the west branch of the river are four stone dams, on which there is fine skating in the winter and the best of boating in the summer. There should be motor and rowboats in abundance to enjoy the thrill of riding on the water and seeing the wonderful trees that line the banks. Nearly all of the most attractive spots can be reached by this means of transportation. A motor-boat organization is bound to come, so soon as the sanitary sewer to cleanse the river gets in operation. On the east branch are two fine stone dams, one at the east falls and one at the "white mill" a mile farther up. Speaking of the east branch, it will be remembered that in an early chapter an account was given of the log saw mill, erected by Mr. Ely, the founder, in 1817, the first industry of the place. An account was also given of Mr. Ely purchasing from some gentleman in Grafton Township a two-horse wagon that could not be delivered to him for the lack of any road, and was sent here on a raft down the east branch of the river. I have since learned through one of our best citizens, Ashley J. Rawson, on Sixth Street, who was born and raised in Grafton Township, that the noted vehicle was built by his grandfather, Grindall Rawson, who, with his brother, Johnathan Rawson, came from their home in Rochester, New York, then a small place, to Grafton woods, in October, 1816. They passed through Cleveland where they were offered one hundred and sixty acres on Euclid Avenue for twenty dollars per acre. The sand did not appeal to them so they headed toward the clay lands of Grafton and purchased together six hundred acres from the "Connecticut Land Co." Ashley's grandfather, Grindall, was a wagon-maker, and built the first wagon and cooper shop erected in this part of the county. The Ely wagon was the first one built by him in Grafton and the first sold in Elyria. He engaged some man to construct the raft on which he sent it to Elyria where it was unloaded at the point where East Broad Street bridge stands.

These ancestors of Ashley Rawson cut their way out of Grafton Woods. Grindall Rawson was single when he came, but chancing to meet one of the six fair daughters of David Ashley, named Maria, then residing at the place we now call Belden, in the township, he convinced her that the happy thing to do was to change her name for his and occupy the log house he had erected on his three hundred acres. They were married on the 5th day of November, 1818, one hundred and ten years ago last fall, the first couple to plight their troth in Grafton Township. Her father was the first postmaster. To this couple was born the father of Ashley Rawson, who in his day was one of the best of citizens, given to good works in the county, whose word and character were far above par. He reached a good old age, and was laid by the side of his ancestors in the little cemetery of the township he helped develop.

Ashley Rawson, of Elyria, in his early manhood, was a school-teacher, and now has in his possession a certificate to teach, signed by I. S. Metcalf, as examiner, given him in August, 1870, at an examination held in a schoolhouse then standing where the Lincoln Building is now located. Ashley was for some years an able and honored member of the city council. He may well be proud of his ancestry. His upright and useful life shows him worthy of them.

Grafton Township having as early settlers as Elyria, it was regarded for years as a sort of part of it. There now resides in the township Isaac Root, a son of a pioneer, whose infirmities have for some time kept him housed in his farm home on the ancestral acres. While he is full of years and his body of rheumatism, his mind and heart are those of youth, as he is deeply interested in life, and all that makes for the common good. His father was a strong character like himself, with a mind of his own. He was an ardent Methodist, one of the pillars of the Belden Church in the early days.

It chanced many years ago, in 1840, that there was the worst drouth ever known to the inhabitants of that township. No rain fell from the last of April till the first of October. Not only wells and cisterns went dry but the streams ceased to run and long trips were made necessary for water. The crops dried up and the earth was so parched that animals had to be sold at a great sacrifice for the lack of feed. Somebody in the little church called a prayer meeting to pray for rain. It was being held nightly with good attendance. Brother Root had not shown up. One of the faithful residing up the road beyond the Root place on his way to a meeting called and asked him why he did not attend and pray for rain. His answer was: "It won't do any good so long as the wind is in the north." He was the owner of a large farm and knew how to make the soil produce. He was what they called a "good provider." No needy person was ever turned away empty. He had a way all his own of punishing light-fingered neighbors who saw fit to carry off his property without leave. He possessed a large corn crib filled with ears. Discovering in the back of the same a hole and some corn gone, he concluded it was the work of squirrels and set a steel trap just inside the aperture for the unknown culprit. The next morning as he passed the building on his way to the big barn he noticed one of his neighbors with his hand through the opening caught in the trap unable to extricate himself owing to the small size of the opening. On making the discovery he said, "Well neighbor, what are you doing here so early in the morning?" "I am caught in a trap," he replied. "How did that happen?" asked Mr. Root. "I was trying to steal some of your corn and did not know the trap was there." "Stealing my corn, were you? Why did you do that? Have I ever refused you corn or anything else when you came to me in need?" "No," said the criminal. "Then why did you go to stealing from me? If I let you go do you promise me you will come around to the front as I want to talk to you?" He promised. Then the good man entered the building and released him when he walked around to the front.

Mr. Root said, "You must be hungry over at your house to be out nights stealing. Here is a sack of meal, take it home but never try to steal any more. When you are needy, come here and I will help you out. Stealing is awful." He walked away with his gift, thanking his benefactor and promising to never do so again. On another occasion he missed a fatted calf and began to look about when he discovered its hide hanging on the fence of a neighbor not far away, who had an unsavory reputation for taking what did not belong to him. He said, "What made you steal my animal?" The culprit denied the accusation. "No need of that; I know you have the hide on the fence. Now confess," and he did, and offered to pay for the animal. "No, I do not want any pay, the thing that hurts me is that you should steal from me. Have I ever refused you anything to eat when you came and asked me?" "No," he replied. "Well, hereafter when you are needy at your house, come and tell me and I will help you, but quit your stealing is all I ask." He was a rare specimen and held in high regard in all the surrounding country.

Isaac Root has raised a family of exemplary citizens and ever stood for the right. All hail to the memory of the old pioneers who came into the solid woods of Grafton Township and wrought mightily in their day and generation.

The courthouse of any county is the one place to which all classes sooner or later find their way, for there are the books of all land titles and incumbrances. The place where taxes are paid and all troubles aired where they cannot agree. The place where crime is punished. The place where the widow and orphan find out about their rights. The building to which lovers resort for the right to be made one, and where domestic difficulties are heard and divorces granted. The present Elyria Courthouse was built ready for occupancy fifty years ago. When it was given out that the cornerstone was to be laid by Masons, according to the ceremony of that order, many Oberlin citizens entered a written protest, which was along with many other documents deposited in the tin box the authorities placed in the stone.

CHAPTER XLIX

OF ALL the characters that have been a part of the citizenship of the city of Elyria, from the beginning, probably John J. Shipherd, the founder of Oberlin colony and College, judged by results attained, stands at the head. He was the first outstanding leader in the nation for pure democracy, in constructive work, that challenged the existing order of things, not only in the whole nation but the world at large. Some mention has been made of him in a previous article. I shall devote this one in giving a brief history of this great and remarkable character. He was born in West Granville, N. Y., on the 28th day of March, 1802, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, of Christian parents. Early in life he was zealous of good works, disposed to spend his day and generation, in the ministry. To that end, he devoted his spare time to study, and especially in searching the Scriptures to learn the will of his Maker. He believed, never doubting, that Providence was guiding him in his deliberations, and would, if he trusted the Creator implicitly, and sought Him in prayer asking the way in which he should go, all would be well, regardless of what the world might think of his undertakings or the persecutions he might encounter. That if he followed the impulses given him through supplications he would be guided into all truth, in his endeavors.

He possessed the faith of John Brown, John Bunyan, and the Pilgrim fathers. While still at home, he had secured an academic education in the schools of that character then in vogue, and was to enter college within a few days, when by inadvertence he took poison for medicine, because of a headache, which cost him a long fit of sickness, in which for weeks his life was despaired of. From that sickness he never recovered his health.

It left him with an impaired stomach, bad throat, and nearly blind. While he could see to read, by getting the print very close to his eyes, his handicaps ever remained sore afflictions. For a time he despaired of ever entering the ministry, because of his misfortunes and endeavored to carry on manufacturing business. On reaching his majority, he married one of the noblest daughters of the Empire State, who had implicit faith in his divine revelations, and followed his lead without a murmur, rejoicing in his work, regardless of persecutions.

Notwithstanding his enfeebled condition and failure to secure a college education, his heart was in the work of bringing about a better condition in the church and society. After entering the business world, he soon realized that the number preaching the gospel compared to the multitude seeking the wealth of the world, was small. That the harvest was great, but the laborers were few, in stemming the tide of wickedness. He became convinced that it was his duty to devote his life to the cause of preaching the gospel. To that end, he entered the study of an educated minister, to fit himself for the work.

In due time he preached for a church for one year in Vermont, then engaged in Sunday-school work, a movement that was not very popular in those days. He traveled over the State organizing schools for several years. He then concluded his real life's work was to be in the Mississippi Valley, the territory west of the Allegheny Mountains.

He secured an appointment from the "American Home Missionary Society" and turned his course by horse and buggy Westward, with his wife and several small children, not knowing his point of destination for work. They landed in Cleveland. He was then twenty-eight. There he chanced to meet Rev. D. W. Lathrop, the recently resigned pastor of the Elyria Presbyterian Church, who recommended him to the organization and he commenced his labors at once in October. He served the church for nearly two years, in which time he had large additions, and also held revival meetings in the surrounding country. His evangelistic ideals did not comport with the ways of many of his flock; by them he was severely criticized. Outsiders denounced him for his anti-slavery and anti-saloon doctrines. Then he was for educating together in colleges the girls and boys, a thing not tolerated. While preaching, he thought over the condition of the whole nation, and came to the conclusion that the church people were drifting rapidly toward the ways of the world, losing their spirituality and partaking of the sins of the ungodly. He was now thirty years of age, and was convinced that he should resign his pastorate and engage in a movement by which the tide of wickedness could be stayed, through an organization of Christians, consecrated to his ideas of what the church should stand for.

Like a dutiful son, he wrote his parents what was in his heart, a letter dated August 6, 1832, of which the following is a copy:

"Dear father and mother: I have been deeply impressed of late with the certainty that the world will never be converted till it receives from the church a better example, more gospel laborers, and more money. We do not now keep pace with the increase of population in our own country. Something must be done or millions will never cheer our benighted world. The church must be restored to gospel simplicity and devotion. As a means, which I hope God will bless to the accomplishment of some part of this work, I propose through his assistance, to plant a colony somewhere in this region, whose chief aim shall be to glorify God, and do good to men to the utmost extent of their ability. They are to simplify food, dress, etc., to be industrious and economical, and to give all over their current or annual expense for the spread of the gospel. They are to hoard up nothing for old age or for their children, but to mutually covenant that they will provide for the widow, orphan, and all needy, as for themselves and families. They are to establish schools of the first order, from the infant school up to an academic school, which shall afford a thorough education in English and the useful languages; and, if Providence favors it, at length instruction in theology—I mean practical theology.

"They are to connect workshops and farms with the institution, and so simplify diet and dress, that by four hours' labor per day young men will defray their entire expenses and young women working at spinning wheels and looms will defray their expenses and all will thus save money, and what is more, promote muscular, mental, and moral vigor. In these schools all the children of the colony are to be educated, whether destined to professional or manual labor; for those designed to be mechanics will learn their trades while in a course of study. These schools will also educate school-teachers for our desolate valley, and many ministers for our dying world; also instruct the children and youth of the surrounding population.

"To do this, we want twenty-five or more good families, and two thousand dollars outfit for our schools.

"Dear parents, shall I try? I do feel that such an establishment would not only do much itself, but exert a mighty influence upon the churches, and lead them along in the path of gospel self-denial. I have given you a brief and imperfect sketch but you will discern its bearings. In all this Brother Stewart, formerly assistant missionary to the Choctaws, is with me."

A month later he wrote his mother as follows:

"My confidence in the utility of our colonizing plan is strengthened by prayer, meditation, and conference with the intelligent and pious; yet I feel that it is a mighty work, difficult of accomplishment. But when anyone goes about a good work, Satan will roll mountains in his way. Believing that all he rolls in our way can be surmounted through the grace of God, and that I can do more for his honor and the good of souls in this valley of dry bones, by gathering such a colony and planting it with its literary and religious institutions in this region, I am inclined, Providence favoring, to resign my charge and spend the winter in the East for the purpose."

He resigned his pastorate on the 29th of October that year, 1832, ninety-seven years ago. The territory where Oberlin now stands was then an unbroken wilderness, as well as were thousands of acres surrounding the same. So soon as it was noised about that he was looking for a spot on which to plant his colony and college, Mr. Ely, the founder of the city, offered him the land then called the "Point," now Washington Avenue. It was a dense woods, no bridge had been constructed to reach the same. He was asked to locate in Brownhelm and also in Sheffield, but these localities did not appeal to him, as they were too close to settlements. He believed the colony should be located far enough away from any community of people, so as to not be influenced by them.

Russia Township in the south edge of which Oberlin is located, and the surrounding townships, belonged to Street & Hughes, Eastern men residing in New Haven, Conn., where they had a land office. This virgin territory he concluded the most desirable locality to work out his ideas.

In the early part of November, a few days after his resignation, he and Stewart secured saddle horses, and wended their way in a southwesterly direction, taking about the course now occupied by the southern branch of the New York Central Railroad which was an unbroken forest all the way to the spot where they stuck the stakes for a college building. At the end of their journey of eight miles they hitched their horses and knelt down under the historic elm, still standing at the southeast corner of the campus, now surrounded by an iron picket fence, and had another season of prayer. The founding of Oberlin College was not because of a sudden impulse on the part of John J. Shipherd. For months he had it under prayerful consideration. In the spring of that year he had received a letter from his friend, Philo Stewart in the State of New York, asking him if he thought there was a chance in the "West" for him to do some religious work. He assured him there was such an opportunity.

He came. Shipherd then told him he had been spending much time in prayer over founding a colony and college somewhere in this region, and asked him to join in the enterprise. From that time they talked over the matter daily, and spent many nights in prayer.

While on their knees in the early morning hours, asking for guidance, in the north bedroom upstairs in a dwelling then located on the northeast corner of East Avenue and Second Street, on the spot occupied by a filling station, Shipherd suddenly said, "Brother Stewart, let us arise and build. It is God's will, it has been revealed to me."

They arose and proceeded below, where Mrs. Shipherd was busy about the morning meal. He said to her, "Mother, the child is born, what shall we name it?" They cogitated for a time over various names, when Shipherd spoke up and said, "It should be called Oberlin, after John Frederick Oberlin," a great character who had died six years previous, after spending his life as a reformer and missionary in the mountainous region of Alsace, France, where he created a civilization out of a barbarous people. Hence, Oberlin was named before it was located. As they arose from their knees under the elm, there appeared a pioneer with his gun who told them that shortly before they came a bear and her cubs came down out of the tree. This was in the days when Indians still roamed the Lorain County forests, and wild game was in abundance. They proceeded about one hundred and seventy feet in a southwesterly direction from the tree and stuck the stakes for the college building. As they were about to return to Elyria, Shipherd said, "Brother Stewart, next fall this building will be up and students gathered under its roof." No money was in sight for the enterprise, nor had they secured the right to occupy the premises from the land owners. Stewart, having his doubts, said nothing. Back to Elyria they picked their way through unbroken forests. Within a few days Shipherd said, "Stewart, you remain here while I go East to secure the property, including enough means to put up the building, and find the requisite families of the right people to organize our colony."

Before he took his departure he drew up what he designated at its head "THE OBERLIN COVENANT," which read, "Lamenting the degeneracy of the church and the deplorable condition of our perishing world, and ardently desirous of bringing both under the entire influence of the blessed gospel of peace; and viewing with peculiar interest the influence which the valley of the Mississippi must exert over our nation and the nations of the earth; and having as we trust, in answer to devout supplications, been guided by the counsel of the Lord, the undersigned covenant together, under the name of the Oberlin Colony, subject to the following regulations, which may be amended by concurrence of two thirds of the colonists:

"1. Providence permitting, we engage as soon as practicable to remove to Oberlin Colony, in Russia, Lorain County, Ohio, and there to fix our residence, for the express purpose of glorifying God in doing good to men to the extent of our ability.

2. "We will hold and manage our estates personally, but pledge as perfect a community of interest as though we held a community of property.

"3. We will hold in possession no more property than we believe we can profitably manage for God as his faithful stewards.

"4. We will by industry, economy, and Christian self-denial, obtain as we can, above our necessary personal or family expenses, and faithfully appropriate the same for the spread of the gospel.

"5. That we may have time and health for the Lord's service, we will eat only plain and wholesome food, renouncing all bad habits, and especially the smoking and chewing of tobacco, unless it is necessary medicine, and deny ourselves all strong and unnecessary drinks, even tea and coffee, as far as practicable, and everything expensive, what is simply calculated to gratify the palate.

"6. That we may add to our time and health, money for the service of the Lord, we will renounce all worldly, expensive, and unwholesome fashions of dress, particularly tight dressing and ornamental attire.

"7. And yet more to increase our means of serving Him who bought us with his blood, we will observe plainness and durability in the construction of our houses, furniture, carriages, and all that appertains to us.

"8. We will strive continually to show that we as the body of Christ are members one of another; and will, while living, provide for the widows, orphans, and families of the sick and needy, as for ourselves.

"9. We will take special pains to educate all our children thoroughly and to train them up in body, intellect, and heart, for the service of the Lord.

"10. We will feel that the interests of Oberlin Institute are identified with us, and do what we can to extend its influence to our fallen race.

"11. We will make special efforts to sustain the institution of the gospel at home among our neighbors.

"12. We will strive to maintain personal piety, to provoke each other to love and good works, to live together in all things as brethren, and to glorify God in our bodies and spirits which are his.

"In testimony of our fixed purpose thus to do in reliance on divine grace, we hereunto affix our names."

With the above document in his pocket, and the stakes stuck for the institution, he started East on horseback to secure land, friends, and colonists.

CHAPTER L

THE previous chapter closed, giving an account of John J. Shipherd, the founder of Oberlin College and colony, starting East in November, 1832, on horseback, with his "COVENANT" for the believers in his program to sign, not knowing whether he could find any willing to make the sacrifice. As stated, he had already stuck the stakes in the wilds of Russia Township for the college building, before knowing whether the landowners in New Haven, Conn., would come to his terms on the price. Within a few days after selecting the spot for his enterprise, he was on his way. His widow, who survived him many years, has left a written account of his journey, which reads as follows:

"He had his horse saddled at nine o'clock in the morning, but was unable to proceed before three in the afternoon. The adversary assailed him and presented every possible thing to discourage him; he prayed and agonized for light, but the tempter continued. He finally started, but had to return; he had forgotten something, and we had to have a second parting. The third time he had to turn back, but I was not aware of it. He finally proceeded on his way a few miles, until he came to a piece of woods where he dismounted, fell upon his knees, and acknowledged to the Lord, that he had no desire for the work if it was not his will, and that he could not proceed until he had, 'Thus saith the Lord.' He arose from his knees with his heart full of praise and remounted his horse with these words, 'With Jesus at home.'

"This assurance followed him through all his years of traveling without a cloud crossing his mind. For nearly two weeks he wended his lonely way, fording streams and suffering on horseback from the cold, as it was the middle of November, when he reached the land office in New Haven. He made his home with friends while in the town. The morning following his arrival he visited the land office of Street & Hughes, and laid his plans before them, in which he asked for a gift of five hundred acres, surrounding the staked-out location for the building, and five thousand acres at a dollar and a half an acre, with which to erect buildings and pay the expenses of starting the institution. His proposition was flatly refused. They were willing to give the five hundred acres, but insisted on three dollars per acre for the five thousand. He assured them that a town would spring up about the college to enhance the value of their lands in all the surrounding townships. To those hard-headed business men, he appeared as a dreamer of unpractical schemes. He spent no time in trying to persuade them his way but repaired to an upper chamber in the home of a Christian old lady where he began a system of praying.

"Each morning he visited the land office to see whether there had been a change of heart. This continued a week, when, as he came down out of his chamber in the morning he said to the good lady, 'Sister, they are going to sign the contract today. It has been revealed to me.' She said his face shone as he uttered the words. He made his way to the land office when one of the proprietors said, 'Good morning, Mr. Shipherd, we have had a meeting since you were here yesterday, and concluded to accept your proposition.' Papers were then executed after which he began calling on Christian families with whom he was acquainted, here and there in Connecticut, Vermont, and Massachusetts, in the territory in which he had preached and founded his Sunday schools, asking them to sign his 'Covenant' with its twelve articles quoted in the previous chapter, urging them to leave their homes of comfort and plenty, and move into huts in the Russia woods to assist in the great work of stemming the tide of wickedness, sweeping over the nation. He made it a point to get enough young men graduates of Eastern colleges, connected with academies or select schools, to look after the teaching force of his proposed institution. He also secured as many colonists and students as possible to sign the 'Covenant.'

"Such was his faith in the project and convincing power, that he was able to secure a sufficient number to join the enterprise and contribute the requisite funds to found the colony and open the school the following November."

He did not return to Elyria till September, nearly a year after he saddled his horse for the East. As he procured means it was forwarded to Stewart, who was in charge of the work in the woods, where he had erected a log saw mill, having been able to secure a steam engine in Cleveland, then a village, that was taken to Oberlin by oxen. This mill furnished the lumber out of which the building went up, a three-story structure, located on the ground staked out.

In the spring following Shipherd's visit East, families began to arrive in Oberlin, where they erected houses for themselves.

The first student quarters for the boys were made of slabs cut from the logs in the mill. No new settlers ever began in a more primitive way than the first arrivals in Oberlin. They were there from conviction, that it was their duty as Christians to suffer inconveniences in creature comforts, and persecution as well. They possessed the spirit of the Pilgrim fathers, some of whom were direct descendants of that immortal company. This remarkable man of faith filled them with his spirit, and gave them his vision.

The woodsman's ax was soon heard in all directions, clearing the campus and surrounding lots and farms and erecting their log habitations. The written "Covenant" was religiously lived up to by the signers. Stewart was possessed of an inventive turn of mind. He saw the trouble Mrs. Shipherd had in baking her bread in a stove that required turning the loaf several times, as at that date the principle of drawing heat completely around the oven had not been discovered. He set about it and out of sheet iron constructed one that did. This was the beginning of the cook-stove industry, out of which later Philon Stewart made fortunes and gave them away for humanity. His works were located in Troy, New York. It was known as the "Stewart Stove."

Hence, Elyria has the distinction of being the birthplace of not only Oberlin College but the first successful cook stove ever invented. He conceived the idea in the same dwelling in which the college was born. The noted structure still remains, standing on the northwest corner of East Avenue and Eighth Street, occupied by people who know nothing of its history.

I have had pictures taken of it that will later be turned over to the institution. Rev. Chauncy M. Pond, a graduate of the college, and a student in the days of slavery, when Oberlin's name was a hissing and a byword, over the Southland and many places in the North, came to my office about ten years ago, and said, "I understand you know where the building is located in which Oberlin College was born. I am nearly through with my earthly career, and should like very much to visit it before I pass away. I graduated from the college a long time ago. Will you be so kind as to show me where it is?" I assured him I should be delighted to do so.

Mr. Pond was at that time nearly blind and in very poor health. On making the object of our visit known to the lady who came to the door, she assured us we could come in. We made our way to the little bedroom above where in 1832, Shipherd and Stewart, on their knees prayed for hours and sometimes nearly all night to learn the will of their Maker.

The old minister and Sunday-school worker, a product of the blind boys' college, after looking about the room for a time, said, "Let us pray." He thereupon uttered one of the most touching supplications to which I ever listened. He thanked God he was permitted to stand in the room in which Oberlin College was born before he should leave the earth. He recounted the achievements of the man of faith, how the things for which John J. Shipherd contended, with the world against him, had come to pass. As he stood there with closed eyes, that were nearly sightless from age and disease, the little children of the household gathered about him looking and listening, wondering what it was all about; he placed his fatherly hands on their heads and blessed them, telling them he hoped they would grow up to be as good as Mr. Shipherd. As we took our leave he said, "I thank God I have been permitted before I die to visit the dwelling in which the founder of my alma mater, Oberlin College, on his knees, caught the vision of the institution."

Easterners were not the only ones who joined the colony. The first to show his faith by his works was Peter P. Pease, of Brownhelm, who erected a log house for himself and family. This was the beginning of the settlement. It was located at the southeast corner of the campus near the historic elm that has the iron picket fence around it. He moved in April 10, 1833, the spring following the locating of the spot for the college building. He was not only the first Oberlin colonist, he was also on the first board of trustees of the institution. So soon as the log steam saw mill was in operation in the spring of 1833, the first college building was erected on the south side of College Street, where now stands one of the business blocks. It had three stories. In it for the time being all the students and teachers were housed. It was used not only for all college classes, but also for the church services and Sunday school.

The school opened on the third day of December, 1833, just as its founder said it would, the fall before when the stakes were stuck in the woods. The building was called "Oberlin Hall." On his Eastern trip, he had not only secured land, but fifteen thousand dollars in subscriptions and money.

When the school opened there were eleven families on the ground and forty-four students, fifteen of whom were girls.

Half of the student body was from the East and the other half from the surrounding country. In the spring term there were one hundred and one in attendance, thirty-eight of whom were ladies.

As the news spread that a college had been founded, open to both sexes and stood against slavery and the liquor traffic, the people far and near who had convictions in keeping with the Oberlin idea, with children desirous of a college education, sent them there in such numbers, that it was a problem how to accommodate them. At the close of the second year of the colony and college wonderful progress had been made in the movement. John J. Shipherd following his previous order of life, then began to fast and pray, asking the Author of all good for guidance.

Toward fall he believed it was the will of the Lord that he should make another trip East, for the good of the enterprise. He so announced to the friends in the work and told them the Spirit said "You must go by the way of Cincinnati," then the so-called "Queen City of the West." "Why by Cincinnati?" they asked. "That will take you several hundred miles out of your nearest course." "Yes," he replied, "but the Spirit says go by way of Cincinnati, I know not why, but must obey the impulse." He was soon on his journey horseback across the State.

There were no railroads, no telegraphs, but bad roads much of the way. Contemplate the picture of this character, then but thirty-three. Nearly blind, no health, following an impulse, for what he knew not, but like Abraham of old, in faith, never doubting, wended his way, believing that it was the Lord's will that the end of the journey would reveal to him the mission. He was so exhausted when he reached the city, he had to spend a whole day in bed.

Lane Seminary had then been running on "Walnut Hills" for two years. The president of the theological institution was none other personage than Dr. Lyman Beecher, the father of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author later of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Shipherd knew no person in the city. He soon learned why he was divinely directed to "go by way of Cincinnati."

The students during the past winter in Lane Seminary had debated in their literary society the "Slavery Question." Much feeling had been aroused because of it in the student body as many of the theological students were from the South, and some from the North, there was a division. To head off further argument, the trustees of the college had lately held a meeting and passed a resolution that there should be no more debates by the students of the troublesome question. The anti-slavery students had already commenced organizing Sunday and night schools for the colored in the city, as a result of the discussions. On learning of the act of the trustees all the students that hated slavery, which constituted three fourths of the body, left the seminary. Rev. Asa Mahan, of the city, was one of the trustees. He resigned because of the act of the board. Shipherd found this condition of things and held a conference with Mr. Mahan who, after hearing what was being done in Oberlin, suggested that he and the rebelling students, and as many of the colored boys and girls they were teaching as could go, should with himself join the Oberlin colony and enter college. Mr. Shipherd agreed that it was the thing to do; said he could then see why the Lord sent him to Cincinnati. He wrote a letter at once to the trustees of Oberlin College telling what he found, urging the acceptance of the colored students as well as the white. He then went directly across the State to the East. There he received an answer to his letter, telling him the board was divided on the question of admitting colored students, stating they were all against slavery, but felt that it would be a mistake to educate the whites and blacks together. Mr. Shipherd had already gone to New York City and had an interview with the most noted and eloquent preacher in America, then ministering to the largest audience in this country, Rev. Charles G. Finney, a pronounced abolitionist, and convinced him it was his duty to resign his pastorate, go to Oberlin, and join the colony. He agreed to do so, provided there should be no distinctions in receiving students on account of race or color. One of his church members was Arthur Tappan, who later gave the money to erect Tappan Hall, the first brick college building, four stories high. Professor Morgan, a great scholar, was discharged from Lane Seminary because he stood with the anti-slavery students. Shipherd at once answered the letter telling the trustees that he had ten thousand dollars subscribed on condition that the colored students were accepted. I quote from his letter as follows:

"You know, dear brothers and sisters, that it would be hard for me to leave that institution, which I planted in much fasting and prayer and tribulation, sustained for a time by only one brother, and then for months by only two brethren, and for which I prayed without ceasing, laboring day and night, and watering it with my sweat and tears, as I have it in my heart to live and die with you. It would be heartbreaking to leave you for another field of labor; but I ponder the subject well with prayer and believe that if the injured brother of color, and consequently Brothers Finney, Mahan, Morgan, with eight professorships and ten thousand dollars, must be rejected, I must join them, because by so doing I can labor more effectually for a lost world and the glory of God—and believe me, dear brethren and sisters, for this reason only."

This letter brought the great question to a climax. A trustee meeting was called at once. Rev. Keep, of Cleveland, was chairman of the board. The discussion lasted for hours. The women held a prayer meeting while the argument by the men was going on. When the roll was called on the resolution whether to admit the colored students, it was a tie. Rev. Keep cast the deciding ballot admitting them.

Had the colored students been rejected, that would have shortly been the end of Oberlin College. Her glory rests in her fight for pure and unadulterated democracy, making no distinctions because of sex, race, or color, and declaring herself a sworn enemy of the liquor traffic and the institution of slavery. Soon the great preacher resigned his pastorate and moved to Oberlin, taking with him a tent that seated three thousand, and spread it over the stumps, as none had rotted out. From that time for more than thirty years, this most powerful pulpit orator in America, then forty-three years of age, thundered against the institution of slavery, the liquor traffic and injustice toward woman, and denounced the sins of the nation, as only he was able to picture them. The Fugitive Slave Law was assailed and the Supreme Court of the United States for upholding it.

Mahan was made the first president of the college and Professor Morgan professor, and because of his great learning, gave much prestige to the college. Till slavery was abolished the college for its battle against slavery was denounced from the saltless seas on the North, to the gulf on the South, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The first Anti-Saloon League was organized in an Oberlin College building, the parent of all other leagues in all the States of the nation, which brought condemnation of the believers in the saloon against Oberlin and the college. After eight years' service in the interests of Oberlin, John J. Shipherd took a company of the colonists and went into the woods of Michigan and founded the college of Olivet, a splendid institution built on the same principles. There he died at forty-three and is buried, leaving his widow and six sons, whom the mother after returning to Oberlin, kept together and educated. She was a marvelous wife and mother, entitled to like credit as her husband for the outcome of the great moral battles. Everything for which John J. Shipherd stood in the beginning has come to pass.